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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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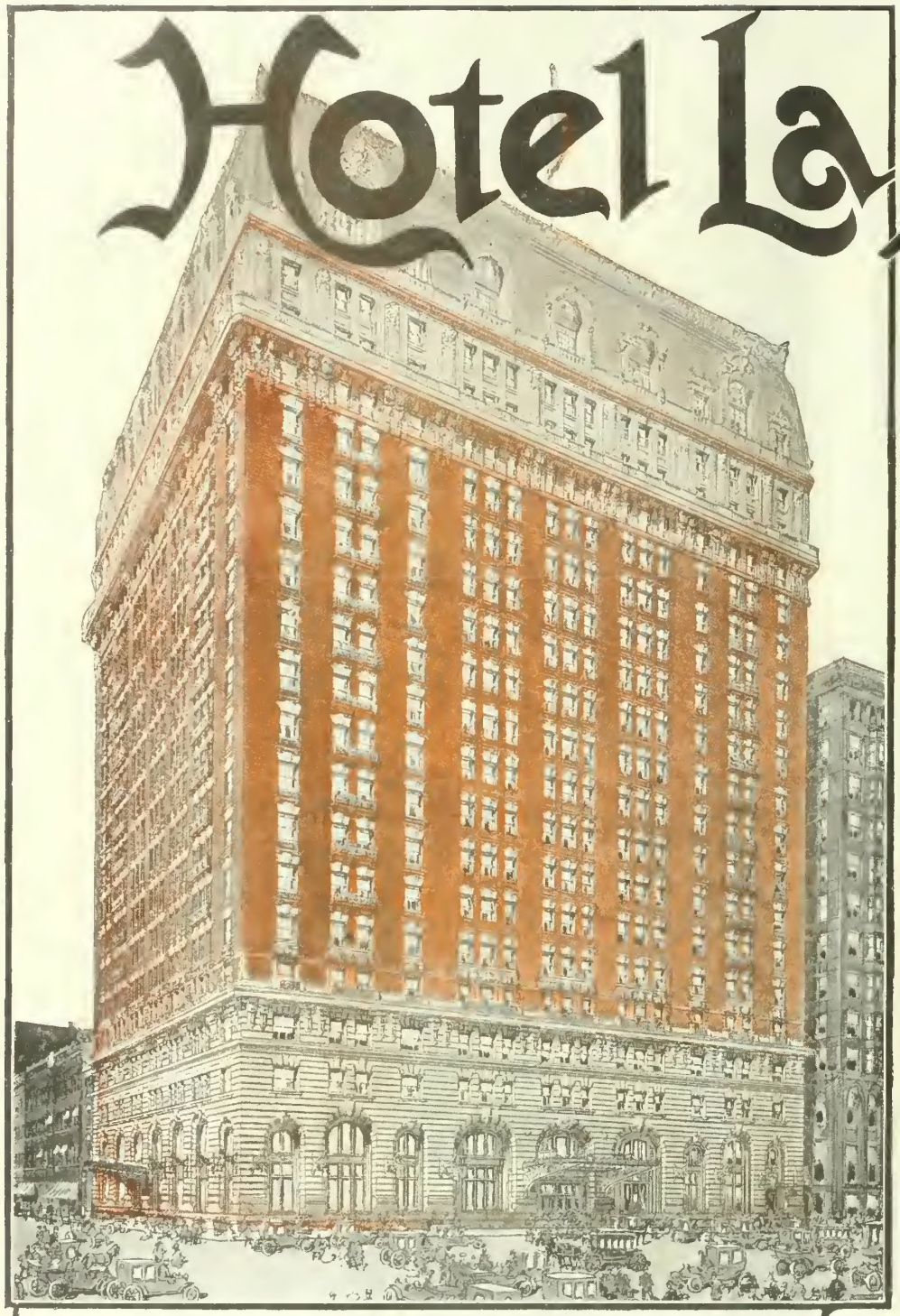
EDNA LONGEST

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

# Hotel La Salle



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# Your Relentless Competitors

## They Worry Those Most Who Take Them Too Seriously

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

COMPETITION is the great personal devil of the business world.

Big boards of directors solemnly lay down policies to meet it and little merchants whisper about it to their wives. Every sale is more or less influenced by it, and business men of every class and caliber spend some part of the day thinking about, scheming against and fighting competition. If a Wall Street operator can bring some industry to a point where competition is eliminated or controlled, for even a few years, that is considered the best possible basis for a heavy stock issue, and he is looked upon as a benefactor. Like Saint Patrick, he has driven the snakes out of Ireland.

Yet with all this thinking, scheming and fighting, competition is perhaps the least understood factor in business. For in the majority of cases it is imaginary, or, when it really exists, is often necessary and benign.

It has been pointed out that ghosts never harmed or frightened anybody since time began—that any evil wrought in this connection is due purely to the fear of ghosts.

Competition is of pretty much the same nature.

An excellent illustration of the part fear plays in it is found in our tariff.

American manufacturers of men's socks are sharing our home market with foreign manufacturers. The latter have probably been in business much longer than the Americans. Their mills are located in towns where exceptionally skillful workers have been developed through several generations. The foreign makers are alert in producing popular novelties and are masters of dyeing and design. Because these rivals are in Germany or England, our manufacturers can go down to Washington, back up their apprehensions with statistics and inoculate Congress with their fears. Congress knows little about making socks, but is extremely sensitive to ghost stories. It passes a schedule designed to shut out the foreigners. After a time the Germans or English devise new ways of valuing their goods which put them on the same footing, and the schedule has to be raised. Then they enter our markets through their cleverness in producing novelties that sell regardless of price, and more protection is asked for. And thus, eventually, our tariff becomes something more than a revenue measure—it is a faithful expression of all the reasonable and unreasonable, real and unreal, fears of all our manufacturers. Obviously industry built upon such a basis is not on bed-rock.

Ghosts Never Harmed or Frightened Anybody Since Time Began

If these foreign concerns were American competitors instead, our manufacturers would meet them without ever thinking of Washington. Instead of massing statistics about pauper labor and the cost of living in Europe, they would camp on the other fellow's trail, study his goods and methods, improve his designs, beat him at selling, and deal with him at close range, step by step. Thus business would be built on solid ground, and if the other fellow won out that would be something tangible in its way.

An astonishing point about much of the competition that worries business men is that the concerns they usually regard as their most dangerous competitors are frequently not competing with them at all.

About fifteen years ago two brothers began developing a certain household appliance. They started with little capital and worked hard to whip the rudimentary idea into marketable shape. When the appliance itself was ready to sell they had another fight to persuade the mercantile trade that people really wanted such a contrivance. Before the trade saw the point they had spent considerable money in advertising to the public and had become important retail distributers themselves in the East, selling direct to consumers.

Today both brothers are rich. One has sold out and retired, and the other, while retaining his interest, spends a good deal of his time in Europe. The business is conducted by a corporation capitalized at several millions. The appliance has grown into favor to such an extent that hardly any first-rate residence is now built without it. Domestic demand increases as fast as two large factories can take care of it, while thriving branches have been established in other countries.

Yet the chief topic of discussion at every meeting of the directors of this company is competition. Policies are painstakingly laid out with reference to rivals, improvements devised to forestall them and the trade horizon watched for every little cloudlet.

Ask these directors why competition worries them so constantly, and their reply would be not unlike an argument for more protection against foreign manufacturers. It would deal chiefly with the generalities of the trade.

"Look at the census reports for our industry," they say. "In 1890 our product was unknown, and in 1900 too insignificant to be tabulated, but by 1905 the output had grown to three million dollars, and since then it has more than doubled. We were the pioneers in this field. Our people found capital for experiments, persevered through all the hardships of infancy and paid for the missionary work. Is it any more than plain justice that we should have the business thus created? Yet what do the figures show? Why, that we sell less than half the goods in our line. A dozen imitators have sprung up, copied our device as closely as they could without infringing our patents, made goods on a cheap scale for department stores and installment houses, and brought the whole industry into disrepute through shoddy methods."

When the real nature of this competition is investigated, however, there is no difficulty in showing that this company has no competition at all, and that the so-called imitators are doing it good.

In the first place, the apparatus costs several hundred dollars, because it is made scrupulously for trustworthiness. Only ten per cent of the people who build houses can afford to install it. This class of home-builders is large enough to keep the original company busy enlarging its factories, so no concessions have been made, by turning out cheaper apparatus, to perhaps twice as many home-builders who cannot afford the best. It is to this secondary demand that other manufacturers have catered, marketing apparatus of merit at one-half to one-third the price charged by the first company. It is true that the latter's pioneer work has made the demand for this less expensive apparatus, but at the same time the cheaper types create customers for the best. If all demands were handed over to the leading company tomorrow it could not supply suitable goods, and would probably make no effort to take care of them.

Much of the competition that men worry about is of this character.

It seems to be human nature to worry about the whole pie, irrespective of the amount one can eat or the generous size of one's own individual slice.

In the typewriter industry, for example, there are standard machines selling at one hundred dollars and upward, and the demand for the very best keeps many large factories busy. The typewriter, however, is such a basic convenience that nearly everybody wants one of some sort. So there are cheaper varieties, ranging downward as low as the dollar machine that a schoolboy can buy.

The typewriter manufacturer making hundred-dollar machines usually stands aloof from the twenty-five-dollar demand, and the manufacturer of the latter variety has

nothing to sell a schoolboy. Each stands in his own grade, with ample room for growth, and it seems to be impracticable for one manufacturer to cater to several different divisions of the general demand. Yet each is working for all the others. The standard typewriter, associated with good employment, leads people who haven't a hundred dollars to get some sort of writing machine and master it. Cheaper machines, in turn, teach people to appreciate the mechanical excellence of the best typewriters—the chances are that a schoolboy who starts with a cheap second-hand machine of ancient model will not be satisfied until he owns one of the newest and best.

When business men perceive how all the different houses in a given trade work together in this way, progressively educating customers for each other, they often go to considerable lengths to protect a healthy brood of little competitors scratching around in the same field.

Some years ago a Philadelphia stationery salesman found that his customers had difficulty in getting supplies of thumbtacks. These were used only by a few professional workers, and as the demand was small nobody seemed to think it worth while to supply dealers. The salesman got some money and started a tiny plant for making thumbtacks. During several years, as he gave it only casual attention, it lost money. When the deficit became troublesome he threw up his job and took hold of the thumbtack business in earnest, marketed the tacks to the general public for household purposes, and built up a fine business. To accomplish this he had to distribute his goods in department and novelty stores of every sort, and it was necessary to hire salesmen. His salesmen, after working long enough to grasp his method, would sometimes quit and go into the thumbtack business themselves. As he had no patents or other protection, this worried him at the outset. After watching several of these competitors, however, he worked out a philosophy of competition which has given him peace of mind, and which may be applied to hundreds of other lines of business.

The very first thing an old employee did, after leaving him, would be to get some thumbtacks as nearly like his as possible and market them by the boss' methods, usually at a slightly lower price. In distributing even so slight a trifle as a thumbtack there are difficulties to be overcome only by experience. So, for at least a year, the new competitor would be struggling with these, upon slender capital. Perhaps before the year was up the rival promoter came back, broken, and asked for his old job. In that case the missionary work he had done made just so much more of a market for thumbtacks in general, and frequently the inferior character of his goods had made him a horrible example to the trade beside which the boss' goods and methods showed up resplendently.

### Enlarging the Fishing Pool

IF THE newcomer persisted, however, and got through his first year successfully, it demonstrated that he was as able a man as his former employer. And just as the latter had departed widely from his original plans in developing the thumbtack business, so would the ex-salesman. Studying to improve his goods, keeping in constant touch with his customers, ascertaining demand, he would presently begin to strike out along lines original with himself. Perhaps, in a few years, when he had established a profitable business, thumbtacks would have become entirely a secondary article, or have been discarded altogether because he had developed a better demand for something else. The only attention this thumbtack man now gives to competition is to prosecute infringements of his trademarks.

The same policy of fostering little competitors is also applied to big ones by many business men who realize the educational value of fair competition. It may seem odd to think of a small manufacturer doing his best to protect a prosperous trust in the same industry. Yet the thing is reasonable enough, because many of the leading concerns in both manufacturing and mercantile lines exercise a steadying influence and carry on promotion work that is directly beneficial to lesser houses.

Several years ago the Canadian post-office officials raised mail rates on American periodicals, shutting many of them out of the Dominion so far as subscribers were concerned. This step was taken, it is said, because we sent so many more periodicals to Canada than she did to us that there was a costly balance against her. The action was heartily approved by most Canadian publishers, for they regarded it as a form of protection which would give them their home market in reading matter. One leading Canadian publisher, however, got on a train and went to Ottawa to oppose the increase. He prints more than a dozen trade journals which go to manufacturers and merchants in different lines. In each business covered by his papers there are prosperous American trade journals which were being read in Canada. It would seem as though, when these could no longer be mailed over the border at reasonable rates, the Canadian publisher might have fallen heir to many profitable subscriptions; but he had learned, while building up his own business, that American trade-journal publishers did a lot of costly canvassing for Canadian subscribers. The latter were likely to take an American journal first and the Canadian one afterward. The more trade literature a merchant or manufacturer reads, the better his ability as a business man, the larger his purchases of goods or supplies and the greater his value as a customer for a trade journal's advertisers—the chief consideration in this field of publishing. The Canadian maintained that an increase of rates shutting out his American competitors would hurt his business, and experience has since demonstrated that the Canadian was right.

Competition becomes a worry when business men forget that there are different grades to a basic human demand for a commodity, and that the whole volume of demand is developed to the best advantage when there are numerous concerns in a given field, actively taking care of existing demand and stimulating more. Such conditions rapidly increase the whole volume of business by teaching the public the value of the commodity and raising standards of living.

When a manufacturer or merchant closes his eyes to this educational work being carried on by competitors, and looks at each sale made by others as so much potential business that would have come to himself had there been no interference, he has begun to think of competition in a way that will ultimately make it bear down upon him as heavily as Pilgrim's burden.

The Wall Street operator, forming a big industrial combination, puts forward the advantages of monopoly as something distinctly modern and typical of our progressive age; but monopoly is really medieval.

The old craft guilds of the Middle Ages were organized to control trade on the assumption that demand is like a stagnant pool, incapable of enlargement. Instead of giving it life by fresh streams, the guilds allotted fishing places on the bank and limited the number of fish that could be taken by a tradesman.

This old guild system is still found in full force in China, where each trade is rigidly supervised. The guilds regulate every detail in a transaction, from the measure given a customer to the terms of his payment and the interest on a debt. If a Chinaman displays individual enterprise such as would transform demand from a stagnant pool to a swift, swelling river, he is boycotted out of existence. The result, as an English economist points out, is to keep the Chinese poor, living on a universally low scale, with slender resources of capital to develop the country, and nobody interested in advancing the general comfort.

Contrast with this condition of affairs the American men's collar industry.

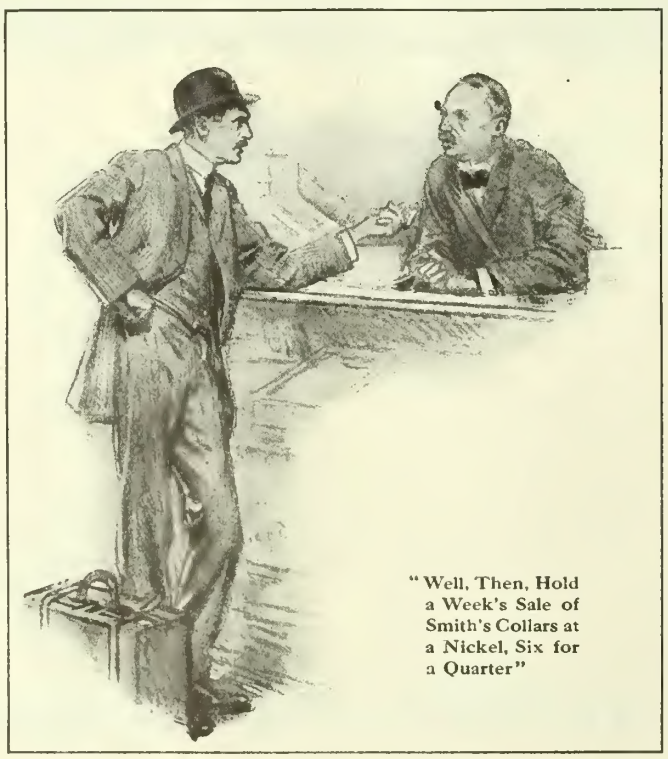
A generation or so ago, somebody started it at Troy by making a few collars, according to tradition, and since then the industry has developed in that city chiefly because expert workers have grown up with it—men and women skillful in turning the collars, and also in the fine laundering which is as much a part of the business as making the collars themselves. The men's collar business is hotly competitive. Big manufacturers and little ones are continually sending salesmen around to get retail outlets, and the goods of rival makers are often purchased at full wholesale prices from merchants on condition that they change their line. When an especially obdurate retailer is found the collar salesman makes this proposition:

"You seem to think your customers like Smith's goods. Could you sell them at five cents apiece?"

As the dealer has been handling Smith's collars for years at twelve and a half cents, his reply is naturally in the affirmative.

"Well, then, hold a week's sale of Smith's collars at a nickel, six for a quarter, and we will furnish all of his goods you need at the right wholesale price, provided you stock our goods when the sale is over."

This device, resorted to again and again, is more or less casual in the collar trade and a specimen of its competitive tactics. Yet, far from being demoralized, the industry grows enormously. Where a dozen collars formerly lasted the average man through a year, and were worn at every season and occasion, now there are different styles for different seasons and purposes, and all makers are active in bringing out novelties. The prosperous state of the industry is shown by the difficulty in persuading collar workers to leave Troy. Hardly a year passes but some ambitious manufacturer in a distant city will conceive the idea of making men's collars in his own community, competing at short range. He goes to Troy and tries to hire collar and laundry workers. But it is said that no attempt of this sort has ever turned out happily, because the hands who are willing to leave Troy are likely to be very indifferent workers who have made the rounds of all the factories.



"Well, Then, Hold a Week's Sale of Smith's Collars at a Nickel, Six for a Quarter"

### Meeting the Scarecrow Face to Face

MOST of the fear of competition is based upon the unknown. A real-estate promoter formed a company, bought a large tract of Long Island farmland, and transformed it into a suburban residence district, with ample plots, roads, sewers, waterworks and landscape gardening. For several years sales were good. Customers in search of home sites might investigate other propositions, but the beauty of this and its sound improvements brought them back eventually. Then, one season, a rival company opened a new district several miles away, and the original promoter's salesmen began to complain. The new project was laid out on a more generous scale, customers told them. Right at its magnificent park entrance there were two fifty-thousand-dollar mansions, and the landscape work and improvements were said to be so superior that there was little use in talking to customers who had visited this rival enterprise.

The promoter said nothing for a month, but finally, when it became clear that this competing project had impressed his salesmen enough to lower their efficiency, he brought them all in one afternoon and took them out in his automobile.

"If this new subdivision is as fine as you say it is we'd better look it over," the boss announced. "Maybe we can pick up some ideas. I haven't had time to go out there. How many of you boys have been through it?"

Inquiry disclosed that, while two or three of the salesmen had gone to look at the magnificent entrance, not one had ever gone inside. When the car swept up to the entrance there were the two mansions, sure enough. But a quarter of a mile beyond them they came to an end of the improvements—all the competitor's development work had been centered around the park gate. On the way home neither the boss nor his salesmen said much. But from that day there was never any complaint about the formidable nature of this competition, because they had all looked it over.

Another amusing case of the same sort was that of a Connecticut manufacturer with a national trade in certain well-known novelties. A Canadian merchandise broker came to him and asked him to devote a little attention to building up trade in the Dominion, where his goods were familiar but not obtainable. The American protested that he had investigated that market thoroughly and found demand indifferent and competition in control. In addition to his chief competitors in this country, who were strongly intrenched there, he would have to meet aggressive Canadian competitors and overcome the barrier of the Canadian tariff. The broker asked for more details about the Connecticut manufacturer's investigation, and learned that all of his information had been obtained through a firm of Canadian brokers who represented his home competitors. The Canadian competition amounted to nothing and the tariff on his goods was no higher than his rivals had been paying. He had been staying out of Canada because his competitors had erected a scarecrow there. Under the management of this broker he established a branch over the border and almost immediately came into a growing trade.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Collins, proving the value of competition in business. The second, which shows how competitors get together with mutual profit, will appear in an early number.

# COLLEGES WHILE YOU WAIT

## A Siwash Fragment, Torn From the Career of Petey Simmons

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MIND you, old head, I'm not saying that a little education isn't a good thing in a college course. I learned a lot of real knowledge in school myself that I wouldn't have missed for anything, though I have forgotten it now. But what irritates me is the people who think that the education you get in a modern American super-heated, cross-compound college comes to you already canned in neat little text-books sold by the trust at one hundred per cent profit, and that all you have to do is to go to your room with them, fill up a student lamp with essence of general education and take the lid off.

Honest, lots of them think that. It might have been so, too, in the good old days when there was only one college graduate for each town and he had to do the heavy thinking for the whole community. But, pshaw! the easiest job in the world nowadays is to stuff your storage battery full of Greek verbs and obituaries in English literature, and the hardest job is to get it hitched up to something that will bring in the yellowbacks, the chopped-wood furniture, the automobile tires and the large majorities in the fall elections. I've seen brilliant boys at old Siwash go out of college knowing everything that had ever happened in the world up to one hundred years ago, and try to peddle hexameters in the wholesale district in Chicago. And I've seen boys, who slid through the course just half a hair's breadth ahead of the Faculty boot, go out and do the bossing for a whole Congressional district in five years. They hadn't learned the exact chemical formula of the universe, but they had learned how to run the blamed thing from practicing on the college during study hours.

Not that I'm knocking on knowledge, you understand. Knowledge is, of course, a grand thing to have around the house. But nowadays knowledge alone isn't worth as much as it used to be, seems to me. A man has to mix it up with imagination, and ingenuity, and hustle, and nerve, and the science of getting mad at the right time, and a fourteen-year course of study in understanding the other fellow. The college professors lump all this in one course and call it applied deviltry. They don't put it down in the catalogue and they encourage you to cut classes in it. But, honestly, I wouldn't trade what I learned under Professor Petey Simmons, warm boy and official gadfly to the Faculty, for all the Lat. and Greek and Analit. and Diffy. Cal., and the other studies—whatever they were—that I took in good old Siwash.

You remember Petey, of course. He went through Siwash in four years and eight suspensions, and came out fresh—as fresh as when he went in, which is saying a good deal. Every summer during his career the Faculty went to a rest cure and tried to forget him. He was as handy to have around school as a fox terrier in a cat show. There are two varieties of college students—the midnight-oil and the natural-gas kind; and Petey was a whole gas well in himself. Not that he didn't study. He was the hardest student in the college, but he didn't recite much in classes. Sometimes he recited in the police court, sometimes to his Pa back home, and sometimes the whole college took a hand in looking over his examination papers. He used to pass medium fair in Horace; sub-passable in Trig., and extraordinary mediocre in Polikon. But his marks in Imagination, the Psychological Moment and Dodging Consequences were plus perfect, extra magnificent, and superlatively some, respectively.

I saw Petey last year. He is in Chicago now. You have to bribe a doorkeeper and bluff a secretary to get to him—that is, you do if you are an ordinary mortal. But if you give the Siwash yell or the Eta Bita Pie whistle in the outside office he will emerge from his office out over the railing in one joyous jump. He came to Chicago ten years ago equipped with a diploma and a two-year tailor-bill back at Jonesville that he had been afraid to tell his folks about. If he had been a midnight-oil graduate he would have worn out three pairs of shoes hunting for a business house which was willing to let an earnest young scholar enter its employ at the bottom and rise gradually to the top as the century went by. But Petey wasn't that kind. He had been used to running the whole college and messing up the universe as far as one could see from the Siwash belfry if things didn't suit him. So he picked out the likeliest-looking institution on Dearborn Street and offered it a position as his employer. He was on the payroll before the president got over his daze. Two weeks later he promoted the firm to a more responsible job—that of paying him a bigger salary—and a year ago the general manager gave up and went to Europe for two years; said he would take a positive pleasure in coming back and looking at the map of Chicago after Petey had done it over to suit himself.

He May Have Been Fat, But How He Could Run!

Imagination was what did it. You can't take Imagination in any college classroom, but you can get more of it on the campus in four years than you can anywhere else in the world. You've got to have a mighty good imagination to get into any real warm trouble—and by the time you have gotten out of it again you have had to double its horse-power. That was Petey's daily recreation. In the morning he would think up an absolutely air-tight reason for being expelled from Siwash as a disturber, an anarchist, a superfluosity and a malefactor of great stealth. That night he would go to his room and figure out an equally good proof that nothing had happened or that whatever had happened was an act of Providence and not traceable to any student. Figuring out ways for selling bonds in carload lots was just recreation to him after a four-year course of this sort.

But to back in on the main track. I whistled outside of Petey's office the other day and went in with him past two magnates, three salesmen and a bank president. I sat with my feet on a mahogany table—I wanted to put them on an oak desk, but Petey declared mahogany was none too good for a Siwash man—and we spent an hour talking over the time when Petey manufactured excitement in wholesale lots at Siwash, with me for his first assistant and favorite apprentice. Those are my proudest memories. I won two debate prizes and got honorably mentioned in three commencement exercises; but when I want to brag of my college career do I mention these things? Not unless I have a lot of time. When I want to paralyze an alumnus of some rival college with admiration and envy, I tell him how Petey and I manufactured a real Wild West college—buildings, Faculty, bad men and all—for one day only, for the benefit of an Englishman who had gotten fifteen hundred miles inland without noticing the general color scheme of the inhabitants. We met this chap accidentally—a little favor of Providence, which had a special pigeonhole for us in those days. Our team had been using the Kiowa football team as a running track on their own field that afternoon, and the score was about 105 to 0 when the timekeeper turned off the massacre. Naturally all Siwash was happy. I will admit we were too happy to be careful. About two hundred of us made the hundred-mile trip home by local train that night, and I remember wondering, when the boys dumped the stove off the rear platform and tied up the conductor in his own bell-rope, if we weren't getting just a little bit indiscreet; and when a college boy really wonders if he is getting indiscreet he is generally doing something that will keep the grand jury busy for the next few months.

I was in the last car, and had just finished telling "Prince" Hogboom that if he poked any more window-lights out with his cane he would have to finish the year under an assumed name, when Petey crawled over two mobs of rough-housers and came up to me. He was seething with indignation. It was breaking out all over him like a rash. Petey was excitable anyway.

"What do you suppose I've found in the next car?" he said, fizzing like an escape valve.

"Prof?" said I, getting alarmed.

"Naw," said Petey; "worse than that. A chap that has never heard of Siwash. Asked me if it was a breakfast food. He's an Englishman. I'm agin the English." He stopped and began kicking a watertank around to relieve himself.

"How did he get this far away from home?" I asked.

"He's traveling," snorted Petey; "traveling to improve his mind. Hopeless job. He's one of those quarter-sawed old beef-eaters who stop thinking as soon as they've got their education. He's the editor of a missionary publication, he told me, and he is writing some articles on Heathen America. Honest, it almost made me boil over when he asked me if anything was being done to educate the aborigines out here."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Do?" said Petey. "Why, I answered his question, of course. I told him he wasn't fifty miles from a college this minute, and he said, 'Oh, I say now! Are you spoofing me?' What's 'spoofing'?"

"Kidding, stringing, stuffing, jollying along, blowing east wind, turning on the gas," says I. "'Spoofing' is University English. They don't use slang over there, you know."

"Well, then, I spoofed him," said Petey, grinning. "He said it was remarkable how very few revolvers he had seen, and then he wanted to know why there was no shooting on the train with so much disorder. He's pretty well posted now. I'd go a mile out of my way to help a poor dumb chap like him. I told him this was the Y. M. C. A. section of Siwash and that the real rough students were coming along on horseback. I said they weren't allowed on the trains because they were so fatal to passengers. I informed him that all the profs at Siwash went armed, and that the course of study consisted of mining, draw poker, shooting from the hip, bronco-busting, sheep-shearing, History of Art, bread-making and Evidences of Christianity."

"Did he admit by that time that you were a good, free-handed liar?" I asked.

"Admit nothing," said Petey; "he took it all down in his notebook and remarked that in a wild country like

this, remote from civilization, a knowledge of bread-making would undoubtedly be invaluable to a man."

"He was spoofing you," says I.

"He wasn't," said Petey; "he thinks he's a thousand miles from a plug hat this minute. He's so interested he is going to stop over for a day or two and write up the college for his magazine. I've invited him to stay at the Eta Bita Pie House with us, and we're going to show him a real Wild West school if we have to shoot blank cartridges at the cook to do it."

"Petey," said I solemnly, "some day you'll bump an asteroid when you go up in the air like this. This friend of yours will take one look at Siwash and ask you if Sapphira is feeling well these days."

"Bet you five, my opera hat, a good mandolin and a meal ticket on Jim's place against your dress suit," said Petey promptly. "And you better not take it, either."

"Done!" says I. "I bet you my hunting-case suit against your earthly possessions that you can't tow old Britannia-rules-the-waves around Siwash for a day without disclosing the fact that you are the best catch-as-catch-can liar in this section of the solar system."

"All right," said Petey. "But you've got to help me win the stuff. This is a great big contract. It's going to be my masterpiece, and I need help."

"I'm with you clear to Faculty meeting, as usual," says I. "But what's the use? He'll catch on."

"Leave that to me," said Petey. "Anyway, he won't catch on. When I told him we had a check-room for papooses in the Siwash chapel he wrote it down and asked if the Indians ever massacred the professors. He wouldn't catch on if we fed him dog for dinner. Just come and see for yourself."

I agreed with Petey when I took a good look at the victim a minute later. We found him in the car ahead, sitting on the edge of the seat and looking as if he expected to be eaten alive, without salt, any minute. You could have told that he was from extremely elsewhere at first glance. He was as different as if he had worn tattoo-marks for trousers. He was a stout party with black-rimmed eyeglasses, side whiskers that you wouldn't have believed even if you had seen them, and slabs of iron-gray hair with a pepper-and-salt traveling cap stuck on top of his head like a cupola. He was beautifully curved and his black preacher uniform looked as if it had been put on him by a paperhanger. I forgot to tell you that his name was the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs. He had to tell it to me four times and then write it down, for the way he handled his words was positively heartless. He clipped them, beheaded them, disemboweled them and warped them all out of shape. Have you ever heard a real ingrowing Englishman start a word in the roof of his mouth and then back away from it as if it was red-hot and had prickles on it? It's interesting. They seem to think it is indecent to come brazenly out and sound a vowel.

The Reverend Ponsonby Diggs—as near as I could get it he called himself "Pubby Daggs"—greeted Petey with great relief. He seemed to regard us as a rescue brigade. "Reahly, you know, this is extraordinary," he sputtered. "I have never seen such disorder. What will the authorities do?"

That touched my pride. "Pshaw, man!" I says; "we're only warming up. Pretty soon we'll take this train out in the woods and lose it."

I meant it for a joke. But the Reverend Mr. Diggs hadn't specialized in American jokes. "You don't mean to say they will derail the train!" he said anxiously. Then I knew that Petey was going to win my dress suit.

I assured the Reverend—pshaw, I'm tired of saying all that! I'm going to save breath. I assured Diggsey that derailing was the kindest thing ever done to trains by Siwash students, but that as his hosts we would stand by him, whatever happened. Then Petey slipped away to arrange the cast and I kept on answering questions. Say! that man was a regular magazine gun, loaded with interrogation points. Was there any danger to life on these trains? Would it be possible for him to take a ride in a stage-coach? Were train robbers still plentiful? Had gold ever been found around Siwash? Were the Indians troublesome? Did we have regular school buildings or did we live in tents? Had not the railroad had a distinctly—er—civilizing influence in this region? Was it not, after all, remarkable that the thirst for learning could be found even in this wild and desolate country?

And Siwash is only half a day from Chicago by parlor car!

I answered his questions as well as I could. I told him how hard it was to find professors who wouldn't get drunk, and how we had to let the men and women recite on alternate days after a few of the hen students had been winged by stray bullets. I had never heard of Greek, I said, but I assured him that we studied Latin and that we had a professor to whom Cæsar was as easy as print. I told him how hard we worked to get a little culture and how many of the boys gave up their ponies altogether, wore store clothes and took 'em off when they went to bed all the time they were in college; but, try as I would, I couldn't make the answers as ridiculous as his questions. He had me on the mat, two points down and fighting for wind all the time. His thirst for knowledge was wonderful and his objection to believing what his eyes must have told him was still more wonderful. There he was, halfway across the country from New York, and he must have looked out of the car windows on the way; but he hadn't seen a thing. I suppose it was because he wasn't looking for anything but Indians.

All this time Petey was circulating about the car, taking aside members of the Rep Rho Betas and talking to them earnestly. The Rep Rho Betas were the Sophomore fraternity and were the real demons of the college. Each year the outgoing Sophomore class initiated the twenty Freshmen who were most likely to meet the hangman on professional business and passed on the duties of the fraternity to them. The fraternity spent its time in pleasure and was suspected of anything violent which happened in the county. Petey was highbinder of the gang that year and was very far gone in crime.

We were due home about 10 P. M., and just before they untied the conductor Petey hauled me off to one side.

"It's all fixed," he said; "it's glorious. We'll just make Siwash into a Wild West show for his benefit. The Rep Rho Betas will entertain him days and he'll stay at the Eta Bita Pie House nights. I'm putting the Eta Bites on now. You've got to get him off this train before we get to the station and keep him busy while I arrange the program. Just give me an hour before you get him there. That's all I ask."

Now I never was a diplomat, and the job of towing a fat old foreigner around a dead college town at night and trying to make him think he was in peril of his life every minute was about three numbers larger than my size. I couldn't think of anything else, so I slipped the word to Ole Skjarsen that Diggs was a Kiowa professor who was coming over to get notes on our team and tip them off to Muggledorfer College. I judged this would create some hostility and I wasn't mistaken. Ole began to climb over his fellow-students and I was just able to beat him to his prey.

"Come on," I whispered, "Skjarsen's on the warpath. He says he wants to bite up a stranger and he thinks you'll do."

"Oh, my dear sir," said the Reverend Ponsonby, jumping up and grabbing a hatbox, "you don't mean to tell me that he will use violence?"

"Violence nothing!" I yelled, picking up four pieces of baggage. "He won't use violence. He'll just eat you alive, that's all. He's awful that way. Come, quick!"

"Oh, my word!" said Diggsey, grabbing his other five bundles and piling out of the car after me.

The train was slowing down for the crossing west of Jonesville, and I judged it wouldn't hurt the great collector of Western local color to roll a little. So I yelled, "Jump for your life!" He jumped. I swung off and went back till I met him coming along on his shoulder-blades, with a retinue of baggage following him. He wasn't hurt a bit, but he looked interesting. I brushed him off, cached the baggage—all but a suitcase and the hatbox which he hadn't dropped for a minute—and we began to ooze unostentatiously into Jonesville.

"Har's Das Spy!" He Yelled. "Kill Him, Fallers; He Ban a Spy!"

For an hour or more we dodged around in alleys and behind barns, while up on the campus the boys burned a woodshed, an old fruit-stand, half a hundred drygoods boxes and half a mile of wooden sidewalk by way of celebration. The glare in the sky was wild enough to satisfy any one, and when some of the boys got the old army muskets that the cadets drilled with out of the armory and banged away, I was happy. But how I did long to be close up to that fire! It was a cold night in early November, and as I lay behind woodsheds, with my teeth wearing themselves out on each other, I felt like an early Christian martyr—though it wasn't cold they suffered from as a rule. As for the Reverend Pubby, he wanted to creep away to the next town and then start for England disguised as a chorus girl, or anything; but I wouldn't let him. We sneaked around till nearly midnight and then crept up the alley to the Eta Bita Pie House, wondering if we would ever get warm again.

I've seen some grand transformation scenes, but I never saw anything more impressive than the way the Eta Bita Pie House had been done over in two hours. We always prided ourselves on our house. It cost twenty-five thousand dollars, exclusive of the plumber's little hold-up and the Oriental rugs, and it was full of polished floors and monogram silverware and fancy pottery and framed prints, and other bang-up-to-date incumbrances. But in two hours thirty boys can change a whole lot of scenery. They had spread dirt and sand over the floor, had ripped out the curtains and chased the pictures. They had poked out a window-light or two, had unhung a few doors, and had filled the corners with saddles, old clothes, flour barrels and dogs. You never saw so many dogs. The whole neighborhood had been raided. They were hanging round everywhere, homesick and miserable; and one of the Freshmen had been given the job of cruising around and kicking them just to keep them tuned up.

A dozen of the fellows were playing poker on an old board table in the middle of the big living-hall when we came in. Their clothes were hand-me-downs from Noah's time, and every one of them was outraging some convention or other. Our boys always did go in for amateur theatricals pretty strongly, and the way our most talented members abused the English language that night when they welcomed the Reverend Pubby was as good as a book.

"Proud ter meet you," roared Allie Bangs, our president, taking off his hat and making a low bow. "Set right in and enjoy yourself. White chips is a dime, limit is a dollar and no gunplay goes."

When Pubby had explained for the third time that he had never had the pleasure of playing the game, Bangs finally got on to the curves in his pronunciation and understood him.

"What! Never played poker!" he whooped. "Hell a humpin', where was you raised? You sure ain't a college

He Laughed From 4 P. M. Until Midnight, With Only Three Stops for Refreshments

man? Any lop-eared galoot that didn't play poker in Siwash would get run out by the Faculty. You ought to see our president put up his pile and draw to a pair of deuces. What!—a Reverend! I beg your pardon, friend. 'S all right. Jest name the game you're strong at and we'll try to accommodate you later on. Here, you fellows, watch my chips while I show the Reverend around our diggin's. You nip one like you did last time, Turk Bowman, and there'll be the all-firedest row that this shack has ever seen. Come right along, Reverend."

That tour was a great triumph for Bangs. We always did admire his acting, but he outdid himself that night. The rest of us just kept quiet and let him handle the conversation, and I must say it sounded desperate enough to be convincing. Of course he slipped up occasionally and stuck in words that would have choked an ordinary cow-gentleman, but Diggsey was that dazed he wouldn't have suspected if they had been Latin. I thought it would be more or less of a job to explain how we were living in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar house instead of dugouts, but Bangs never hesitated a minute. He explained that the house belonged to a millionaire cattle-owner who had built it from reading a society novel, and that he let us live in it because he preferred to live in the barn with the horses. The boys had filled their rooms full of junk and one of them had even tied a pig to his bed—while the way Bangs cleared rubbish out of the bathtub and promised to have some water heated in the morning was convincingly artless. He had just finished explaining that, owing to the boiler-plate in the walls, the house was practically Indian proof, when an awful fusillade of shots broke out from the kitchen. Bangs disappeared for a moment, gun in hand, and I watched our guest trying to make himself six inches narrower and three feet shorter. I don't know when I ever saw a chap so anxious to melt right down into a corner and be mistaken for a carpet tack.

"'S all right," said Bangs, clumping in cheerfully. "Jest the cook having another fit. We've got a cook," he explained, "who gets loaded up 'bout oncet a month so full that he cries pure alcohol, and when he gits that way he insists on trying to shoot cockroaches with his gun. He ain't never killed one, but he's gotten two Chinamen and a mule, and we've got to put a stop to it. He's tied up in the cellar aswearin' that if he gits loose he'll come upstairs and furnish material for nineteen fancy funerals with silver name-plates. But, don't you worry, Reverend. He can't hurt a fly 'less he gits loose. Here's your room. That hoss blanket on the cot's brand new; towel's in the hall and you'll find a comb somewheres round. Just you turn in if you feel like it, and when you hear Wall-Eye Denton and Pete Pearsall trying to massacre each other in the next room it's time to git up."

Pubby said he would retire at once, and we left him looking scared but relieved. I'll bet he sat up all night taking notes and expecting things to happen. We sat up, too, but for a different reason. You can't imagine how much work it took to get that house running backward. And it was an awful job to do the Wild West stunt too. We sat and criticised each other's dialect and actions until there were as many as three free fights going on at once. One man favored the Bret Harte style of bad man; another adhered to the Henry Wallace Phillips brand; while still another insisted on following the Remington school. We compromised on a mixture and then spent the rest of the night learning how to forget our table manners.

The result was magnificent. I shall never forget the Reverend Pubby's pained but fascinated expression as he sat at breakfast the next morning and watched thirty hungry savages shoveling plain, unvarnished grub into their faces. The breakfast couldn't have gone better if we had had a dress rehearsal. Our guest couldn't eat. He was afraid to talk. He just held on to his chair, and we could see him stiffen with horror every time some eater would rise up so as to increase his reach and spear a piece of bread six feet away with his fork. The breakfast was a disgusting display of Poland-China manners and was successful in every particular.

We confidently expected Petey Simmons to turn up during the meal and tell us what to do next. He had spent the night with his odoriferous Rep Rho Beta brothers cooking up the rest of the plot and had promised to run up at breakfast. But no Petey appeared. We strung the meal along as far as we could toward dinner and then took up the job of keeping the Reverend Pubby contented and in the house until the life-saving crew arrived. Did you ever try to lie all morning with a slow-speed imagination? That's what we had to do. We explained to Pubby that the students caroused all night and never came to college in the morning; we told him it was against the rules for strangers to go on the campus in the morning; we told him it was dangerous to go out-of-doors because of the Alfalfa Delts, who were suspected of being cannibals; we told him forty thousand things, most of which contradicted each other. If it hadn't been for the boys who kindly started a fight whenever his reverence had tangled Bangs and me up hopelessly on some question we couldn't have survived the inquisition. As it was, I perspired about a barrel and my brain ached for a week.

We went to lunch and put on another exhibition of free-hand feeding, getting more grumpy and disgusted every minute. We were all ready to yell for mercy and put on our civilized clothes when we heard a terrific riot from outside. Then Petey came in.

We Spent Another Five Minutes Hoisting Him Aboard a Prehistoric Plug and Telling Him How to Stick On

If there ever was a sure-enough Wild Westerner it was Petey that afternoon. He had on the whole works—two-acre hat, red woolen shirt, spurs, and even chaps—nice hairy ones. I discovered next day that he had swiped my fine bearskin rug and cut it up to make them. In his belt he had a revolver which couldn't have been less than two feet long. Petey was a little fellow, with one of those nineteen-sizes-too-large voices, and when he turned the full organ on you would have thought old Mount Vesuvius had wakened up and rumbled into the room.

"Howdy, Reverend," he thundered. "We jest come along to take you on a little ride over to college. Got a nice gentle cow-pony out here. She bucks as easy as a rockin'-horse. Don't mind about your clothes. Just hop right on. The boys is some anxious to get along, it being most classtime."

We followed the two of them out to the back yard. There were seven Rep Rho Betas on seven moth-eaten ponies which they had dug up from goodness knows where. The rigs they had on represented each fellow's idea of what a cowboy looked like, and would have made a real cowpuncher hang himself for shame. Petey confessed afterward that, of all the Rep Rho Betas, only seven had ever been on a horse, and, of these, three kept him in agony for fear they would fall off and compel him to explain that they were on the verge of delirium tremens. They were a weird-looking bunch, but, gee! they were fierce. Pirates would have been kittens beside them.

I guess the Reverend Pubby had never done much in the Centaur line, for he came very near balking entirely right there. It took us five minutes to explain that there was no other way of getting out to Siwash and that the Faculty would take it as a personal insult if he didn't come. We also had to explain how disagreeable the Faculty was when it was insulted. And then after he had consented we spent another five minutes hoisting him aboard a prehistoric plug and telling him how to stick on. Then the line filed out through the alley with a regular ghost-dance yell, while we detained Petey. We were about to massacre him for leaving us to sweat all morning, but we forgot all about it when Petey told us what he had been doing. He admitted that, in order not to annoy the profs and cause unnecessary questions, he had taken the liberty to build a temporary Siwash College for this special occasion.

Yes, sir; nothing less than that. You remember Dillpickle Academy, the extinct college in the west part of town? It had been closed for years because the only remaining student had gotten lonesome. But most of the equipment was still there, and Petey had borrowed it of the caretaker for one day only, promising to give it back as good as new in the morning. Petey could have borrowed the great seal away from the Department of State. He and his Rep Rho Betas had let a lot of students into the deal, had been working all morning, and Siwash was ready for business at the new stand.

We wanted to measure Petey for a medal then and there, but he refused, being needed on the firing-line. He rode off and we made a grand rush for the new Siwash College—special one-day stand, benefit performance. We got there before the escorting committee and had a fine view of the grand entry. The Reverend Pubby had fallen off four times, and the last mile he had led his horse. It was a sagacious scheme bringing him along, as none of the others had a chance to exhibit their extremely sketchy horsemanship in anything better than a mile-an-hour gait.

Old Dillpickle Academy was busier than it had ever been in real life when we got there. Fully fifty students were on the scene. They were decked out in cowboy clothes, hand-me-downs, big straw hats, blankets—any old thing. One thing that impressed me was the number of books they were carrying. At Siwash we always refused to carry books except when absolutely necessary. It seemed too affected—as if you were trying to learn something. But out there at near-Siwash every man had at least six books. I saw geographies, spellers, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems, Science and Health, and the Congressional Record. Learning was just naturally rampant out there. Students were studying on the fence. They were walking up and down the campus "boning" furiously. They were even studying in the trees. You get fifty college boys to turn actors for a day and you will see some mighty mixed results. There was "Bay" Sanderson, for instance. "Bay's" idea of being a wild and Western student was to sit on the front gate with a long knife stuck in his belt and read detective stories. He did it all through the performance, and whenever the guest was led past him he would turn the book down carefully, pull the knife out of his belt and whoop three times as solemn as a judge.

You never saw any one so interested as the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs. His eyes stuck out like incandescent globes. He had been pretty well jolted up, and he yelled in a low, polite way every time he made a quick movement, but his thirst for information was still vigorous. As head host Petey was pumpee, and he was always four laps ahead of the job.

"Eh, I say," said Pubby, after surveying the scene for a few minutes. "This is all very interesting, you know. But what a little place!"

"Hell, Reverend," said Petey emphatically; "she's the biggest school in the world."

The Reverend was a man of guile. He didn't bat an eye.

"How many students has the college?" he inquired.

"We've got a hundred, all studying books and learning things," said Petey proudly.

"Reahly now?" said the Reverend; "I say, reahly? And these cows! Might I ask if these cows are a part of the college?"

(Continued on Page 46)

# The New Woman and Her Ways

## Business Women Pro Tem.—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER DITZLER

THERE are two kinds of business women, the real or permanent and the pseudo or temporary. The business man, to whom the business world belongs, at first repels and then accepts—more or less respectfully—the real creative business woman, who forms an infinitesimal percentage of the number that pervade his world. He endures the pseudo-business woman much as the mistress of the house endures the general servant. She would like to have four specialists, but, as she cannot, she does with one and fills in the weak places herself. The business man would like to have in every case competent male clerks and stenographers, but men, if competent at all, want more money and quicker promotion than he is willing to give; so he falls back on the women, who are on the whole better than the men while they stay. The type stays, but the individual goes—that is the main difficulty with her. She comes from a stock used to doing hard work and a variety of it. Her line of mothers were presumably good wives.

Whirls Around to See if Her Belt is All Tight in the Back

A thousand years before Christ, according to the prophecy, King Lemuel's mother taught him—a woman in whom the heart of her husband safely trusted, who spun and wove wool and flax, and sold linen girdles to merchants, went far to market, bought land, planted a vineyard, judged her products, rose while it was yet night to attend to her household, and looked after charities.

### If Girls Were Trained Like Hetty Green

PERHAPS she was a selected sample, and doubtless she simplified some of her household duties by omission while her husband was sitting among the elders of the land. In the history of our own country the pioneer women spun and wove, milked, laundered, baked, tailored; when husbands were procrastinating, carpentered, and ran the kitchen garden. Today the woman in her city flat still cooks and washes, sews and tailors, and goes marketing.

She does well or ill, according to her race and temperament and the amount of money she has to spend. If she is above the poverty margin she may fritter away her time, and run out at the last minute and pay the high prices of a delicatessen shop to get a dinner for her family. If she is at the poverty line she may exercise in her marketing the qualities of caution, foresight, reason and flexibility. Or, again, she may buy badly, and have to apply to the Associated Charities.

As a rule, this housekeeper handles her work either so adequately or in such a slipshod way that she does not need her daughter's help in the home, and so she sends her to business college, after which the girl finds a stenographer's position at a salary of from six to eight dollars a week. Mere living in the family has given this daughter a knack at some or all of the housekeeping details. Probably she has learned without thinking; doubtless her mother, if a good housekeeper, taught her concretely, though without laying down any absolute rules for guidance. Still, this daughter is in a fair way to inherit a sense of economy, foresight, versatility and quickness—all qualities necessary in a business office. But the average daughter does not transfer them so thoroughly as she might from the home to the office. If she were going down a peg socially, were joining the ranks of the wage-earners instead of the salary-earners, she might be willing to take her knacks along with her, for in the factory these are manual rather than mental. She has had just enough education to make her sure of herself, but not enough to make her really competent. She comes into the business world entirely untrained, with no inherited aptitude for doing things with a view to economic ends, unable to grasp the principles of coordinated effort, with no knowledge of men or affairs; without even a business vocabulary. Like a puppy that is taught to swim by being thrown into a deep pool, so she is thrown into the business world to learn business.

It is all wrong, of course. Not every girl can have Hetty Green's training. When she was a mere child she had to read stock reports to her father, and was made to keep an account of her household and personal expenses. But every girl intended for the business world should be taught at least a certain amount of method and calculation, and should be given a certain number of facts to fit her for what she is to do, even temporarily. Perhaps she realizes her deficiencies, perhaps not. If she does she rarely spends any of her leisure time in putting herself into training. It is not because she could not. American women, like the French, are famous for adaptability, and with sufficient perseverance could translate domestic energy into business energy. She could, but she won't; for she is without that kind of ambition. She hopes, expects and determines not to be working very long. She wants to be temporary. Enter any office in the cities of the United States, and inside the nicely pompadoured and puffed blond and brown and black heads, set on slender necks (Dutch, this season), leaning over typewriters and counters, you will find the same snug little vision—a tiny flat, feathered with wedding presents and installment-plan furniture; breakfast for two prepared in a blue or pink kimono; a lunch for one taken standing at the icebox; fancywork or a novel in the long afternoons, and a dinner for two at night; after that the vaudeville, or maybe a call at a neighbor's to show that the bride has added to her new clothes since the wedding. A far cry this from the click of the keys, dictation from a crusty employer who expects one to spell, and a frown from the head clerk whenever one looks up to the clock to see if it is not pretty near to closing time.

All of these temporary business women have had at least a grammar-school education and perhaps have spent some time in high school; then a manager has appealed to them directly or by circular, and they have taken with him a short or a long course. Those who take the short course are not of the class that used to enter business ten years ago; they are more of the factory type mentally, and there is a good deal for them to do in manifolding and addressing circulars at a low salary. Those who take the long course fare a little better, but few of them have any knowledge of real business requirements.

The chief point to them is that they have to help out the family exchequer by paying board and buying their own clothes. They are probably too young to be engaged yet, or, if not, the youths they know are their school and neighborhood companions who have not been long enough at work yet to be able to support a wife. So the girls go forth to an office presumably to work, really to wait till they get married. They very rarely marry their fellow-clerks. For one thing, they are not thrown together personally, and then the men are just parts of the machine, as they are. They associate them with their thoughts of the office, and the one desire when the day's work is done is to get away from the office. Besides, they often have to take orders from young men who are their coequals, and they don't like that. They don't mind orders from any one—man or woman—who is very high up, but they tend to regard as their natural enemy any one nearly on their own level who can say to them, "Come" and "Go." In a good many offices both the men and women subordinates show this attitude by the way they rejoice when the head clerk gets into difficulty. Again, they are likely to see too plainly the faults of men with whom they work all day long; and finally they have other friends outside the office—the ones already in their set, and others whom they meet in church affairs and at dances.

There are Two Kinds of Business Women, the Real or Permanent and the Pseudo or Temporary

### The Matrimonial Market

POSSIBLY the romantic ones may enter work with some vague dreams about their employer, born of reading such fiction as An Eternal Love; or, From the Desk to a Duchy. It rarely occurs to them to make themselves so indispensable to their employer—really a nervous married man of fifty—that they may in time become his private secretary at a salary larger than that of any of the marriageable young men they know.

"You're in a mighty hurry," snarled an employer who was keeping his stenographer over her time, and who caught her eying the clock in the way she would have liked to eye him—"You're in a mighty hurry to get away from here."

"Of course I am," she said with spirit; "your day is over, but mine's just begun."

They live after five o'clock in the society of the other girls and men of their set. They know, better than any advice given them in the good-breeding columns of women's magazines, that the very fact that they are in the world, with pretty eyes and hair, means that they are propelled toward matrimony even in spite of themselves. It is of no use to tell them to put themselves into their work absolutely and let marriage take care of itself; that somewhere the right man is waiting for each one. The right man may be waiting, but he does not hail them at the first meeting; they have to recognize him and he has to recognize them, and this recognition depends on a great many things, such as how much other girls like him, how much he is getting a week, how curly her hair is, and how many "cute" things she can say—and on just those mysterious entities, himself and herself. She believes he is the right man; and it is, perhaps, only when she has been married many years and is giving her daughter advice, which that young person will not take, that she realizes that the right man for a young girl is just a matter of chance and propinquity and salary. A girl of her age is no more able really to choose her husband than she is to manage her employer's business.

There is needed some cunning educator to use their sex as a lure by which to teach girls the qualities they need, not only in the business world but also, later, in their own workaday world of husband and children, which is not at all the world of marriage as they see it. This wonderful educator would have to magic away their youth and their disinclination really to think, and make them exercise the qualities they are born with and develop the ones their brothers are born with. The adequate girls, after marriage, do develop, for personal reasons, the business virtues they were not willing to develop for their employers' sake. Life has given them the education that their mothers and the schools did not; they know, after

ten years of marriage, that dimples and rice powder, while still important assets, are less valuable than the power to think quickly, to seize a chance and to handle an unexpected situation.

But the average office girl, who, after all, is worth quite what she gets, and gets what she is worth, if she really puts the office first would have to put matrimony second, to the disadvantage of matrimony. What if she became so interested in getting off her letters that she was late to lunch and so missed him at the corner? What if she were so anxious to get to her desk in the morning that she forgot to see if her puffs were on straight?

There are plenty of men clerks and stenographers who never go very far in life, who are mere inconspicuous bits in the commercial machine; but they take their place in the world of business more readily than the girls do, just because they are men and because they have been trained to it. Even the most mediocre man knows that he will get some promotion, and he wants that promotion soon. Moreover, even the least ambitious know that if they are not competent to keep their positions they go under; there is no chance of their marrying. It is not that men do their work better—many employers say that the average girl is better than the average youth; it is simply that they settle into the man's world knowing they must stay.

From one point of view the girls are showing plenty of business sense, for their great business is to get married; and, consciously or unconsciously, they and Dame Nature together practice the business without let and with as little hindrance as possible. The young men who work beside them do not concentrate so intensely. All life interests them; however narrow or wide their vision, it does include a whole horizon, and not just one point on that horizon—the home. They may not have enough intelligence to understand what goes on around them, but still they see more different things than the girls do.

### Sex in Business

THEY may not be able to use the ideas that come to them or that they listen to, but still they have more ideas than just to settle themselves in a circle of two. Marriage is in their minds, but vaguely; it is to come after they get a raise, after they travel, after they see plenty of girls and cities and men. Dim enough visions they have and not many of them are realized, or else we should not have such a vast army of mediocre men—routine, uninspired workers, unable, even if they had the chance, to rise above their particular notches. Their great merit commercially is that they do stay put.

"I prefer women to men," said one small employer, "if they would just stay. But no sooner have you found a good bookkeeper or stenographer and broken her into your ways, and picture yourselves as growing old together, than she comes to you to say she is leaving. Sometimes it is to a better position, and that's good business; so, if I don't feel able to raise her salary I can't object. Sometimes it's to get married, and I suppose that's human nature and I oughtn't to object, but I do. We all do, for it doesn't seem like playing the business game in the business way. When a man employee gets married he doesn't leave. He sticks closer than a brother; we bind him to us with hoops of steel, and he puts his back into his work as he never did before. Marriage gives a girl a reason for going and a man a reason for staying.

"Another thing: girls bring sex into business, and it ought to be impersonal. Take a man; he gets down here at half past eight or nine, as the case may be, if he isn't late—and both sexes give the same excuse for lateness: cars blocked. The man slings his hat and coat on a peg and gets down to his desk in fifteen seconds. The girl goes into the dressing-room, takes out four hatpins, gingerly lifts off her hat and sticks those four hatpins back in the precise spots they occupied. Maybe, if we are indulgent, she has a box for her hat. Then she stands before the mirror, takes out her side combs, and combs her pompadour and back hair. Next she shifts a hairpin in her puffs, takes out a powder-rag and dusts her face, whirls around to see if her belt is all right in the back, settles her shirtwaist in front, and then she is ready. It has taken from five minutes up.

"And that's the least manifestation of sex, too. She's more likely to be out from illness than a man; she's not able to work for so long overtime under pressure—or she won't. Besides, if some one is storming in the office she is likely to take it as a personal affront, when the man doesn't know she is on the earth. If she is reprimanded for poor work, as a man would be, maybe she will weep, or maybe she will get saucy and say, 'I don't think you ought to talk to a girl that way.' Talk to a girl that way! There should be no sex in business. It's impersonal. Everybody's a machine except the employer, and in a large way he's just a cog, too.

"But the fault we are most afraid of in the business girl is her liability to gossip about the business. She will go outside and tell some little thing that was said in the office, repeat some little altercation, and you never can guess how far it will carry. I could tell you of men who have been ruined by office secrets becoming known, filtering out through these girls. Outside of these three big factors—that the most of them don't stay, and that most of them drag in their sex and whack you over the head with your own lack of chivalry, and that they gossip—girls on the whole are neater, quicker, more skillful and more faithful than men. I'd always rather trust a girl with petty cash than a man; all employers would. They never take the office things the way men do. Of course all the force help themselves to postage stamps; seem to think they are as free as air; but in other things girls are far more conscientious than men, and they save us a lot on the payroll every week."

Inside the Nicely Pompadoured and Puffed Heads You Will Find the Same Snug Little Vision

Assuredly they do; that is the chief reason they are in the business world. People have blamed a great share of the misfortunes of this earth on the entrance of women into business: too few marriages and too many marriages; race suicide; the higher cost of living; the increased frivolity of dress, and the decay of the home. But women are working because men have decreed that they must. For even the most featherheaded girl there is the excuse that all that has happened is the fault of economic conditions, and behind economic conditions stand the men. From the beginning, the masculine point of view, usually unacknowledged, is that whatever is organized and paid for is man's work, and whatever is unorganized, isolated and unpaid for is woman's work. The best proof of this is that when the crafts once belonging to women, such as spinning and weaving, became organized in the shape of factories, they passed into the hands of men. By the pressure of the times, workingmen of a certain class have been unable or unwilling to support sisters and daughters; these have gone out into the world to do work of the quality of their brothers and fathers, and have been seized upon by men in a class above them, who, with an eye to the main chance, have paid them less than they were paying these same fathers and brothers. If there was a reason given at all it was that the work of the women was not so well done. Now that reason is not often given; it is admitted that the work is as well done, on the whole, as the work the men do. If they are not paid better than they are it is simply because they are women and unorganized.

Where the women have succeeded in any kind of work, business or other, they have done so under extreme difficulties; sometimes men have helped them and sometimes not. To take an example from the printing trade: there are over thirty-seven thousand women in this work today, and yet they have no way of learning the trade properly. No employer wants a girl apprentice when boys are willing to come, and when a boy will do odd jobs besides. So any girl in printing "steals the trade," as the unions phrase it; she learns it without the same course of instruction prescribed for the boy who enters properly, and therefore she is imperfectly equipped. All the way up through business and professions there are such obstacles in the way of women. But the women least willing to surmount them, because they are not vitally interested in their work or in the success of other women, are the temporary girls in the offices.

"You Can't Expect Me to Dance Till Three o'Clock in the Morning and Then be Here at Nine"

### A Case of Nerves

BUT there are degrees of impermanency. The most permanent girl, who has to buy her clothes and pay her board, must do reasonably well, for, if she is discharged or discharges herself, it might be a week before she got another position, and that would make some difference at home. There is a large class of girls, however, who enjoy the luxury of the "I-needn't-work-for-you-or-any-one-else" feeling.

An extremely pretty stenographer did new-broom work for a certain employer for quite a month. Then she was late and nervous; a few days later she was again late and nervous; finally she was half an hour late and her employer protested.

"I pay you to come at nine," he said, "not half past nine."

"Well," she replied sharply, "you can't expect me to dance till three o'clock in the morning and then be here at nine."

The employer happened to be henpecked at home, and for a moment her tone made him forget that he was in his own office, where he was master. He retreated to his desk and murmured, "I can't expect her to dance till three I can't ex——" Then his mind came back to him, and he sprang up and roared at her: "I don't; I don't you can take your things and leave."

*(Continued on Page 53)*

# MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

## The Inner Voice—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Thinks the Whole World Sees it in His Face, Reads it in His Eyes

Man cannot conceal the topic of a great crime.—WHARTON.

THERE are no limitations to the vast field within which are to be found those slight incidents that lead to the exposure of crimes. They are not confined to physical incidents. They may be in the nature of impulses or strange, unexpected, unexplainable, swiftly-arising states of the mind.

It is within himself, perhaps, that the greatest peril to the criminal agent lies. Forced because of the needs of secrecy continually to contemplate the matter, and unable to discuss it with another, it seems to be a law that in the end he will yield to some bizarre impulse.

Bourget is of the opinion that the solitary contemplation of a desperately important secret in the end produces on the mind something of the same effect produced on the eye by the constant contemplation of a single object.

After a time the vision cannot be depended upon; spots, streaks of light, and the like are seen; the object itself becomes distorted, and in the end one's judgment, depending upon one's vision, under such conditions must inevitably go astray.

Webster, in his celebrated argument in the Knapp case, gives the popular idea:

The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from Heaven or earth. The secret which he possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth.

Wherever the truth may lie between these theories, it is certain that men not suspected of crimes, who have for a time successfully concealed them and presumably might have continued to conceal them, have suddenly, apparently for no reason, yielded to some bizarre impulse and revealed them.

. . . . . .

A recent strange case is that of Flower vs. United States (116 Fed. 241), decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Fifth Circuit, June 2, 1902.

Samuel Flower was paying teller of the Hibernia National Bank of New Orleans. On the eighth day of May, 1901, he was short in his accounts thirty-six thousand dollars; this money he had embezzled from the funds of the bank. Flower had been speculating through a stockbroker in New York, and from time to time he had transmitted large sums of money to him.

The transaction was like thousands of others with which the criminal records of the United States are crowded. Flower had been gradually drawn into speculation; and after the first step he had advanced ever more rapidly until he had taken some thirty-six thousand dollars of the bank's money.

Flower had received nothing; the great profits were all in the future. He was concealing the deficit; and he was concealing it by the most practical plan of which we have any record. He might have gone on with such a plan as that which he had conceived; no one suspected him; the bank examiner could not find the deficit; there seemed to be no actual reason why the embezzlement should not have been indefinitely concealed.

The following extract from the opinion of the court will show how successful in its result Flower's plan was:

"How Much of This Money Have You Got?"

It appears that on the eighth day of May, 1901, the plaintiff in error [Samuel Flower] was the paying teller of the Hibernia National Bank in the city of New Orleans, and that on that day a duly-appointed and commissioned examiner of national banks of this district was in the city for the purpose and engaged in the work of examining the national banks located here; that about the hour of 2:30 P. M. Mr. Flower asked one F. M. Folger, who was on duty that day at the Hibernia Bank as a special bank detective and guard, to see if he could get large denominations of bills for bills of small denominations from the New Orleans National Bank to the amount of forty thousand dollars. On presentation of this request by Folger the proper authorities of the New Orleans National Bank stated that they could not do so, which was duly reported to Mr. Flower by Mr. Folger.

Mr. Flower then asked Mr. Folger to see the Louisiana National Bank, stating that he desired to exchange a sealed package of silver certificates amounting to forty thousand dollars.

Folger saw the paying teller of the Louisiana National Bank, who said he could make the exchange in clearing-house certificates. Upon that being reported to Mr. Flower he gave Mr. Folger a sealed package purporting to contain forty thousand dollars. It was a Government package and labeled "Four thousand ten-dollar bills—forty thousand dollars." Mr. Folger took this package to the Louisiana National Bank and in exchange therefor obtained eight clearing-house certificates of the denomination of five thousand dollars each, making a total of forty thousand dollars.

This happened between 2:30 o'clock and 3 o'clock P. M., before the banks closed on the eighth day of May, 1901. At 3:21 P. M. that day the bank examiner started an examination of the Hibernia National Bank, and on his examination of the department of the paying teller—Mr. Flower's department—found that Mr. Flower had all the cash on hand to correspond with the general book of the bank. In this amount of cash on hand was included fifty-five thousand dollars of what is called clearing-house certificates, which were treated and accepted as cash, and included the eight certificates procured by Folger.

The examination was thorough and in all respects satisfactory to the examiner. The same examiner had made semi-annual examinations of this bank and of this paying teller's department from the time of his appointment in 1898, having made, in all, five examinations previous to this one made on May 8, 1901, and on each occasion had found the cash in the hands of the paying teller to correspond with the general book of the bank, and the condition of the paying teller's department to be in all respects satisfactory.

It is, therefore, apparent that Flower had nothing to fear from the examination of the bank; that his plan for concealing the embezzled funds was practical and successful. The bank was all right. No one suspected anything wrong. There was no reason, so far as one could see, why he should have done the thing that he did do.

Nevertheless, on this very day, some time between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, Richard M. O'Brien, Esquire, a citizen of New Orleans and patron of the Hibernia National Bank, received a letter from Samuel Flower in which he stated that he had speculated with the bank's money to the extent of thirty-six thousand dollars, and requested Mr. O'Brien to lend him that sum in order to make good the deficit.

The letter written and signed by Flower contained this amazing postscript:

P. S. Seeing you in the bank today, it came to me that there might be a possible chance of your helping me; it was like an inspiration from Above.

Literally, the statement of that postscript was true. The thing that moved this panic-stricken teller to such an utterly destructive course must have been some sudden, overpowering impulse. From no possible point of view could his judgment have consented to a course so plainly ruinous.

A careful examination of all the circumstances fails to reveal the slightest reason why Mr. O'Brien should respond to such an extraordinary request. What Mr. O'Brien did do is precisely what any reasonable person would have known when he wrote such a letter.

This "Inspiration from Above" proved for Samuel Flower to be an "Inspiration from Below!"

The story may be permitted to continue in the language of the court:

O'Brien did not advance the money as requested in the letter, but on the same day sent a memorandum to the cashier of the Hibernia National Bank, Mr. Palfrey. On the morning of the ninth of May, the witness, J. W. Castles, then president of the Hibernia National Bank, went to the bank at his usual time, about half past nine o'clock, and the cashier showed him the memorandum received from Mr. O'Brien. After reading it the president walked around to the paying teller, taking with him the receiving teller, Mr. Surgi, and told Mr. Flower to turn over his cash to Mr. Surgi and take a vacation. The president then went back to his desk. In a few minutes afterward Mr. Flower came back and the president said to him: "Sam, where are you going?"

Sam said: "I am not going anywhere." He took his hat and left, and walked out of the bank.

Before Mr. Flower had been directed to take his vacation and turn over his cash to Mr. Surgi, Mr. Folger had called on Mr. Flower for the eight certificates to be carried back to the Louisiana Bank, agreeable to the promise made on obtaining them the evening before, and, having received them, had taken them to the Louisiana National Bank to exchange for the package of bills upon which they had been advanced; and, having made the exchange, he returned with the package to the Hibernia National Bank and delivered it to Mr. Surgi, who was by that time acting as paying teller at the Hibernia Bank. Mr. Surgi, having no use for such a bundle in his paying teller's cage, took it back to the safe and committed it to the custody of the cashier, Mr. Palfrey.

The bank officials were amazed. They at once set about to discover whether or not it was true that Flower had embezzled, in fact, thirty-six thousand dollars, and, if so, how he had concealed it.

The bank examiner had been there on the eighth and had found all the funds in the bank intact. It was incredible! Nevertheless, it was true. The bank's funds actually had been embezzled to the extent of thirty-six thousand dollars, as Mr. Samuel Flower had said in his extraordinary letter to Mr. O'Brien. How this shortage had been concealed may be explained here in an extract from the testimony of J. W. Castles, president of the Hibernia National Bank. This witness deposed that on the ninth, after his turning the paying teller's cage over to Surgi as acting paying teller, time went along until about one o'clock.

When I started to the Boston Club for lunch I met Mr. Menge on Canal Street. He said: "Have you seen Sam?" I said: "Sam who?" He said: "Sam Flower." I said: "No; what does he want?" He said: "Don't you know he is short?" I said: "No; how much is he short?" He said: "He is short about thirty thousand dollars." Mr. Menge gave me Mr. Flower's address and I took the car and rode out to his house. I rang the bell and went in. Mr. Flower opened the door and showed me into his parlor or sitting-room. I said: "Sam, sit down and tell me the whole truth now." So he sat down. I didn't suggest to him that it would be better for him to make the statement. I made him no promise at this time of any kind. He said he was short thirty-six thousand dollars; that the way he had covered it up was that he had changed the label on a four-thousand-dollar Government package to a forty-thousand-dollar package by taking off that label and pasting on an old label of forty thousand dollars, which made the exact figure of thirty-six thousand dollars which he was short. I said: "Sam, is that all?" He said: "Yes, that is all." I said: "How much of this money have you got?" He said: "I haven't got any of it at all; it is all gone." He took out two dollars and said: "That is all I have got in the world." I said: "Have you got any of this money anywhere?" He said: "No." I said: "What did you do with it?" He answered: "I sent it to a man in New York by the name of J. Overton Payne to speculate for me." I said: "How did you send it?" He answered: "I sent it by mail." Then his mother and wife came in and said they wanted to know what I was going to do. I said I was going to do my duty—report it to the board.

Further on in his examination this witness testified:

Flower stated that he was sending the money to J. Overton Payne, a stockbroker in New York; that Payne had led him to believe he could make a large amount of money by so doing; that he had telegraphed Payne that day asking assistance, and that when he got the telegram he would send it to me. He said he got this money at various times and in different amounts, and that the last was five thousand dollars, about two or three weeks before the ninth of May. This money was the property of the Hibernia National Bank, and it was in the custody of Mr. Flower as paying teller of the bank.

"What Was it You Did Seven Years Ago?"

If one bears in mind what took place on the eighth day of May before the bank examiner arrived, as stated in the opinion of the court quoted, he will see how practical Flower's plan was for meeting the bank examiner with the proper amount of cash on hand.

He would manage to have in the bank, near the time when the bank examiner was expected, a sealed package of silver certificates to the amount of four thousand dollars in the original package as received from the United States Treasury. He would have, also, in his possession the label of a similar forty-thousand-dollar package, which he could always easily obtain. He had only, then, to remove the four-thousand-dollar label from the sealed Government package and paste on the forty-thousand-dollar label. He would then send out a bank messenger to some of the other banks to see if he could exchange bills of a large denomination for bills of a smaller denomination, offering this sealed forty-thousand-dollar package of silver certificates from the United States Treasury. Any associate bank in the city having smaller bills would readily make the exchange. The bank messenger would leave the original package and bring in exchange smaller bills amounting to forty thousand dollars. With this cash on hand a bank examiner would, of course, find everything all right. Then, when the bank examiner left, it was Flower's plan to return the cash to the bank with which the messenger had left the sealed package of silver certificates and obtain again that package intact.

The plan was remarkably simple and practical. No bank would question a sealed package of currency sent from the United States Treasury and delivered to it by a reputable bank. Not requiring bills of large denominations the package would be put into the safe for the time being, and the following day Flower would be able to recover it by returning to the bank the other money.

It was necessary for him to have on hand the actual amount which the books of the bank indicated, and by this plan he was able to obtain and temporarily place before the bank examiner the correct sum. The bank examiner would count the cash, find it all right, certify to the bank's condition and go away. Flower would then take funds of the bank and with them recover the package, which was labeled forty thousand dollars, but which, in fact, contained only four thousand dollars.

Such a plan might have been continued indefinitely. It showed the man who conceived it to be a shrewd, practical person. And it makes it more difficult to understand how such a person, apparently safe and possessed of a plan that would at any time enable him to meet the bank examiner and cover his defalcation, could have suddenly yielded to an impulse that was in every respect manifestly absurd—an impulse that meant swift, certain and immediate ruin!

Flower was indicted, convicted and sentenced to be imprisoned in the United States penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. His case must always remain one of those striking examples of the overruling, ruinous impulses that sometimes seize upon and possess the mind of the criminal agent.

. . . . . .

This case has its counterpart in De Maupassant's repulsive story, La Petite Roque. Borrowing a figure from Zola, De Maupassant has taken a criminal conscience in this story and thrown it upon a dissecting-table.

Here Joseph Renardet, like Samuel Flower, when there was no suspicion attached to him, suddenly wrote a letter confessing a homicide which he had committed, addressed this letter to the examining magistrate and dropped it into the letter box. Then, when the postman came to take the letters from the box, on the instant as by some sorcery Renardet's state of mind entirely changed. He saw the folly that he had committed and endeavored to get the letter back. The postman explained that he could not deliver the letter to him, as it was addressed to another. He begged, threatened and endeavored to bribe the postman. Failing in this he went away and took his own life.

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It is a popular idea that these impulses moving criminals to some bizarre act are agencies in the service of a Providence determined on justice. One of the greatest authorities on medical jurisprudence in this country has said:

This conflict between the true and the false arises in all cases where guilt is attempted to be screened by human contrivance. The mind involuntarily becomes its own prosecutor. It drops at each point evidence to prove its guilt. Each statement that it makes, each subterfuge to which it resorts, each pretext it suggests is a witness that it prepares and qualifies for admission on trial. In this, and in universality of the psychological truth that guilt cannot keep its own counsel, we may find an attribute of divine justice by which crime is made involuntarily its own avenger. Man cannot conceal the topic of a great crime, either anticipated or committed. It sometimes leaps out of him convulsively in dreams; sometimes a false cunning

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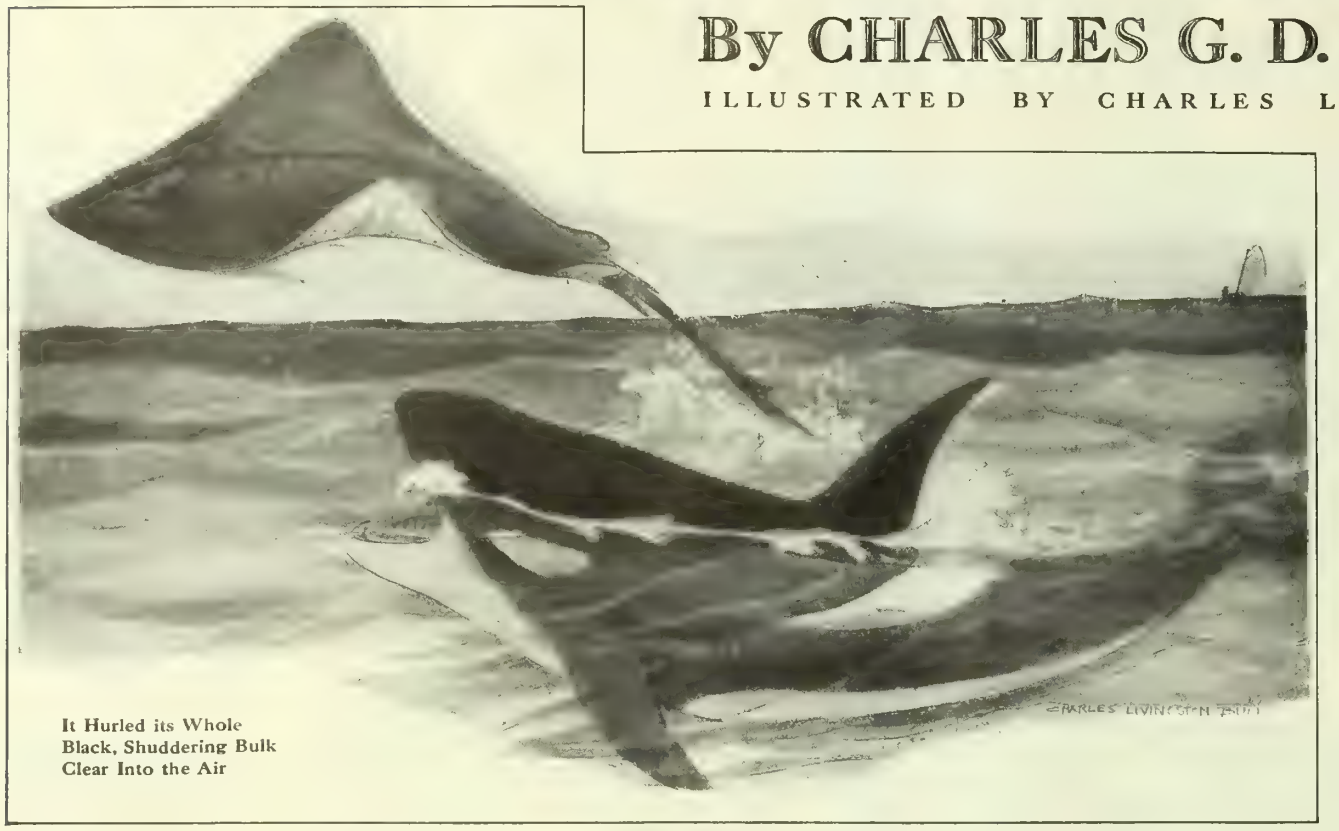
# THE TIGER OF THE SEA

## By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



It Hurled its Whole Black, Shuddering Bulk Clear Into the Air

THROUGH the broad, indolent, green-purple swells, ruffled and crisped along their tops by a mild breeze, the cow orca went wallowing contentedly, her calf swimming close at her side. From time to time it rubbed against her, as if apprehensive in face of the vast and perilous spaces of the ocean, seeking covert behind her short, powerful flipper. And from time to time, being one of the most devoted and assiduous of all the mothers of the wild, she would gather it caressingly to her side with that great flipper, or, whirling half around, touch it inquiringly with her enormous, rounded snout.

She was a good twenty feet in length, the great orca or "killer whale," as she would have been dubbed by any sailor or fisherman who might have chanced to cast eyes upon her. She would have been recognized at once from all the other members of her whale-and-porpoise tribe by the immense dorsal fin, not far from five feet high, rising erect from the broad and massive black curve of her back; by the two conspicuous white streaks on her black flank; and by the sharply defined line of her cream-white belly as she rolled lazily on the slope of a swell. All these were danger signals, which the knowing would have taken care to heed.

Little cause for apprehension had the calf of the orca so long as it kept near its mother, for this most swift and savage of all the cetaceans feared nothing that swam except her giant cousin, the cachalot or sperm-whale. Though but twenty feet long she would attack and kill, through the sheer ferocity of her fury, the great whalebone or "right" whale, of fully four times her length and many times her bulk. Man she might have feared, had she ever learned his power; but being poor in blubber her tribe had never tempted man to so difficult and perilous a hunting. There were sharks, to be sure, that might equal or surpass her in size; but none even to approach her in savagery, speed or cunning.

It was in care-free content, therefore, that she lazed onward through the bland, untroubled sea, heedless alike of the surf on the yellow cliffs to her right and of the empty spaces of ocean to her left. Such attention as she could spare from the baby charms of her calf was given to searching the transparent deeps below her, where lurked the big squid and sluggish, bottom-feeding fish on which she habitually preyed.

Suddenly, with no sound but a great sucking gurgle as the waters closed above her, she dived. Far down in the obscurity she had caught sight of a pallid, sprawling form. It was an octopus, which had been so ill-advised as to leave its customary home among the rocks of the bottom and seek new feeding grounds. Before it had time even to attempt escape, the great jaws of the killer engulfed it. For one moment its eight long tentacles writhed desperately, clutching at its captor's lips. Then they vanished, sucked in and swallowed at a gulp. Thereupon, the orca sailed leisurely back to the sunlit surface, met on the way up by her anxious calf, which had not been quite quick enough to follow its mother's lightning descent. She had not been two minutes absent, and never for an instant out of sight. But the youngster's instinct warned it well that the mild blue element in which it dwelt was full of dangers.

The octopus, though a large one, had been but a mouthful for the great killer, a stimulus, merely, to her vast appetite. She journeyed now with a keener eye upon the depths. Presently the deep blue-green of the water began to change to a lighter, beryl hue, where a line of making reef came up to within some thirty feet of the surface and caught the sun. Here, basking, lay a broad, flat, batlike creature, with wing-fins a dozen feet across, and a long, whiplike tail. Its cold, moveless eyes, staring upward, caught sight of the killer's body slowly plowing the surface. With an almost imperceptible movement of the black wings it slid from the reef and plunged for refuge in the depths.

But the giant ray had not been quick or stealthy enough to evade its enemy's eye. Again the orca dived, this time without heed of silence; and so swiftly that her broad flukes, rising straight into the air, came down upon the water with a report that resounded all the way in to the shore. Her descent was straight as a plummet's. The ray, seeing it, was seized with panic. It darted to one side, and shot upward again at a terrific pace, on a magnificent sweeping curve. With the force of that uprush it hurled its whole black, shuddering bulk clear into the air, where it turned and for one instant hung, flapping darkly as if the very madness of its terror had driven it to the conquest of a new element.

To the nervous calf it was a prodigy of horror, blotting out the sun. But this violent excursion into the air was of only a second or two's duration, and futile as it was brief. As the flat, black wings came down again with an enormous splash, the pursuing orca arose almost beneath them, seized them and dragged them under. There was no fight, the ray being powerless against its mighty opponent—only a moment's blind, frantic struggle in the foaming swirls, and then a spreading stain of red on the green sea.

This, now, was a fully sufficing meal, even for such an appetite as the orca's; and many neglected fragments of it went spreading and sinking away to feed the innumerable scavenging crabs that lurked in the weeds and hollows of the sunken reef. The orca, for the next half hour or so, remained where she was, rolling contentedly in the bright water above the reef, nursing and caressing her calf, and digesting her meal. Then she slowly continued her journey, slanting in toward shore till she was not more than half a mile from the chain of precipitous islets and broken promontories that fringed this dangerous coast.

It was now full noon, and the unclouded sunlight, striking almost straight downward upon the surface of the sea, revealed the bottom at an amazing depth. Poised about halfway down the glimmering transparency, a large squid, or cuttlefish, was swimming at leisure. His narrow, tapering body was about six feet in length, and perhaps fifteen inches in diameter at the broadest part, which was the head. From this formless head, seeming to sprout from it as leaf-stalks from the head of a carrot, grew a bunch of tentacles, ten in number and of about the same length as the body. Body and tentacles alike were of a pallid, dirty yellow-gray, with brownish spots—a color that made its wearer almost invisible in that sun-penetrated sea. The progress of the squid was backward, and he achieved it not by moving his tentacles but by sucking a volume of water into a great muscular sac beneath the tentacles and forcibly expelling it. It looked as though he were breathing water and using it to blow himself along.

The orca was by no means hungry, so soon after the feast that she had made on the giant ray; but the succulent morsel of the squid was a temptation not to be resisted. Tipping smoothly, her huge but finely-modeled black-and-white form shot straight downward through the shimmering flood. But before she could reach him the squid looked up and saw her. On the instant his ten loose tentacles tightened to a rigid bundle which offered no obstruction to his progress; his pale sides contracted with a mighty convulsion, expelling a volume of water which shot him along with the speed of a torpedo from its tube; and at the same time, from a gland within the propulsion sac, he squirted forth a jet of inky fluid which spread at once into a great cloud of black, veiling his flight. Behind that concealment he changed his direction and fled downward toward a deep crevice in the rocky bottom, where he knew that the jaws of his enemy would not be able to reach him.

It Was an Octopus, Which Had Been So Ill-Advised as to Seek New Feeding Grounds

The orca, undeterred, plunged straight onward into the inky cloud. But once well within that gloom she lost all track of her intended prey. She even, for the moment, lost herself. This way and that she darted, snapping her vast jaws ravenously, but in vain. They closed on nothing but the empty and tainted water. At last, and quite unexpectedly, she emerged from the blackness into the transparent green, and glancing upward she saw a sight that caused

her to hurl herself madly to the surface with a titanic sweep of her great flukes. That furious stroke made the depths boil like the thrust of a liner's propellers.

The calf, having started to follow its mother into the depths, had been frightened by that inky cloud into which it had seen her vanish. Returning in a flurry to the surface, it was swimming around aimlessly and anxiously, when it caught the eye of a wandering shark.

The shark, knowing very well what it was, looked around for the mother. He had no desire to be uncivil to a mother orca. But there was no mother in sight. He did not understand it; but he was ragingly hungry, and such an opportunity was quite irresistible. He rose at the calf with a rush, and turned over on his side, exposing his livid-white belly, to seize the prize. The calf, appalled at the black, triangular, many-toothed cavern that gaped so suddenly before him, writhed away just in time, and began swimming in a big circle around the spot where its mother had dived.

Again the shark rushed, but he had to turn on his side to bring his curious underset jaws into play; and the calf of the orca had already the nimbleness of its tribe. Again the attack failed. Before he could repeat it, he caught sight of the mother shooting up from the green depths. Though he was some twenty-five feet in length—a good five feet longer than the orca—he turned and fled for his life.

One glance assured the mother that her little one was unhurt. Then she darted after the aggressor at a pace that made his flight quite futile. He had not gone fifty yards when she was upon him, open-jawed. Hurling himself convulsively aside he just succeeded in evading that first resistless charge. With the courage of desperation he twisted himself about, turned half over, glided beneath his adversary's belly, and caught at her with his triangular jaws. But she had already swerved aside, and he failed to get a fair hold. He did, indeed, rend out a mass of hide and blubber; but he reached no vital point and the raging "killer" hardly felt the wound. Whirling with a violence that sent the foam and spray spurting into the air, she caught the base of the shark's tail between her immense jaws.

So far as anything like a fight was concerned, this was the end of it. For several minutes the gigantic struggle went on, dashing the discolored water yards high; but it was all on one side, as the orca shook and crushed and tore the life out of her beaten opponent. At last she drew off, leaving a mangled mass to sink slowly into the depths. Then, having snuggled the excited calf under her fin, and given him to nurse, she swam slowly inland toward the deep channel that here ran between the islands and the shore, where she thought she might find some more of those succulent squids to compensate her for the one that had so inconsiderately evaded her approaches.

The breeze, which up to now had been little but a succession of catspaws, settled into a steady draft, though not strong enough to do more than darken the surface of the sea to a heavy purple. Running free before it, up along the coast—between the cliffs and the islands—came a small catboat, her one sail sparkling white in the clear sunshine.

The tiny craft contained two passengers—the man at the helm, smoking a big brier pipe, and a silky brown retriever, curled up at the foot of the mast. It was a stern coast and a dangerous water for such a cockleshell to traverse; but the man was a good amateur navigator of small craft, and he knew that, between the port that he had left, some fifteen miles back down the coast, and the harbor that he was making for, a dozen miles to the north, there were plenty of refuges wherein he could take shelter in case a sudden storm should blow up out of the east. These waters were unfamiliar to him, but he had a good chart; and this was his special delight—the coasting of unknown shores, with no companionship but that of his faithful and accommodating dog, who always agreed with him as to the most interesting places to visit.

Yet though Gardner was an expert yachtsman, with an eye wise to all signs of the weather and an instinct that could feel the pulse of the wind through tiller or taut sheet, he knew something less of natural history than was desirable for one who made his playground on the peopled seas. His notions of all the whale tribe and their varying characters were based on what he had read of the great, timorous whalebone whale and what he had seen of the playful and harmless porpoise. When, therefore, he caught sight of the arched black back and formidable head of the orca, lazily plowing the swells, it never occurred to him that now was the time for discretion. Had he been a habitué of these waters he would have turned his prow promptly in another direction, lest the orca should think he wanted to intrude upon her privacy. As it was, however, he sailed nearer, to see what manner of fish or beast it might be, this black-and-white creature that treated his approach with such indifference.

Passing at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, Gardner was seized with a fool idea. This was a good chance for a shot. The unknown beast would form an interesting trophy. He did not stop to consider what he should do with it if he bagged it. He did not stop to consider that with his light rifle he could not hope to do more than inflict a painful wound through the layers of blubber that would protect the vitals of this sea-monster. He did not know, either, that a dead whale sinks to the bottom, and that therefore the most successful of shots could bring him no reward. It was enough that the instinct to kill something was upon him. He flung a knee over the tiller to keep his course steady, snatched up the rifle, and fired at a spot just behind the orca's big flipper—about where he judged the heart would lie. As he did so, the dog, realizing that there was some excitement afoot, sprang up, put his forepaws on the gunwale and barked furiously at the strange black shape rolling in the swell.

To Gardner's astonishment, the monster itself made no immediate response to the shot; but instantly, just under its flank, there began a wild commotion. Something there fell to threshing the water frantically; and the monster, swinging about, gazed at that something with great and anxious concern. She stroked it with her flipper as if trying to calm it; and then Gardner saw that it was the young of the monster that he had struck. At this he felt full of remorse. Had he seen the calf he would not have fired at either parent or little one. He was not wantonly cruel, but only thoughtless. For a few seconds he stared irresolutely. Then, judging from its actions that the calf had received a mortal wound, he decided that he ought to put it out of its misery. Taking very careful aim, he fired again. The report echoed sharply from the cliff face of an island not a hundred feet away.

Gardner had made a good shot this time. Before the echoes of the report had died out, the calf lay still, and then very slowly began to sink. There was stillness for a few seconds, broken only by the excited barking of the brown retriever. The orca swam slowly half around the body of her young, and apparently assured herself that it was dead. Then she turned her small eyes upon the boat. In that instant Gardner realized that he had made a mistake. Instinctively he headed for the rocky islet.

With a Dull Crash the Body of His Pursuer Struck the Rock

As he jammed the tiller over, at the same time hurriedly freeing his sheet, he saw the water boil about the orca's black form. She was a good hundred feet away, but so appalling was her rush that she seemed to be upon him in the same instant. With a yelp the dog sprang far up into the bow. As the boat was at that moment broadside on to the terrific attack, Gardner kept his seat and fired another desperate shot full in the face of the oncoming doom. He might as well have fired a pea-shooter.

The gun dropped to his feet. In the same moment it was as if an express-train had struck the boat. She was lifted bodily from the water and all one side crushed in, while Gardner felt himself hurled clean over the boom. As he came down he heard a yelp from the brown retriever.

In order to escape entanglement in the sail, which slapped sousing over on top of him, Gardner dived, and came up some fifteen feet beyond. To this dive, and to the momentary concealment afforded by the sail, he doubtless owed his life. He was a crack swimmer, and instantly started for the island at sprinting speed, d ing the "crawl" stroke, with head most of the time under water. The orca, at first, did not observe his escape. The unhappy dog, by his barking, had caught her eye; and him she had seized and crushed the instant he was thrown into the water. Then, turning her fury upon the wreck of the boat, she had torn it and smashed it to kindling wood, seizing it in her huge jaws and shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. This done, she had turned toward the island—and her deadly eyes had fallen upon the form of the swimming man as he cleft his way shoreward

Her rush was like the rush of a torpedo, but Gardner was already laying his frantic hands upon the ledge. The ledge—a shelf not a dozen inches in width was just awash. He felt that it was no refuge. But at about his own height above him was a niche in the rock, whimsically gouged out as if to hold a statue. With desperate agility he drew himself up into the tiny retreat, whipping up his legs behind him and shrinking as flat as possible into the niche. At the same moment he was deluged with foam and spray, as with a dull crash the body of his pursuer struck the rock just below his feet.

Gardner shuddered, and struggled gaspingly to catch back his breath into his laboring lungs. He had swum

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The Progress of the Squid Was Backward

# THE LONDON SEASON

## By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

The Married Woman Rules in Great Britain

IF IT were the custom of any nation to sentence its criminals to banishment, and then, on the return of the convicts, to condemn them to three months on the treadmill for the crime already expiated by penal servitude, all civilized people would protest against an action so unjust and so inhuman. This, however, is exactly what England does, so far as her nobility and gentry are concerned.

Dame Fashion, sitting as a magistrate, sternly says to all such:

"You are sentenced to three months' hard labor, and from this fate there is no escape except that recognized in all prisons—namely, a breakdown in health, certified by a physician of good standing."

Thousands of titled Englishmen and their wives annually make for home the last of April, prepared to serve out their "three months hard," beginning the first of May and ending the last of July.

The term of this sentence is known as "The London Season," and its distinguishing feature bears another resemblance to penal servitude in an unrelieved monotony caused by the same thing being done year after year with very little variation.

### The Vanishing Love for a Lord

IT IS almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that wealthy people who might enjoy liberty and a good time anywhere expend vast sums of money every year for the purpose of buying permission to join the lockstep of the London season. Money talks here as elsewhere in the world.

One of the leading periodicals said the other day, in an article on London society: "It does not matter whether your ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or whether your name be written in Domesday Book; if you cannot provide your guests with peaches out of season at twenty-four shillings a dozen, and ortolans at six shillings apiece, nor invite them to hear Tetrazzini sing for their exclusive benefit, it is useless to attempt an impression on London society."

It would seem from this that the Englishman's proverbial love for a lord is vanishing—a theory strengthened by the fact that, up to the moment of King Edward's sudden and lamentable death, the House of Commons was busy attempting to demolish the House of Lords. Yet I doubt if any extensive change of public opinion has taken place, as the Liberal-Irish-Socialistic party is likely to find out to its cost when the next election takes place in the United Kingdom.

According to Punch, which is itself an excellent guide to the London season, it is the flippant American girl who shows scant respect for old nobility, in spite of the fact that she occasionally marries within that exclusive circle. One picture shows a languid young nobleman talking to a pretty American who has just arrived in London from Paris. The gilded youth says languidly:

"We came over with the Conqueror, you know." To which the girl replies:

"Ah, that must have been very trying. We came over with the Calais-Douvres."

Persons who think Punch never publishes anything funny should read the following.

The pictured scene is a fancy ball, and a lovely American girl is beautifully attired *à la Pompadour*. Facing her is Lord Fitznoodle, encased in a suit of real armor, typifying the Black Prince. Now, armor as a costume is both heavy and hot, and Fitznoodle's face is very red. Fitznoodle says:

"By Jove, Miss Rensselaer, how awfully charming you look tonight!"

"My!" replies Miss Rensselaer. "What are you? Canned lobster?"

It might be supposed that the dictum of royalty sets the pace for the London season, as is the case in all other monarchical countries, but such is not the fact in England. The meeting of Parliament has more to do with the London season than have the movements of the court, and yet the inauguration of the London season was originally due to royalty, something like a century and a quarter ago. The founder of the London season was the confounder of England's amicable relations with America—in other words, our old friend, King George III, whose birthday, June 4, is celebrated each year at Eton with great ceremony, and forms one of the chief social events of the season, although Eton is more than twenty miles west of the metropolis.

George was a much greater favorite with the Eton boys than he was with the English in America. If what Wellington said was true, that the battle of Waterloo had been won on the playing fields of Eton, it may also have been true that America was lost on the same bit of real estate; for George III paid more attention to his neighbors, the Eton boys, than he did to trans-Atlantic politics.

Fanny Burney, lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, records in her diary of January 16, 1787:

"This day the Court removed to London."

So it would seem that George, always a blunderer, started the London season in the worst weather in the year; but society ultimately changed all that and selected the three most charming months for its round of pleasure and hard work.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the London season opened in February with the assembling of Parliament. After her marriage the young Queen added many stately ceremonies to the London season; indeed, she went the social pace at a rate that had never been attempted before and has never been excelled since. It is difficult to imagine Queen Victoria as a giddy, pleasure-loving young person, but in May, 1851, there took place by her command a Drawing Room, followed by a state ball next day, then a state concert, a second Drawing Room and a second state concert, all within eight days.

After the death of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria went practically into retirement, and this for a time deadened the London season, causing great dissatisfaction among the shopkeepers of Regent Street, Piccadilly and Bond Street. Society, however, speedily readjusted itself to this rather depressing state of things and became, as one might say, independent of the court, which condition of affairs lasted until Edward VII was crowned.

The London season indicates its independence of both court and politics by "kicking off," to use a football term, on a ground connected with neither. If there is any department of human activity of which English society knows little and cares less it is the art world, yet the Royal Academy Private View opens the London season. It is a private view of my own that the English are not really so stupid in art matters as they are supposed to be. I was rather astonished the other day, in reading a book that gives a list of all the great paintings the world has produced and their present situations, to learn that the manor-houses, castles and private palaces of England hold art treasures running into millions upon millions of money, both in fame and number far exceeding the possessions of any other country in the world. These English collections are generally unknown to the public; but now and then, when some old family in financial difficulties sends its picture gallery to the auction-rooms of London, we get a glimpse into the unknown and are amazed at the cash total in which the sale results. The rich Englishman of former days, either through blundering luck or through a knowledge of painting equal to his judgment of wine, certainly did well for his descendants in so far as both his gallery and his cellar were concerned.

### The Royal Academy Dinner

THE Royal Academy Private View takes place on the Saturday previous to the first Monday in May, so the London season begins either in the last week in April or the first week in May. This year the thirtieth of April was the date.

Even comparatively humble people may assist at the opening of the London season. If a man is connected with a well-known journal belonging either to America or England he receives a large oblong card entitling him to admission to the Royal Academy on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. All Wednesday and the forenoon of Thursday the great picture gallery of new paintings is open to press men alone, which gives them a day and a half to estimate the English art of the year. The afternoon of Thursday is reserved for the visit of royalty and preparations for the banquet to be held next night, and the Royal Academy dinner is, taking it all in all, probably the most notable meal of the year in London. The president of the Royal Academy is host, and every guest is more or less illustrious in the world of politics, literature and art. Royalty is always present, and so are the Prime Minister and some of the chief members of the Government. Formerly the speeches made after dinner often contained important pronouncements that were made much of in next morning's papers, but now oratory has been abandoned.

Gladstone Took His Wife by the Arm and Edged for the Exit

The banquet, however, distinguished as its partakers undoubtedly are, does not open the London season, probably because no ladies are present. It is next day that the Goddess of Fashion shoves back the great doors of society and shouts "Play ball!"

Never was a ceremonial more incongruously named

than the Private View. It is not private and there isn't any view, so far as pictures are concerned. On the previous days the noble rooms opening one out of another seem practically empty, and a dense silence prevails. Greetings between the newspaper men are few and carried on in whispers. Each of those present is confronted with serious work, and he edges along the colored walls, notebook in one hand and pencil in the other, with a catalogue tucked under his arm, writing down the points for his article in Monday's paper.

The man privileged to enter Burlington House on a press day enjoys the real Private View of that year's pictures. He crosses the broad courtyard of Burlington House quite unimpeded by any vehicle, climbs the broad, deserted stairs, where the dignified attendant in uniform clips the right-hand corner from his card of admission, and hands him a large-leaved copy of the catalogue, for which he does not pay—and after that he owns the building.

Vastly different is the sight on Saturday. The courtyard is packed with buzzing automobiles, splendid carriages, and so on down the list of equipages until we reach the humble hansom cab. The police in attendance are busy speeding the parting motor to make room for the next. Wide as the stairs are, the dense procession must mount slowly. At the top there is no more clipping of tickets, for the cards are taken up and flung into a waste-basket. The rooms are packed like gigantic sardine-boxes, and a roar resembling that of Babel echoes down from the roof, for every one is laughing and talking, and the silent, unnoticed pictures enjoy a private view of the world's celebrities.

The distance between Heaven and hell for a painter is about ten feet, and in the Royal Academy the popular idea concerning the position of these two regions is reversed. On each wall pictures are hung in three rows, the lower tier being called "the line," on which all meritorious pictures, according to the verdict of the hanging judges, are placed, whilst those on the topmost row are said to be "skied." To be down below is Heaven; to be skied is hades.

Now here comes in the beneficent law of compensation. On the one day in the year when conceited artists who are hung on the line would like visitors to see their work that work is completely obliterated, while the man in the sky receives whatever notice is given, and this on the day when the great of earth are present in a bunch. The crush is so great that unless you are jammed up against the rail which, almost waist-high, runs along each wall you cannot get even a glimpse of the pictures on the line; and when you are up against the iron rail you are then too close to the picture immediately in front to see it as it should be seen. But from any part of the rooms, by glancing just below the cornice, you enjoy as good a view as can be got of the skied pictures.

The only person I ever saw attempting an examination of the paintings on a Private View day was the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, at that time Premier of Great Britain. My first impression was disappointment that the great politician was so insignificant in size; but when that massive head turned and one caught a glimpse of the statesman's rugged face, with those piercing eagle eyes, there was no further thought of diminutive stature. As those near him saw that the old man was determined to study the pictures, they made way for him as much as was possible in such a packed throng—a throng continually augmenting, fed by the never-ceasing procession up the stairs.

Mrs. Gladstone clung to him, her face seamed with anxiety; always careful of her distinguished husband's health, she feared the result of the inevitable "Academy headache." She was as anxious as a hen on the margin of a pond, watching the disobedient duckling she has hatched.

Artemus Ward delivered his first English lecture in the Egyptian Hall, situated diagonally across Piccadilly from Burlington House. Artemus began his discourse by saying:

"When the Egyptians built this hall they evidently knew nothing of ventilation."

A similar statement might be made about Burlington House, hence the Royal Academy headache. Mrs. Gladstone was endeavoring in vain to lure her husband out of the crush. The Premier was determined to look at the pictures and refused to go. At this crisis the lady cast an appealing look over her shoulder to a giant who was following them as if in attendance on royalty—yet he was one who held the second highest political position in Great Britain, the chief member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet after the Premier himself.

The Right Honorable Sir William Vernon Harcourt held several claims to distinction. He had achieved literary fame as "Historicus" of the London Times; he had proved himself an adept politician, and many, both in Liberal and Tory ranks, estimated him a statesman. He claimed descent from the Plantagenets, and although this assumption was made great fun of by the Conservative press it was generally admitted to be true; yet he was a docile follower and henchman of a commoner, and when that commoner gave a command the aristocratic Sir William all his life hastened to obey. Sir William Harcourt was built on the architectural lines of President William Taft, and he could have taken Mr. William Gladstone under his arm and walked out with him through that crowd in spite of all the Premier might do to prevent it. Great is the name of William, which early in history attached itself to "Conqueror"!

At Mrs. Gladstone's silent behest W. V. H. now approached his chief and, bending down, whispered something to him about the suffocating hotness of the room. I have always regretted that I did not set down in a notebook Mr. Gladstone's exact words, but even if I had done so I could not have reproduced the tone in which they were spoken, or the penetrating glance by which they were accompanied. They were something to this effect:

"If I do not leave at the request of my wife it is not likely I am going to be dragged out by you."

The tone was a tone of contempt and the glance was a glance of scorn. The Premier made no attempt to conceal his resentment at the interference, neither did he modify his voice as Sir William had done. The latter laughed good-naturedly and the former turned once more to the pictures.

Harcourt showed no pique at the discourteous phrase, but presented a jovial, Taftlike front to all onlookers; nevertheless, he was a much greater diplomatist than his chief, and the quiet way in which he turned the position because of his knowledge of temperament in two distinguished men might have proved a valuable object-lesson to the Premier. He still followed at the heels of the old man, but his gaze was on the people and not at the pictures. Suddenly he said:

"Ah, here's Joe!"

Now Joe, in England, means one person, just as in America, I suppose, it means Mr. Speaker Cannon. Mr. Gladstone gave no sign that he had heard, but continued scrutinizing modern art. Up the center of the room, progressing slowly, with mincing steps on account of the tardy human current, came a man whom even the most ignorant of us instantly recognized. Gladstone was dressed almost slovenly—his clothes did not seem to fit; but the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was as neat as a tailor's model, an orchid attached to the lapel of his coat and a monocle over his right eye. His clear-cut face was almost boyishly youthful, and when he spoke his voice was as mild as that of a schoolgirl. He was twenty-seven years younger than Gladstone, and nine years younger than Harcourt; yet in debate he could make either of them squirm.

Gladstone never looked in Joe's direction, but took his wife by the arm and edged for the exit, the crowd, as much as was possible, making way for the venerable pair. Chamberlain and Harcourt smiled at one another and, when they came together, shook hands cordially.

I expect some day to see a biographer who knew both Gladstone and Chamberlain intimately point out to the world the strange similarity in temperament between the man from Birmingham and the man from Hawarden. In spite of his arrogance Gladstone became Premier; because of his intolerance Chamberlain never reached that high station. It was Gladstone's contempt for the opinions of his colleagues that caused the disastrous Home Rule split in the Liberal party. It was an almost identical spirit in Mr. Chamberlain that made that split permanent. The two men differed in this: Chamberlain knows his diplomatic defect; Gladstone never suspected his. It always seemed to Mr. Gladstone as outrageous a thing for any colleague to question his pronouncements as it would have been for the Archbishop of Canterbury to disobey the Bible. Mr. Chamberlain was so well aware of his own outspoken severity of judgment that, some years ago, when an effort was about to be made by his devoted followers to promote him to the leadership of the Unionist party, and thus ultimately to the Premiership, he himself suppressed the movement by showing his friends that his own impatient temperament would stand in the way of the party's success.

A stranger at the Private View must be struck by the fact that all the people present seem to know one another. He would himself have little difficulty in picking out a goodly assortment of notables, and in this, curiously enough, a man is assisted more by caricatures than by the most lifelike photographs. A good caricaturist seizes and exaggerates the salient points of a celebrity's face, so that you at once recognize that man when for the first time you see him. Nevertheless, it would be a great convenience

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The Rooms are Packed Like Gigantic Sardine-Boxes

# The Line of Least Resistance

## By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

*VII*

BUT a week before the desert had been seared and bare, brown and dull gray. Now green life crept up from the roots of the gray grama. The first July rains were over and all the clean-washed world lay glistening in the sun, fresh and sweet and pure. Blue-black, wave-edged, clear against the fathomless turquoise sky, far, radiant ranges rimmed out the *mesas* east and west; the nearer ranges, saw-toothed and broken, gleamed white from bare wet rocks, sparkled where quartz and crystal and mica shone. From the terraced ridge where they rode Don pointed out to Lena Mallory a dim silhouette far to the southwest, on the remotest verge of the broad expanse—a faint, low outline, the mountain that marks the meeting corners of four states.

The mystery and charm of tremendous distances thralled her, the splendor of nearer lights. Everywhere they glittered and sparkled, these warm reflected lights, spangles on the desert's new robe of delicate gray-green; white light thrown back in varying tints from cliffs of limestone, lava, granite, basalt, syenite, porphyry, obsidian; from red sand-hills, from leprous bare blotches on the wide plains, from weather-beaten yellowish benches, from pebbles of ruddy-glinting burnished agate on the low slopes, from the white town itself, from the near new quarry, from "gyp" cuts, chalk-white and glaring, where the railroad plunged recklessly from level to lower level, from gleaming tins of abandoned construction camps, from glittering steel of rails, from white, wind-swept roads. Scattered along the central valley of the Jornada, a flashing quicksilver chain of new-born shallow lakes lay along the shining flats of *sacaton*, lake after dazzling lake, till the broad valley bent behind low, lonely hills and was lost beyond their purple cones and pyramids.

But were these lights all indeed of land or sea? If, as is said upon authority, a jest's prosperity lies in the listening ear, it is like that some or much of this bewildering beauty lay in the beholder's eyes. The air was heavy with fragrance of flower and shrub and trampled herb. Lena Mallory flung her arm wide in joyous exaltation; her eye kindled with delight. In such hour and place and mood was reared the stone where "lies buried the soul of the licentiate Lucius." The line gives an added charm to the green, pleasant Spanish hill; ages ago, the brain that shaped it, the hand that graved it, are alike crumbled to dust. Old pagan earth-lover, how are your deeds and daring and hopes, your loves and hates and wars and works and sins, lost now in the trackless dark! Yet this one idle fancy outlives them and thee and the forgotten king who was then great—lives and will live while warm flesh glows with the pride of life, while water flows to the sea, and grass grows green to the rain, and young blood thrills to its mate.

The ride had been long; they were on the homeward way, following the long mesquit-grass benches below Fra Christobál. Don had beguiled the hour with tales of Apache warriors: Vittorio, Juh and Naná. Then, to her questioning, he had explained at some length the theory and practice of "working" cattle on the free range. Under theory his discourse treated of the drive, the round-up, the night-guard, the wranglers, "floating," "moonshining" and range-riding. He purposely omitted mention of life "on the trail." For a herd was just before them; Lena was to have a notable chance to observe that phase at first hand. Under practice he made clear the cause and effect of mavericking, "sleepering," "changelings" and yet subtler assimilative methods in vogue—called of the wise by the prudent, non-committal term, conveyance—quoting, as summary of the ethics involved, that excellent and pithy apothegm of the short-grass countries: "Never steal cattle; but if you must—then keep what you steal!"

Kennedy Had the Girl in the Saddle Before Him, Shielded by His Body

"But it's a great business, all the same. Railroads and fortunes are built on the difference between steer and steak. Let's turn down this tip. I saw a passing herd from up in the foothills. I'll show you a glimpse of the old cattle-trail days before the railroads, when steers went to market afoot."

The old Santa Fe trail, here paralleling the railway, lay below them, skirting the base of the bench. The herd was strung out and scattered, barely grazing toward Dundee; the sleepy herders lounged sidewise in their saddles. "They go as slowly as they can, just so they reach a watering place," said Don. "Tomorrow night they'll stay at McRae and next day they'll cross the river."

"And they stand watch every night?"

"Guard. Yes—every night. They ride around 'em and sing to 'em. That's where Hiram learned those thirteen thousand little jingles he sings, and why he has one pat for every occasion. Now, if you imagine the herds all big, and all steers, and twenty—thirty—rip-roaring, white-eyed, long-legged, unlicked cowboys, instead of Paw and the boys, brother George and Mandy's man and Uncle Bill, like this family outfit, you'll imagine what the trail was like."

In front of the cattle, just below the watchers, crept two covered wagons driven by sunbonneted women. Water-barrels were ironed to the sides of one, and a chuckbox showed behind; chicken-coops were slung on the other.

This latter fact was amusing to Lena. "Look at that, will you? That's where they got the name of prairie schooners, is it?" was her comment. "Those chicken-coops, like boats hanging from a ship's davits."

"Speaking of affidavits," said Don gravely, "they let those chickens out when they camp, and whenever the horses are harnessed the chickens come in on a keen jump, flop over on their backs and stick their feet up so the kids can put 'em in the coops. Yes, they do! They're used to it. That's Mandy driving the chicken-wagon."

A girl rode a diminutive pony beside the wagons; from under the white sides children's faces peered curiously at the new land. Behind fed a bunch of saddle-horses attended by a shock-headed, whistling boy; a bunch of silky white Angoras browsed through the bushes in charge of a vigilant collie. A similar outfit, several miles ahead, was dropping down the valley to Dundee Lake. Seeing this, Lena looked behind.

"Why! There's another herd following this one!"

The leaders were just coming in sight to northward, creeping over One Tree Hill.

"Yes, they'll be thick now for a while. You see they couldn't cross the Jornada and the White Sands Desert, beyond the San Andrés, till the rains filled the water-holes," Don explained. "Now there'll be a regular string of 'em, one after another. Texas got too crowded for 'em a while back, so they drifted up the Pecos and followed the branches west till they struck the desert. That stopped 'em. Too much trouble to cross with the herds. But more of 'em kept coming till they piled up three deep all the way from the Pecos to White Mountain. That's what brought on the Lincoln County War. They didn't observe what they were doing. They don't now. Overstocked and eaten out, and didn't know how to get away. Now they've found out how to do it and they're all drifting across to eat out the Gila. When they clean that up they'll have another war and go back to the Pecos."

"Why don't some of them settle here?" said Lena. They had started on; the horses were picking their way down the steep sides of the bench.

"They're not the settling kind. They just stop a while for grass. For another thing, the Rio Grande is already overstocked with cattle and Mexicans. And they don't like Mexicans."

"I don't mean the Rio Grande Valley, I mean the Jornada. And I think you're prejudiced against the Mexicans yourself."

"Me?" Don tapped his breast with an astonished forefinger. "Me? Me prejudiced? Why, I lived for two years right by a place where there was close to a hundred of 'em, and wished there were more of 'em every day. That was at the John Cross headquarters—just below the Palomas graveyard."

"Don—Mr. Kennedy!"

"Don."

"I should think you'd be ashamed!"

"I don't see why I think it's a nice name. I used to have a dog named Don. Huh, Donnie! Huh, Don! Come, doggie! Good doggie!"

"I do not mean ashamed of your name!" The girl left a withering pause between each word. "I mean ashamed of your cynical speech."

For better evasion of this, the cynic spaced his words in the same deliberate, exasperating fashion.

"Lena—Miss Mallory—the Tejanos can't keep their stuff on the Jornada. The lakes dry up."

"They can dig wells."

"Not on horseback! Running water is what they are looking for. Running down hill, you understand. What they really would like to find is running water, and a little house already built, corrals and garden and henhouse and a little orchard and a woodpile. Then, while they were asleep, the cattle might grow and the water flow. Dig wells, did you say? They cannot dig; to dig they are ashamed."

"You seem to be in the objective mood as a regular thing. With all your wing shots at flying follies, it surprises me that you do not sometimes have a crack at the South," said the girl with dainty malice. "You rather slight that quarter, it strikes me. First the Easterner

doesn't suit you, then the native bears your scorns, and now you flaunt the man from the Lone Star State."

"I knew a man once—knew him very well—who got himself gloriously licked for making just such another statement as that. He had been off holidaying. When he got back he found a Texas friend at the ranch. 'Well,' says the Texas man, ''d you see any dances when you was romancin' around?' And the other says before he thought just how it'd sound: 'Oh, yes. I went to three—an American dance, a Mexican dance and a Texas dance!' So the Texan licked him."

"But you must admit that you're hard to please," insisted the girl. "If these Texans go on to Arizona they certainly won't crowd you—I believe that is the phrase you cowmen use when any one settles within a day's ride of you? So you ought to be glad. You're going to stay here, are you not?"

"I told you I knew that man well. I am that man," said Don. "When a man is easily displeased with others it is a sure sign that he is not pleased with himself. Let's gallop on ahead before we cross over. They've got the cattle strung out nicely now and going just so. If we go too close to the leaders it's liable to turn 'em."

But when they were past the cattle and turned down on the new road beside the railroad track, the girl repeated her unanswered question. They were wise ancients who made gifts of goods to the sea in the hour of prosperity, that they might so placate the envious gods.

"I suppose you expect to stay here? Hiram tells me your well will make a fine ranch."

Kennedy reined up his horse and pointed eagerly. "Look there, Miss Mallory! Do you see that sugar-loaf peak in the San Andrés—in the Moongate? No, not that one. Here, let me sight you. Ride up a step or two—a little farther—there! Now look straight beyond this telegraph pole and over the top of that big soapweed. Do you see it? All covered with cedar—cone-shaped—sticking up right in the middle of Moongate Pass?"

"I see it, yes," said the girl. "Why?"

"That was there when I first came here!"

By these time-horrored elusive tactics Dundee still seeks to change the venue for avoidance of inopportune questioning. But if it is not already clear that this young woman was possessed of a—of an intelligence inquiring, alert, persevering, direct of purpose, not to be swerved aside or parried by quibble, wile, equivocation, question-begging or any such paltry device, it is now expressly stated.

Logic-choppers are masculine; the feminine mind is concerned not with how it proceeds, but solely with where it triumphantly arrives. She turned to him; their eyes met in an electric shock; their words clashed like swords.

"You're going away."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Now."

"Why?"

There was no answer; his face was turned away. "Why?" she challenged.

"Why?" he repeated bitterly. For a moment she shrank before the leaping light of his eyes. In such flaming moment the lightning cleaves the midnight, leaving a blacker dark. He set himself with a visible effort. His hand tightened on the bridle, the swift pulses of his throat beat evenly again; his eyes were old and sad and stern, fixed on the long horizon. His face was set to a high look of renunciation, resolute with a measureless pride such as no taker of cities ever wore. "Because I am not fit to ride by your side. Because the curse of Reuben is upon me: unstable as water. Because I am unworthy of friendship or trust." After the first moment of weakness his voice was controlled, steady, dull and low.

She put out her startled hand to touch his, but he drew it away. In the same steady, lifeless voice he answered the unspoken question. "Yes—there is blood upon it. If that were all! That was in fair fight. I scarcely regret that; my shame is not for that. It is for the years of evil living, for all my wild and undisciplined youth, for all my reckless, wasted manhood, for all my wrecked and wasted life. It is but a pitiful weakness that I am now here."

Her face was pale, her forehead knitted in its old trick of concentrated intent to an odd, wistful frown; her voice trembled a little with its compassion and with its sorrow.

"You are young. Life is before you. If the past is so ill—it can be retrieved."

His lips twisted to a mirthless smile. "So the poets say. If living were like scribbling, now! If we could go over our lives, revise to a happier turn, erase the hateful error, change and shape and interline, prune out the blunders, cross out the shabby phrase, the futile line, supply the wiser word, the nobler thought, copy the clean, amended record in a fair round hand! Not so! Crude and tawdry, blotted and stained and soiled, the shameful record stands!"

"Is it so blotted then—so stained?"

"Blotted with tears—foul with sin."

"Then—write again! Overwrite it—make it a palimpsest! Make the new line brave and strong and high! Let who will trace out the fading, feebler text beneath and wonder, with each dim-deciphered phrase, each weak, ignoble word, to see how greatly a brave man learns from past mistakes!"

Her pale face was defiant, confident, exalted; in every word rang courage and pride and unfaltering faith. "Perhaps," he said, and under his breath—"It is like you!" He hardly dared look at her; all the tingling blood leaped and surged and thrilled at the call. "Perhaps. But for today——" The word drooped to a long silence. "If I have paused one hair's breadth this side of utter dishonor, my best-wisher could say no more than that." A thought came to him of Hiram, his friend, of clean and wholesome youth.

"Today to stay here longer would be to cross that hair-breadth. . . . Oh, it was madness, madness! I should have gone before."

"You should have gone before!" She said it simply and bravely and unashamed.

They said no more then. White Dundee lay before them, desolate and lone, under a brazen sky. Oh, poor licentiate Lucius, how shallow was thy trust!

The horses walked with drooping heads slowly, slowly—shuffling up little dust clouds about their feet. The town was very near.

"So this is goodby?"

"It is best."

"It means, God be with you!" said the girl. "Then—goodby!"

"Goodby!" he said hoarsely, and again "Goodby," they whispered at her door. And so he left her with no other parting word, though he had that to say for which the angel Israfil had stilled the chorded lute-strings of his heart to listen reverently.

He rode slowly away, with no backward look, dwindled to a black speck against the sun, faded at last in a red, blinding glare.

That night she sat alone in her darkening room and crooned old twilight songs, with fitful accompaniment of slow minor chords, weird and faint and low—old songs of lovers dead, or to die. Alan Percy she sang, and Kirkconnell.

*O, ken ye nae my heart was sair*
*As I laid the mold on his yellow hair——*

The chord changed; her rich voice rose on a fuller note:

*Here the dream is ended; here, the road to Day.*
*Kiss me for my kindness and let me go my way!*

The mandolin sobbed on alone. Then:

*O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair*
*And Greta woods are green,*
*And I'd rather rove with Edmund there——*

The chords crashed to bitter silence; in the dusk her arms fell forward on the table and her proud head crumpled over and hid in the bent arms.

. . . . . .

Louie Kaylor, the big blond sheriff, rode in after sundown and made diligent, quiet inquiry of a select few as to the whereabouts of Don Kennedy. No one knew. Wherefore, about nine of the clock, he went to Kim Ki's store to make direct demand of Hiram Yoast, sedulously avoided up to this time, but watched by Kaylor's new deputy, a tall stranger lately named Smith.

Hiram was seated upon the counter entertaining the crowd and apparently in high feather. The sheriff waited politely until Hiram finished that chapter of his memoirs with which he was engrossed. Then he said:

"Can I speak with you a minute, Mr. Yoast?"

Hiram considered, biting an auburning mustache as an aid to reflection. "We-ll yes, I guess so!" he said good-naturedly. The sheriff stiffened.

"I am looking for Don Kennedy. I have a warrant for his arrest. I want you to tell me where your new well is. It is thought that Kennedy is there."

"Well, well!" said Hiram, assiduously rolling a cigarette; "what's Don went and gone and done now?"

Kaylor had also a warrant to arrest Kennedy on a charge of murder. But, judging from what he had heard about the killing of Leonard and Jones, he thought this

From Behind His Back Indians Bounded Down Toward Him, Eager to Capture Him Alive

might be properly kept to himself. If the reputed circumstances of the killing were known to any one as they probably would be—the charge would make sympathizers for Kennedy. Leonard and Jones had been bad actors, and the bruit ran that Kennedy had but barely saved his own life from wanton assault. So he said:

"He is charged with train robbery."

"Dear me! Did he did he get much?" asked Hiram, with polite interest. There was that in the query, an undercurrent of insolence and scarcely-veiled hostility below the patronizing kindness, at which the sheriff writhed in spirit.

"Where is your new well?" he repeated.

"Now, now, Louie," Hiram expostulated; "you don't want to go projecting out there this late at night. He can likely prove a lullaby by this time." Lest you think Hiram unfeeling, be it here hastily explained that one of the men questioned by the sheriff had not proved worthy of his confidence. Young Jimmy Collins, a Mercury chosen as being a boy and hence least liable to suspicion, had brought Hiram a discreet warning word that his friend was wanted and himself close-watched; and old Jimmy Collins, being for his wooden leg the most unlikely messenger in Dundee, had driven northward toward the hay camp—with a saddle covered up in his wagon bed. Once out of town he had saddled one mule and circled back to the southwest—and was now an hour on his way to pass the word to Don. So this sheriff-baiting of Hiram's, as causing delay, was advisable as well as mildly amusing.

Kaylor himself was not amused. "I think that will be about enough foolishness from you, Hiram. Now you answer my question. Where is this new well of yours?"

Hiram removed his hat and scratched his head. "I'm not sure that I remember exactly." Then he brightened. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the description just as it reads in our location notice." Which he accordingly did, to the great edification of the interested assembly.

"I warn you against bucking the law, you stubborn, stiff-necked ——" Kaylor hesitated, his outraged feelings as a private man struggling with official etiquette.

"Dolt, fool, ass, idiot, knave, imbecile, incendiary, assassin, procrastinator? That's what Don calls me while he's thinking up something to say."

The sheriff regarded him sourly. "That's a slick tongue you've got there. Look out it don't get you in trouble. I'm going to keep an eye on you this night."

Hiram raised his brows and twitched his nose thoughtfully. "But can you arrest me for just being Don's friend? You got the papers for that?"

"No; but I can get out some other kind of papers if it's necessary—don't you doubt that a minute!"

The eyebrows went still higher. "Goin' to turn state's evidence, Louie?"

The sheriff ignored the taunt, but a subdued titter ran around the circle. "I'll tell you what I'll do, right now. You may consider yourself summoned on my posse."

"I've just bought a piece of land," said Hiram mildly, "and five yoke of oxen and a wife, and I'd like to be excused." Dorothy had been a-missionarying, you see.

Kaylor stared. He was a good sheriff, but weak on parables. "You'll serve on my posse tonight, Mr. Yoast. That's the word with the bark on it."

Mr. Yoast slid off the counter. "Oh, well, have it your own way. Ride or walk?"

The sheriff permitted himself a thin smile. "You might lose your way in the hills. So we'll not go tonight. You just sleep with me and help me resist Don if he tries to break in and give up. Come over to the restaurant with me now. I've not had supper yet."

Hiram, with a parting wink, managed an offensive official strut of conscious brief authority as he fell in step between Kaylor

(Continued on Page 50)

"Do You See it—Sticking Up Right in the Middle of Moongate Pass?"

# AILSA PAIGE

## By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

BERKLEY stood for a long while beside Letty, looking down at the thin, pale face. Then, in pity, he turned away; and at the same moment she stirred, sat up, confused, and saw him.

"Letty, dear," he said, coming back, both hands held out to her, "I did not mean to rob you of your sleep."

"Oh—it doesn't matter! I am so glad ——" She sat up suddenly, staring at him. The next moment the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh," she whispered, "I wished so to see you. I am so thankful you are here. There is—there has been such—a terrible change—something has happened ——"

She rose unsteadily, laid her trembling hand on his arm. "I don't know what it is," she said piteously; "but Ailsa—something dreadful has angered her against me ——"

"Against you!"

"Oh, yes. I don't know all of it; I know—partly."

Sleep and fatigue still confused her mind; she pressed both frail hands to her eyes, her forehead, stood a moment, let them fall.

"It was the day I returned from seeing you at Paigecourt. . . . I was deadly tired when the ambulance drove into Azalea, and when it arrived here I had fallen asleep. . . . I woke up when it stopped. Ailsa was sitting here—in this same chair, I think—and I remember as I sat up in the ambulance that an officer was just leaving her—Captain Hallam."

She looked piteously at Berkley.

"He was one of the men I have avoided. Do you understand?"

"No. . . . Was he ——"

"Yes, he often came to the—Canterbury. He had never spoken to me there, but Ione Carew knew him, and I was certain that he would recognize me. . . . I thought I had succeeded in avoiding him, but he must have seen me when I was not conscious of his presence—he must have recognized me."

She looked down at her worn shoes; the tears fell silently; she smoothed her gray gown for lack of employment for her restless hands; but they were soon interlocked again, fingers twisted in mute agony.

"Letty," he said, "do you believe he went to Ailsa with his story about you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I am sure. What else could it be that has angered her—that drives me away from her—that burns me with the dreadful gaze she turns on me—chills me with her more dreadful silence? . . . Why did he do it? I don't know—oh, I don't know. . . . Because I had never even spoken to him—in those days that I have tried so hard—so hard to forget ——"

He said slowly: "He is a coward. I have known that for a long time. But most men are. The disgrace lies in acting like one. . . . And I—that is why I didn't run in battle. . . . Because, that first day, when they fired on our wagons, I saw him riding in the road behind us. Nobody else suspected him to be within miles. I saw him. And—he galloped the wrong way. And that is why I—did what I did! He shocked me into doing it. . . . But I never before have told a soul. I would not tell even you—but the man, yesterday, put himself beyond the pale. And it can make no difference now, for he carries the mark into his grave."

He shuddered slightly. "God forbid I hold him up to scorn. I might, this very moment, be what he is now. No man may know—no man can foretell how he will bear himself in time of stress. I have a sorry record of my own. Battle is not the only conflict that makes men or cowards."

He stood silent, gazing into space. Letty's tears dried as she watched him.

"Have you seen—her?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes."

The girl sighed and looked down.

"I am so sorry about Colonel Arran. . . . I believe, somehow, he will get well."

"Do you really believe it, Letty?"

"Yes. The wound is clean. I have seen many recover who were far more dangerously hurt. . . . His age is against him, but I do truly believe he will get well."

He thought a moment. "Have you heard about Stephen Craig?"

"They have telegraphed to his affianced—a Miss Lent. You probably know her. Her brother was killed a day or two ago. Poor little thing! I believe that Miss Lent is coming. Mrs. Craig wishes to take her boy North as soon as he can be moved. And, unless the wound become infected, I don't believe he is going to die."

"Where is he?"

"At Paigecourt. Many transports are waiting at the landing. . . . They say that there was another severe engagement near there yesterday, and that our army is victorious. I have heard, also, that we were driven in, and that your regiment lost a great many men and horses. . . . I don't know which is true," she added, listlessly picking at her frayed gown; "only, as we haven't heard the guns today, it seems to me that if we had lost the battle we'd have Confederate cannon thundering all around us."

"That seems reasonable," he admitted absently. . . . "Is Doctor Benton here still?"

"No," she said softly.

"Where is he?"

"At Paigecourt. I asked him to go because he is the best doctor I ever knew. He came down here to see me; he is not detailed for duty under contract. I asked him to go and see Stephen Craig. He grumbled—and went."

She looked up shyly at Berkley, smiled for the first time, then her pale young face grew beautiful and solemn.

"You dear girl," he said impulsively, taking both her hands and kissing them. "I am so glad for you—and for him. I knew it would come true."

"Yes. But I had to tell him—I started to tell him—and—oh, would you believe how splendid he is! He knew already! He stopped me short—and I never can forget the look in his face. And he said: 'Child—child! You can tell me nothing I am not already aware of. And I am aware of nothing except your goodness.'"

"I thought I knew Phineas Benton," said Berkley warmly. "He was too upright a character for me to

enjoy with any comfort—a few years back. . . . I'm trying harder than you ever had to, Letty. You always desired to be decent; I didn't."

He shook both her hands heartily.

"You deserve every atom of your happiness, you dear girl! I only wish you were safely out of here and back in the North!"

Letty began to whimper softly:

"Forgive me, please; I'm not naturally as tearful as this. I am just tired. I've done too much—seen too much—and it hasn't hardened me; it has made me like a silly child, ready to sniffle at anything."

Berkley laughed gently.

"Why are you crying now, Letty?"

"B-because they have offered me a furlough. I didn't apply. But Doctor Benton has made me take it. And it almost kills me to go North and leave Ailsa—alone—and so strangely changed toward me ——"

She straightened her shoulders resolutely, brushed the tears from her lashes, strove to smile at him.

"Shall we walk a little? I am not on duty, you know; and I've had enough sleep. There's such a pretty lane along the creek behind the chapel. . . . What are you doing here, anyway? I suppose you are acting orderly to poor Colonel Arran. How splendidly the lancers have behaved. . . . And those darling Zouaves!—oh, we are just bursting with pride over our Zou-Zous ——"

They had turned away together, walking slowly through the grove toward a little cart-road deep in golden-seeded grass that wound down a hollow all moist with ferns and brambles and young trees in heavy leaf.

Her hand unconsciously had sought his, nestling into it with a confidence that touched him; her pale, happy face turned continually to meet his as she chatted innocently of the things which went to make up the days of life for her, never conscious of herself, or that the artless chatter disclosed anything admirable in her own character. She prattled on at random, sometimes naïve, sometimes wistful, sometimes faintly humorous—a brave, clean spirit that was content to take the consequence of duty done—a tender, gentle soul undeformed amid the sordid horrors that hardened or crippled souls less innocent.

Calm, resourceful, patient, undismayed amid conditions that sickened mature experience to the verge of despair, she went about her business day after day, meeting all requisitions upon her slender endurance without faltering, without even supposing there was anything unusual or praiseworthy in what she did.

She was one of many women who did duty through the darkest days the nation ever knew—saints in homespun, martyrs uncanonized save in the hearts of the stricken.

. . . . . .

There was a small wooden foot-bridge spanning the brook, with a rough seat nailed against the rail.

"One of my convalescents made it for me," she said proudly. "He could use only one arm, and he had such a hard time sawing and hammering! The foolish boy wouldn't let anybody help him."

She seated herself in the cool shade of a water oak, retaining his hand in hers and making room for him beside her.

"I wonder," she said, "if you know how good you have been to me. You changed all my life. Do you realize it?"

"You changed it yourself, Letty."

She sighed, leaned back, dreamy-eyed, watching the sun spots glow and wane on the weather-beaten foot-bridge.

"In wartime—here in the wards—men seem gentler to women—kinder—than in times of peace. I have stood beside many thousands; not one has been unkind—lacking in deference. . . ." A slight smile grew on her lips; she colored a little, looked up at Berkley humorously:

"It would surprise you to know how many have asked me to marry them. . . . Such funny boys! . . . I scolded some of them and made them write immediately to their sweethearts. . . . The older men were more difficult to manage—men from the West—such fine, simple-natured fellows—just sick and lonely enough to fall in love with any woman who fanned them and brought them lemonade. . . . I loved them all dearly. They have been very sweet to me. . . . Men are good. . . . If a woman desires it. . . . The world is so full of people who don't mean to do wrong."

She bent her head, considering, lost in the retrospection of her naïve philosophy.

Berkley, secretly amused, was aware of several cadaverous convalescents haunting the bushes above, dodging the eyes of this pretty nurse whom one and all adored, and whom they now beheld, with jealous misgivings, in intimate and unwarrantable tête-à-tête with a common and disgustingly healthy cavalryman.

Then his weather-tanned features grew serious; he set his teeth in his lip and meditated, striving to comprehend the change in Ailsa.

The sunny moments slipped away as the sunlit waters slipped under the bridge; a bird or two, shy and songless in their moulting fever, came to the stream to drink, looking up, bright-eyed, at the two who sat there in the midday silence. One, a cardinal, ruffled his crimson crest, startled, as Berkley moved slightly.

"The red birds," he said, half aloud. "To me they are the sweetest singers of all. I remember them as a child."

After a while Letty rose; her frail hand lingered on his shoulder as she stood beside him, and he got to his feet and adjusted belt and saber.

"I love to be with you," she said wistfully. "It's only because I do need a little more sleep that I am going back."

"Of course," he nodded. And they retraced their steps.

He left her at the door of the quaint one-storied stone building where, she explained, she had a cot.

"You will come to see me again before you go back to your regiment, won't you?" she pleaded, retaining his hands.

"Of course I will. Try to get some sleep, Letty. You're tremendously pretty when you've had plenty of sleep."

They both laughed; then she went indoors, and he turned away across the road, under the windows of the ward where Ailsa was on duty, and so around to his storeroom dwelling-place, where he sat down on the cot amid the piles of boxes and drew from his pocket the crumpled sheets of the letter that Ailsa had given him.

The handwriting seemed vaguely familiar to him; he glanced curiously down the page; his eyes became riveted; he reddened to the roots of his hair; then, the muscles in his cheeks tightening, he deliberately began at the beginning, reading very carefully.

The letter had been written several weeks ago; it was dated, and signed with Hallam's name:

"*My dear Mrs. Paige:* Only my solemn sense of duty to all pure womanhood enables me to indite these lines to you; and, by so doing, to invite, nay, to encourage, a cruel misunderstanding of my sincerest motives.

"But my letter is not dictated by malice or inspired by the natural chagrin that animates a man of spirit when he reflects upon the undeserved humiliation that he has endured from her who was once dearer to him than life itself. Mine is a nature susceptible and sensitive, yet, I flatter myself, incapable of harboring sentiments unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier.

"To forgive, to condone, is always commendable in man; but, madam, there is a higher duty men owe to womanhood—to chaste and trusting womanhood, incapable of defending itself from the wiles and schemes that ever are waiting to ensnare it.

"It is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that, my suspicions fully aroused, I have been at some pains to verify them. A heart conscious of its moral rectitude does not flinch from the duty before it or from the pain which, unfortunately, the execution of that duty so often inflicts upon the innocent.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Paige, it is a sad task that lies before me. Woman is frail and weak by nature. Man's noblest aspiration can attain no loftier consummation than in the protection of a pure woman against contamination.

"Mine becomes the unhappy mission of unmasking two unworthy people whom you, in your innocence and trust, have cherished close to your heart. I speak of the trooper Ormond—whose name I believe you know is Philip Berkley—and, if you now hear it for the first time, it is proof additional of his deceit and perfidy.

"The other is Miss Lynden, known in the Canterbury as Letty Lynden, or 'Daisy' Lynden.

"She was a dancer in the Canterbury Music Hall. I inclose photographs of her in costume, also receipts from her landlady, washing lists, her contract with the Canterbury, all in her own handwriting, and all gathered for me at my request by a New York detective, and forwarded to me here. Among these papers you will find several notes written to her in the spring and summer of 1861 by the trooper Berkley and discovered in her room by her landlady after her departure. A perusal of them is sufficient to leave no doubt concerning the character of this young woman—who, apparently neglected by the fellow Berkley, pleaded piteously with him for an interview, and was, as you see, cynically rebuffed.

"I inclose, also, an affidavit made by Miss Lynden's landlady that she, Letty or 'Daisy' Lynden, was commonly understood to be the mistress of Berkley; that he took her from the Canterbury and from her lodgings, paid her board bills and installed her in rooms at the inclosed address, where she remained until she found employment with a Doctor Benton.

"What her relations were with him I do not pretend to know. It is evident, however, that they continue, as he writes to her. It will also be apparent to you that she has not scrupled to continue her relations with the man Berkley.

"I will now further prove to you the truth of my assertion concerning this degrading and demoralizing condition of affairs.

"It came to my knowledge that a certain Arthur Wye, serving in the volunteer artillery, and a certain subaltern in a Zouave regiment, were not only intimates of the trooper Berkley, but had also been on dubious terms with the Lynden girl.

"Therefore, in company with an agent of the United States Secret Service detailed for the duty by Surgeon-General Hammond at my request, I held a private examination of these two men, and with some adroitness succeeded in making them identify the photographs of the Lynden girl; and later, unobserved by her, attempted to make them identify her as she was sitting outside the field hospital. But this they refused to do.

"However, that evidence was not necessary. Among her effects, scraps of letters in the waste-baskets and such things, which she had imprudently left at her lodgings, were discovered fragments which, when pasted together, showed conclusively that she was on speaking terms at least with the artilleryman Wye.

"This evidence I deem it my duty to lay before you. As a sensitive woman, gently born, the condition of affairs will horrify you. But the knowledge of them will also enable you to take measures for self-protection and to clearly understand the measure which I shall now take to rid the Sanitary Service of this abandoned woman, who, as your friend and intimate associate, conceals her true character under the garb of Sainte Ursula, and who continues her intrigues with the trooper Berkley under the very roof that shelters you.

"I am, madam, with sincere pain and deepest sympathy and respect,

"Obediently your humble servant,

"EUGENE HALLAM,
"*Capt. Eighth N. Y. Cav.*"

He laid the letter and the inclosed papers on the bunk beside him, and sat with his head between his hands.

He knew that the evidence before him had been sufficient to drive Letty from the Sanitary Service. Why had she not been driven? The evidence and the letter were weeks old now. What had prevented their use? And now Hallam was a fugitive a deserter in the face of the enemy. It was too late for him to work more mischief if he would. But why had he held his hand against Letty?

It Was Arthur Wye

Sunset found him still sitting there, thinking. The old negro came shuffling in, bringing hot hoecake and bacon for his dinner. He ate obediently; later he submitted to the razor and the clothesbrush, absently pondering the problem that obsessed him: "Why had Hallam spared Letty; how could he convey the truth to Ailsa Paige?"

At dusk he reported to the ward master; but Colonel Arran was asleep and there were no orders for him.

Then, slowly, he went into the adjoining ward. Ailsa was off duty, lying down in her room. His message asking a moment's interview was refused.

So he turned away again, head bent, hands clasped behind him, and wandered over to his storeroom quarters, pondering the problem before him.

### XXI

A CAR full of leaf tobacco had been brought in that day, and Berkley secured a little of it for his pipe.

Seated on the edge of the shaky veranda in the darkness, he filled and lighted his cob pipe and, smoking tranquilly, listened to the distant cannonade that had begun about sundown. Thousands of fireflies sailed low in the damp swale beyond the storehouse or, clinging motionless to the long wet grass and vines, sparkled palely at intervals. There was no wind. Far on the southern horizon the muttering thunder became heavier and more distinct. From where he sat he could now watch the passage of the great mortar-shells through the sky, looking like swiftly-moving comets cleaving unfathomable space; then falling, faster and faster, dropping out of the heights of night, they seemed to leave behind them tracks of fire that lingered on the dazzled retina long after they had disappeared. The explosion of the incendiary shells was even more spectacular; the burning matter of the chemical charge fell from them in showers of clear blue and golden stars, dropping slowly toward the unseen river below.

He could distinguish the majestic thunder of the huge mortars from the roar of the Parrotts; the irregular volleys of musketry had a resonant clang of metal in them like thousands of iron balls dropped on a sheet of tin.

For an hour the distant display of fireworks continued, then the thunder rolled away, deadened to a dull rumor and died out; and the last, lingering spark of Greek fire faded in mid-heaven. A wavering crimson light brightened on the horizon, increasing, deepening. But what it was that had been set on fire he could not guess. Paigecourt lay in that direction.

He extended his booted legs, propped his back against a pillar, and continued smoking carefully and economically to save his fragments of Virginia leaf, deeply absorbed in retrospection.

For the first time he was now certain of the change that time, circumstance and environment had wrought in himself; he was curiously conscious of the silent growth of a germ which, one day, must become a dictatorial and arbitrary habit—the habit of right thinking. The accustomedness to duty, independent of circumstances, had slowly grown with his military training; mind and body had learned automatically to obey; mind and body now definitely recognized the importance of obedience, were learning to desire it, had begun to take an obscure sort of pride in it. Mind and body were already subservient to discipline. How was it with his other self?

In the human soul there is seldom any real perplexity. Only the body reasons; the soul knows. He knew this now. He knew, too, that there is a greater drillmaster than the one that was now disciplining his mind and body—the spiritual will; that there is a higher sentiment than the awakened instinct of mental and physical obedience—the occult loyalty of the spirit. And, within him, something was now awaking out of night, slowly changing him, soul and body.

. . . . . .

As he sat there, tranquil, pondering, there came a shadowy figure moving leisurely under the lighted windows of the hospital, directly toward him—a man swinging a lantern low above the grass—and halted beside him in a yellow shaft of light.

"Berkley," he said pleasantly; then, to identify himself, lifted the lantern to a level with his face.

"Doctor Benton!"

"Surely surely. I come from Paigecourt. I left Mrs. Craig and Stephen about five o'clock; I have just left Miss Lynden on duty. May I sit here beside you, Phil? And, in the first place, how are you, old fellow?"

"Perfectly well, Doctor. . . . I am glad to see you. . . . It is pleasant to see you. . . . I am well; I really am. You are, too; I can see that. . . . I want to shake hands with you again—to wish you happiness," he added in a low voice. "Will you accept my warmest wishes, Doctor Benton?"

They exchanged a hard, brief grip.

"I know what you mean. Thank you, Phil. . . . I am very happy; I mean that she shall be. Always."

Berkley said: "There are few people I really care for. She is among the few."

"I have believed so. . . . She cares deeply for you. . . . She is right." . . . He paused and glanced over his shoulder at the crimson horizon. "What was that shelling about? The gunboats were firing, too."

"I haven't any idea. Something is on fire, evidently. I hope it is not Paigecourt."

"God forbid!"

The Doctor looked hard at the fiery sky, but said nothing more.

"How is Stephen?" asked the younger man earnestly.

"Better."

"Is he going to get well?"

Doctor Benton thought a moment.

"He was struck by a conoidal ball, which entered just above the interclavicular notch of the sternum and lodged near the superior angle of the scapula. Assistant Surgeon Jenning, U. S. V., removed the bullet and applied simple dressings. There was a longitudinal groove on the bullet which may have been caused by contact with the bone, but there are no symptoms of injury to the osseous tissue. I hope he will recover entirely. Miss Lent, his affianced, is expected tonight. Arrangements have been made to convey him aboard a Sanitary Commission boat this evening. The sooner he starts north the better. His mother and Miss Lent go with him as nurses."

Berkley drew a quiet breath of relief. "I am glad," he said simply. "There is fever in the air here."

"There is worse, Phil. They're fine people, the Craigs. That mother of his stood the brutal shock of the news wonderfully—not a tear, not a tremor. She is a fine woman; she obeyed me, not implicitly, but intelligently. I don't like that kind of obedience, as a rule; but it happened to be all right in her case. She has voluntarily turned Paigecourt and all the barns, quarters, farms and outbuildings into a base hospital for the wounded of either army. She need not have done it; there were plenty of other places. But she offered that beautiful old place merely because it was more comfortable and luxurious. The medical corps have already ruined the interior of the house; the garden, with its handsome box hedges nearly two centuries old, is a wreck. She has given all the farm horses to the ambulances; all her linen to the medical director; all cattle, sheep, swine, poultry to the hospital authorities; all her cellared stores, wines, luxuries to the wounded. I repeat that she is a fine specimen of American woman—and the stanchest little rebel I ever met."

Berkley smiled, then his bronzed face grew serious in the flickering lantern-light.

"Colonel Arran is badly hurt. Did you know it?"

"I do," said the Doctor quietly. "I saw him just before I came over here to find you."

"Would you care to tell me what you think of him?"

"I—don't—know. He is in considerable pain. The wound continues healthy. They give him a great deal of morphia."

"Do you—believe ——"

"I can't yet form an opinion worth giving you. Dillon, the assistant surgeon, is an old pupil of mine. He asked me to look in tomorrow, and I shall do so."

"I'm very glad. I was going to ask you. But—there's a good deal of professional etiquette in these hospitals ——"

"It's everywhere," said the Doctor, smiling. Then his pleasant, alert face changed subtly; he lifted the lantern absently, softly replaced it on the veranda beside him, and gazed at it. Presently he said:

"I came here on purpose to talk to you about another matter. . . . Shall we step inside? Or"—he glanced sharply around, lantern held above his head—"I guess we're better off out here."

Berkley silently assented. The Doctor considered the matter in mind for a while, nursing his knees, then, looking directly at Berkley:

"Phil, you once told me a deliberate falsehood."

Berkley's face flushed scarlet, and he stiffened.

The Doctor said: "I merely wanted you to understand that I knew it to be a falsehood when you uttered it. I penetrated your motive in telling it, let it go at that, and kept both eyes open—and waited."

Berkley never moved. The painful color stained the scar on his brow to an ugly purple.

"The consequences of which falsehood," continued the Doctor, "culminated in my asking Miss Lynden to marry me. . . . I've been thinking—wondering—whether that lie was justifiable. And I've given up the problem. But I respect your motive in telling it. It's a matter for you to settle privately with yourself and your Maker. I'm no Jesuit by nature; but—well—you've played a man's part in the life of a young and friendless girl who has become to me the embodiment of all I care for in woman. And I thank you for that. I thank you for giving her the only thing she lacked—a chance in the world. Perhaps there were other ways of doing it. I don't know. All I know is that I thank you for giving her the chance."

He ceased abruptly, folded his arms, and gazed musingly into space. Then:

"Phil, have you ever injured a man named Eugene Hallam, captain of your troop in the Eighth Lancers?"

Berkley looked up, startled, and the hot color faded.

"What do you know about Captain Hallam?" he asked.

"Where is he?"

"Probably a prisoner. He was taken at the cavalry affair which they now call Yellow Run."

"You saw him taken by the enemy?"

"No. I saw him—surrender—or rather, ride toward the enemy, apparently with that design in mind."

"Why don't you say that Hallam played the coward—that he deserted his men under fire—was even shot at by his own colonel?"

"You seem to know about it," said Berkley in a mortified voice. . . . "No man is anxious to reflect on his own regiment. That is why I did not mention it."

"Yes, I knew it. Your servant, the trooper Burgess, came to Paigecourt in search of you. I heard the detestable details from him. He was one of the detachment that got penned in; he saw the entire performance."

"I didn't know Burgess was there," said Berkley. "Is he all right?"

"Wears his left wrist in a sling; slight fracture; horse fell. He's a villainous-looking party; I wouldn't trust that fellow with a pewter button. But he seems devoted to you."

"I've never been able to make him out," said Berkley, smiling.

The Doctor thought a minute.

"I saw two interesting people at Paigecourt. One was Miss Dix, an old friend of mine; the other chanced to be Surgeon-General Hammond. They were on a tour of inspection. I hope they liked what they saw."

"Did they?"

"I guess not. . . . Things in the hospitals ought to go better now. We're learning. . . . By the way, you didn't know that Ailsa Paige had been to Paigecourt, did you?"

"When?"

"Recently. . . . She's another fine woman. She never had an illness worse than whooping-cough. I know because I've always been her physician. Normally she's a fine, wholesome woman, Berkley—but she told a falsehood. . . . You are not the only liar south of Dixon's damnable line!"

Berkley straightened up as though shot, and the Doctor dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"The sort of lie you told, Phil, is the kind she told. It doesn't concern you or me; it's between her conscience and herself; and it's in a good, safe place. . . . And now I'll sketch out for you what she did. This—this beast Hallam wrote to Miss Dix at Washington and preferred charges against Miss Lynden. . . . I'm trying to speak calmly and coherently and without passion, damn it! Don't interrupt me. . . . I say that Hallam sent his written evidence to Miss Dix; and Ailsa Paige learned of it, and learned, also, what the evidence was. . . . And it was a terrible thing for her to learn, Phil—a damnable thing for a woman to learn."

He tightened his grasp on Berkley's shoulder, and his voice was not very steady.

"To believe those charges—that evidence—meant the death of her faith in you. . . . As for the unhappy revelation of what Miss Lynden had been—the evidence was hopelessly conclusive. Imagine what she thought! Any other woman would have sat aloof and let justice brand the woman who had doubly betrayed her. I want you to consider it; every instinct of loyalty, friendship, trust, modesty had apparently been outraged and trampled on by the man she had given her heart to, and by the woman she had made a friend. That was the position in which Ailsa Paige found herself when she learned of these charges, saw the evidence, and was informed by Hallam that he had forwarded his complaint."

His grip almost crushed Berkley's shoulder muscles.

"And now I'll tell you what Ailsa Paige did. She went before Miss Dix and told her that there was not one atom of truth in the charges. She accounted for every date specified by saying that Miss Lynden was with her at those times, that she had known her intimately for years, known her family—that it was purely a case of mistaken identity which, if ever pressed, would bewilder her friend, who was neither sufficiently experienced to understand what such charges meant, nor strong enough to endure the horror and shock if their nature were explained.

"She haughtily affirmed her absolute faith in you, avowed her engagement to marry you, pointed to your splendid military record; disdainfully exposed the motive for Hallam's action. . . . And she convinced Miss Dix, who, in turn, convinced the Surgeon-General. And, in consequence, I can now take my little girl away from here on furlough, thank God! -and thanks to Ailsa Paige, who lied like a martyr in her behalf. And that's what I came here to tell you. And that's my story!"

He drew a long breath, his hand relaxed on Berkley's shoulder, and fell away.

"I don't know today what Ailsa Paige believes; but I know what she did for the sake of a young girl. . . . If in any way her faith in you has been poisoned remember what was laid before her, proven in black and white apparently; remember, more than that, the terrible and physically demoralizing strain she has been under in the line of duty. No human mind can remain healthy very

long under such circumstances; no reasoning can be normal. The small daily vexations, the wear and tear of nerve tissue, the insufficient sleep and nourishment, the close confinement in the hospital atmosphere, the sights, sounds, odors, the excitement, the anxiety—all combine to distort reason and undermine one's natural equipoise.

"Phil, if Ailsa, in her own heart, doubts you as she now doubts Letty, you must understand why. What she did shows her courage, her sweetness, her nobility. What she may believe—or think she believes—is born only of morbid nerves, overworked body and a crippled power of reasoning. Her furlough is on the way; I did myself the honor to solicit it and to interest Miss Dix in her behalf. It is high time; the child cannot stand much more. . . . After a good rest in the North, if she desires to return there is nobody to prevent her . . . unless you are wise enough to marry her. What do you think?"

Berkley made no answer. They remained silent for a long time. Then the Doctor rose and picked up his lantern; and Berkley stood up too, taking the Doctor's outstretched hand.

"If I were you, Phil, I'd marry her," said Benton. "Good-night. I'll see Colonel Arran in the morning. Good-night, my boy."

"Good-night," said Berkley in a dull voice.

. . . . . .

Midnight found him pacing the dead sod in front of the veranda, under the stars. One by one the lights in the hospital had been extinguished; a lantern glimmered at the guard-house; here and there an illuminated window cast its oblong of paler light across the grass. Southward the crimson radiance had died out; softened echoes of distant gunshots marked the passing of the slow, dark hours, but the fitful picket-firing was now no louder than the deadened stamp of horses in their stalls.

A faint scent of jasmine hung in the air, making it fresher, though no breeze stirred.

He stood for a while, face upturned to the stars, then his head fell, and, hands clasped behind him, saber trailing, he moved slowly out into the starlight at random, and at random wandered into the little lane that led darkly down under green bushes to Letty's bridge.

It was fresher and cooler in the lane; starlight made the planking of the little foot-bridge visible in the dark, but the stream ran under it too noiselessly for him to hear the water moving over its bed of velvet sand.

A startled whippoorwill flashed into shadowy flight from the rail as he laid his hand upon it, and, searching for the seat which Letty's invalid had built for her, he sank down, burying his head in his hands.

And, as he sat there, a vague shape, motionless in the starlight, stirred, moved silently, detaching itself from the depthless wall of shadow.

There was a light step on the grass, a faint sound from the bridge. But he heard nothing until she sank down on the flooring at his feet and dropped her head, face downward, on his knees.

As in a dream his hands fell from his eyes—fell on her shoulders, lay heavily inert.

"Ailsa?"

Her feverish face quivered, hiding closer; one small hand searched blindly for his arm, closed on his sleeve and clung there. He could feel her slender body tremble at intervals under his lips resting on her hair; her breath grew hot with the vague scent of tears mounting.

She lay there, minute after minute, her hand on his sleeve, slipping, tightening, while her tired heart throbbed out its heavy burden on his knees, and her tears fell under the stars.

Fatigued past all endurance, shaken, demoralized, every fiber in her was giving way now. She only knew that he had come to her out of the night's deathly desolation—that she had crept to him for shelter, was clinging to him. Nothing else mattered in the world. Her weary hands could touch him, hold fast to him who had been lost and was found again; her tear-wet face rested against the strength of his living body; the blessed surcease from fear was benumbing her, quieting depths within her, soothing, relaxing, reassuring the mangled, palpitating soul.

Only to rest this way—to lie for the moment unafraid—to cease thinking, to yield every sense to heavenly lethargy—to forget—to forget the dark world's sorrows and her own.

The high planets shed their calm light upon her hair, silvering her slender neck and the hand holding to his sleeve and the steel edge of his saber hilt and a gilded button at his throat. And all else lay in shadow, wrapping them close together in obscurity.

At times he thought she was asleep and, scarcely moving, bent nearer; but always sensed the quickening in her veins, the nervous closing of her fingers on his sleeve, felt the quiet breathing falter in its rhythm, and remained motionless as one who watches the troubled slumber of a child.

And at last sleep came to her, deadening every sense. Cautiously he took her hand; the slim fingers relaxed; body and limbs were limp, senses clouded, as he lifted her in his arms and rose to go into the house.

Nothing Else Mattered in the World

"Don't—go," she murmured drowsily.

"No, dear."

Through the darkness, moving with infinite care, he bore her under the stars and stepped noiselessly across the veranda, entered, and laid her on his cot.

"Philip," she murmured.

But he whispered to her that she must sleep, that he would be near her, close to her. And she sighed deeply, and her white lids closed again and rested unstirring on her pallid cheeks.

So she slept till the stars faded, then, awaking, lifted her head, bewildered, drawing her hand from his, and saw the dawn graying his face where he sat beside her.

She sat up, rigid, on the blanket, the vivid color staining her from throat to brow; then memory overwhelmed her. She covered her eyes with both arms and her head dropped forward under the beauty of her disordered hair.

Minute succeeded minute; neither spoke nor moved. Then, slowly, in utter silence, she looked up at him and met his gaze. It was her confession of faith; the violet loveliness of her eyes deepened, the white lids fell.

He could scarcely hear her words, so tremulously low was the voice that uttered them:

"Take me back. The world is empty without you. I've been through the depths of it my heart has searched it from the ends to the ends of it . . . and finds no peace where you are not—no hope—no life. All is desolation without you. Take me back."

She stretched out her hands to him; he took them and pressed them against his lips, and, looking across at him, she said:

"Love me—if you will—as you will. I make no terms; I ask none. All other paths are dark, all other ways are strange. I know, for I have trodden them and lost myself. Only the path you follow is lighted for me. All else is darkness. Love me."

"Ailsa, I can offer nothing."

"I know. You have said so. That is enough. Besides, if you love me nothing else matters. My life is not my own; it is yours. It has always been yours—only I did not know how completely. Now I have learned. . . . Why do you look at me so strangely? Do you not understand what the terror of these days without you has done to me? I know what you have been, what you are. I ask nothing more of life than you."

"Dear," he said, "do you understand that I can never marry you?"

In the silence the wooden shutter outside the window swung to with a slam in the rising breeze which had become a wind blowing fitfully under a wet, gray sky. From above the roof there came a sudden tearing sound, which at first he believed to be the wind. It increased to a loud, confusing, swishing whistle, as though hundreds of sabers were being whirled in circles overhead.

Berkley rose, looking at the ceiling as the noise grew in volume like a torrent of water flowing over rocks.

Ailsa also had risen, laying one hand on his arm, listening intently.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"It is the noise made by thousands of bullets streaming through the air above us. It sounds like that in the rifle pits. Listen!"

The strange, bewildering sound filled the room. And now, as the wind shifted, the steady rattle of musketry became suddenly audible. Another sound, sinister, ominous, broke on their ears: the clang of the seminary bell.

"Is it an attack on this place?" she asked anxiously. "What can we do? There are no troops here! I—I must go to my sick boys ——"

Her heart stood still as a cannon thundered, followed by the fearful sound of the shell as it came tearing toward them. As it neared, the noise grew deafening; the air vibrated with a rushing sound that rose to a shriek.

Ailsa's hands grasped his arm; her ears seemed bursting with the abominable sound; pain darted through her temples, flashing into agony as a heavy jar shook the house, followed by a dazzling light and roar.

Boom! Boom! came the distant, sullen thunder, followed by the unmistakable whir of a Parrott shell. Suddenly shrapnel shells began to come over, screaming, exploding, filling the air with the rush and clatter of bullets.

"Lie down," he said. "You can't go out in this. It will veer off in a few moments, when they find out that they're shelling our hospitals."

"I've got to go," she repeated; "my boys won't understand why I don't come."

She turned and opened the door; he caught her in his arms, and she looked up and kissed him.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered. "You mustn't detain me ——"

"You shall not go outside ——"

"I've got to. Be reasonable, dear. My sick are under fire."

(Continued on Page 48)

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## Roosevelt as an Insurgent

ODDLY enough the most signal and binding act of insurgency that Roosevelt has performed since his return from Africa attracted little political comment. Early in August he visited Pennsylvania to find out at first hand how the workmen in some of that state's great industries were faring. If his Republicanism had been of the "regular" pattern he would have been content to know that Pennsylvania's coal mines, steel mills and silk factories produce the better part of a billion dollars a year—thereby, in the standpat view, abundantly justifying all the favors which the Government grants them at the expense of the rest of the country. But Roosevelt wanted to know how the men, women and children whose labor produces this wealth were living; what, for example, three hundred and fifty thousand mine employees, whose average income is forty dollars a month, were getting out of it. This is the very essence of insurgency—to demand how people, rather than industries, are getting along.

The Chicago Tribune of August fourth reported Roosevelt's Pennsylvania doings in column one, page one. Column three, page one, contained another report, beginning: "Acting as President Taft's scout, Senator Crane left Chicago yesterday. He had been here twenty-four hours getting first-hand information for the President concerning the status of Senator Lorimer. He talked with forty or fifty Chicago business men, bankers and financiers as to the sentiment in Illinois." This is the "regular" method of finding out about things. The difference between a group of financiers in a club and a string of coal miners on their own warped front steps measures the whole extent of the trouble which now afflicts the Republican party.

## Bait for the Young

THE normal boy's perversity is heartbreaking. Neither parental pleas nor violent nausea can persuade him to let tobacco alone. He lugs home greasy copies of worthless novels with the same cheerful and misdirected industry that a pup displays in dragging exhibits from the neighbors' garbage cans to the middle of its master's front yard. To correct these tendencies our fathers used a lath ineffectually. Meanwhile, at school, the boy is being taught English literature. The teaching consists in giving him some masterpiece—usually one unsuited to his understanding and beyond the range of his sympathies—which he is to read, digest and sapiently comment upon. His "English," in short, is made a fixed stunt.

A distinguished educator suggests that, in place of this conventional "English" lesson, pupils be turned loose in a selected library to read, under competent and friendly advice, whatever good book pleases them. It is a hopeful suggestion. How many million boys, we wonder, have finally been cured of Dead-Shot Ike—after the paternal lath has failed—by a present of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, or Irving's Companions of Columbus, or Leatherstocking, or Oliver Twist? The plan is worth trying.

## An Example From France

THE thrift of France is wonderful. It enabled the nation to bear the enormous losses of the Franco-Prussian War, including payment of five billion francs as war indemnity, with no demoralization of trade and with hardly any depression of industry. Out of ten million French electors, nine million have money in the bank or invested at interest, or own land. Everybody saves. In various savings institutions there are four million accounts of only twenty francs or less each, and the total number of all savings accounts reaches thirteen million. A million and a half small investors hold, probably, twenty billion francs of Government bonds. Of twelve million French households, nine million occupy their own homes, paying no rent. The country holds over a hundred billion francs of domestic and foreign securities, and saves—available for investment—two billion francs a year.

This thrift is really wonderful—and for a generation the population of France has remained practically stationary. Of late the birth rate has been rather smaller than the death rate. Under modern conditions children are expensive; breeding them is not a thrifty undertaking. In other words, France is far thriftier than we are; but she cannot have her cake and eat it, too, any more than we can.

## Taxing Large Fortunes

NEW YORK recently received six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars from the estate of E. H. Harriman, being the one per cent inheritance tax (less five per cent) required by the old law. On this basis the value of the estate was about seventy millions. Fifteen years ago Mr. Harriman possessed only a modest fortune. What made him very rich was the tremendous industrial growth of the West, beginning in 1897. This trebled and quadrupled the earnings of railroads in which he had invested. His own productive labor contributed in only a minor degree to the multiplication of his wealth. Had he been an Englishman, leaving a fortune of the same size, the nation would have claimed and collected ten millions of it as an inheritance tax. Probably Mr. Harriman's income amounted to five millions a year, on which England would levy an annual income tax of four hundred thousand dollars. But in the United States fortunes like Mr. Harriman's, invested in stocks and bonds, pay little direct tax. Had he listed with the assessor seventy millions of Union Pacific stock he would have been taxed a million and a quarter, or three times the English income tax. To avoid that calamity, New York's big stockholders are usually put down as possessing two or three million dollars of personal property, on which they pay thirty-five to fifty thousand dollars in taxes.

Which system is the more intelligent—ours or England's?

At its late extra session the New York legislature raised the inheritance tax so that estates above a million dollars going to direct heirs pay five per cent instead of one. That is a step in the right direction, but not a long one.

## How Tax-Dodgers are Made

TWO hundred million dollars is alleged to be the amount of taxable stocks and bonds owned by half a dozen opulent citizens of Chicago, on which no taxes are paid. No tax will be paid on them either, for the taxes would absorb about a third of the income derived from them, and an income tax of thirty per cent is preposterous.

Sicking the dogs on the tax-dodger is a standard form of public amusement in the United States, but the great amounts of legally taxable personal property which now escape taxation will never be reached until revenue laws are radically amended.

The average rate of taxation the country over is two per cent. The public holds some six billions of railroad bonds on which the average interest is about four per cent. Generally speaking, therefore, whoever confesses to the assessor ownership of a railroad bond must sacrifice half the income derived from his investment—a result not calculated to promote candor among investors. The average dividend paid last year to holders of five billions of railroad stock was six and a half per cent. Much of this stock is legally liable to taxation and the average tax would absorb thirty per cent of the income—an intolerable rate.

There is no moral defense for tax-dodging. But when you see a brick headed in your direction you dodge first and moralize about it afterward. Shouting at the tax-dodger is a waste of breath. The thing to shout at is our archaic revenue law.

## The Railroad Clerk

COST of living has increased fifty per cent, and railroads say that in order to pay wages commensurate with that increase they must be permitted to raise freight rates. They quote many figures in support of their claim; but they do not quote the only figures that are really relevant—namely, those which show that, in spite of increased operating expenses, their net earnings are greater than ever before. In the year ending June 30, 1910, net earnings, after paying all operating expenses, were greater by about a hundred million dollars than in the preceding year, and in the preceding year the roads did very nicely.

From 1897 to 1908, the pay of railroad employees was, indeed, advanced corresponding in some degree to the advanced cost of living. Interstate Commerce Commission reports show that the average daily compensation of general officers was raised thirty-seven per cent; of engineers, twenty-two per cent; of firemen, twenty-nine per cent; of conductors, twenty-six per cent; and of general office clerks—of whom some sixty-five thousand are employed—seven per cent, or from two dollars and eighteen cents to two dollars and thirty-three cents a day. Thus the clerk's rise from the railroad was fifteen cents a day. His rise from the landlord and butcher was considerably stronger.

## The Germans Have it Too

IN THAT comprehensive and scientific manner for which the German Government has long been famous, the Imperial statistical office at Berlin has conducted an investigation into the cost of family living in the Fatherland. Carefully prepared account books were distributed among many typical German families with instructions to set down, for twelve months, all items of income and outgo. The tabulated results, recently published, are very interesting and discouraging.

It appears, first of all, that the cheerful habit of spending about one hundred and five per cent of the family income is quite as popular in Germany as in the United States. Fifty-two per cent of the families came out at the end of the year with that familiar ornament of the American hearth—a deficit. What is even more remarkable, the larger the family income was, the less—just as in our own favored land—was the family able to live on it. Thus more than half the families having incomes of sixteen hundred to two thousand marks managed to spend less than their incomes; but of those having incomes of three thousand to four thousand marks only forty per cent spent less than they earned; while of families having incomes of four thousand to five thousand marks fully two-thirds reported deficits. Nothing could be more absurd than the popular notion that a family's ability to live within its income depends upon the size of the income. The whole problem is one of outgo.

## Prizes for Literature

GENIUS is often at war with society. Society's duty to encourage it with a substantial cash prize, so that it may conduct the war with every material convenience, has been urged time out of mind. Thoreau preached independence of society from a hut constructed by his own hands, and sustained himself with potatoes and beans of his own raising. But such examples have never been popular. A splendid intellectual isolation on an income of about fifty thousand a year is a much more alluring ideal.

This ancient theme recurs in a proposal to establish a prize fund for the encouragement of young writers of marked ability whose writings do not find currency. Poe once won the prize in a literary contest, and so far as we remember offhand he is the only writer of high ability who ever did. Possibly there are enough young writers who would be eligible for the prize—men capable of producing work of real merit, but of a sort that does not find sufficient currency to yield the producer a living wage. It is not necessary to go back to Paradise Lost for examples of such work. But the grand difficulty would be to discover judges possessing appreciation so much keener than that of their contemporaries that they would recognize the unappreciated genius when they ran across him. The judgments pronounced in almost all literary contests do not encourage a hope that this difficulty would be overcome.

## The Deciding Voice

AT THE last Presidential election in Ohio a shift of little more than three per cent from Taft to Bryan would have given the state to the latter, although Mr. Taft was a favorite son and Mr. Bryan's candidacy was not likely to evoke the highest Democratic enthusiasm. Two years before the Democrats carried the state. At the recent Republican convention the standpat element was in control. The insurgents, under former Secretary Garfield, were voted down on all important points and the new tariff was heartily recommended to Ohio voters. How does that leave the chances for Republican success in Ohio this fall? Indiana, Iowa and Kansas furnished only thirty-eight of Mr. Taft's three hundred and twenty-one electoral votes. He could have won easily without them; but it doesn't follow that the next Republican candidate can, and because the insurgents are decidedly in control there those states are more likely to remain in the Republican column than Ohio is.

Mr. Cannon speaks sternly of people who "are trying to put the Republican party out of business." The set that he well represents is doing its best to accomplish that feat. The voter who wants a government that represents him, irrespective of its mere label, has the deciding voice nowadays. The wish is father to the thought that a decisive number of such voters will choose a Republican insurgent when the chance is offered them and a Democrat when that chance is not offered.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Colonel's Friend the General

UNDOUBTEDLY you all remember the amazing rise of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who came to be ruler of the Queen's Navee because of his expertness and conscientious use of elbow grease in polishing up the handle of the big front door.

Certainly, we all remember it, especially those of us who are of a certain age, and most of us took part in children's presentations of the immortal Pinafore, in which the career of Sir Joseph was set forth. Can't you recall how we all fought to play Dick Deadeye, and sniffed at the pretty boy who sang Ralph Rackstraw? He was going to be a great tenor, but he turned up as a clerk in a cigar store, or something like that, every time. And Little Buttercup married the milkman, and—but—enough: I stray, I stray.

What I started out to say was that you all remember the manner in which Sir Joseph got to be ruler of the Queen's Navee, and, taking that as the basic fact, to assert that Great Britain, in a matter of similar case, has nothing on this great and glorious nation, the land of the free, as witness the making of General Leonard Wood, chief-of-staff of our khakied army.

The experiences of Sir Joseph and General Leonard are not exactly the same, but approximately so. Sir Joseph polished up the knob on the big front door and rose magnificently. General Leonard polished up the knob on the Big White Chief and rose famously. It probably is a high crime and misdemeanor to call the dome of thought of the Big White Chief, meaning Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt, a knob. But that is what it is, when you bring it to the last analysis—no, not analysis—nobody could analyze it—the final classification, let us say, not forgetting to reiterate and reasseverate, if that makes it any stronger, that little Lenny polished up said knob in a style that stamped him as one of the most accomplished knob-polishers we have.

It was this way: About the time we loosed the dogs of war upon Spain, some twelve years ago, Polisher Wood was a doctor and captain in the army and Knobful Roosevelt was an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They were friends and both occupied useful but not particularly showy positions. Along came somebody and told what superb assistance a regiment of Rough Riders would be in driving the haughty and hated Castilian from the shores of the fair isle of Cuba. The upshot of it was that when the Rough Riders took up their ride for Tampa, Dr. Leonard Wood was colonel of this particular bunch of scourges of the haughty Castilians, and Theodore Roosevelt was lieutenant-colonel.

Historians may differ—and do—as to the precise part the aforementioned scourges took in maltreating the splenetic Spaniards, the conceited Castilians. There may be controversy—and is—on how this array of uneven equestrians affected the fortunes of Mr. Weyler's warriors, but there can be no dissenting voice as to the effect on the fortunes of the brave leaders of these controversial centaurs, to wit: L. Wood and T. Roosevelt. They drew all the prizes out of that particular lottery of war, as is too well known to need particularizing here.

Returning, therefore, to the polishing of the knob let me say that L. Wood did it with his little single-stick. A husky person, this L. Wood, noted as an army football player and athlete of various other sorts, and naturally, after the war, with T. Roosevelt safely ensconced in the White House, called in to help keep that great man in the perfect physical condition required for chasing General Nelson Miles off the lot once or twice a week and landing on such other undesirables as might venture around from time to time, to say nothing of the trim demanded by the constant exercise of the epistolary art.

#### Hitting the High Spots

COMRADES in war and comrades in peace—but not too much peace. Both hated it. Thus often on a stilly night belated pedestrians, turning at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, to continue out toward Georgetown, heard loud cries coming from the White House and, ever and anon, the plunk of a hard object hitting a bony structure. And if they chanced to stop they could see on the curtains of the East Room shadows of men in fierce combat. "On guard—ah-h-h—bully—take that—by godfrey—well hit—ouch—o-u-c-h—de-lighted," and much more of the same tenor. Those in the secret knew what was happening. L. Wood was polishing the knob.

Need it be said he polished it up so carefulee that now he is the ruler of our great armee? It need not. The facts speak for themselves. Many a morning T. Roosevelt appeared at his desk with protuberances on his head that resembled goose-eggs in size and California red plums in color. "A little go at single-sticks last night with Leonard," he would smilingly explain when affrighted callers would anxiously inquire whether the esteemed President were raising a crop of wens. "Great man, Leonard. Very active and no weakling. I shall bear him in mind."

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"Very Active and No Weakling"

And he bore him in mind all right, for at the precise moment when the way was open he made the doctor major-general, and thus put him in line for his present exalted position as chief-of-staff. And, having been born in 1860, Wood will long continue as the ranking major-general of the army, even after he has completed his tour of duty as chief-of-staff. One shudders to think what would have happened to him had he been no polisher with the single-stick—a weakling. Like as not he'd be doctoring now, instead of strategizing.

And, at that, he might have landed just the same, to give him his full due, for doctors are very popular in our army, as witness that other celebrated physician, Major-General Ainsworth, who is the adjutant-general, and mighty close to the top himself. Without intending to cast any asparagus it may be said that Doctor Wood is a better soldier than he ever was doctor, and Doctor Wood shines in politics more than in physic. Still, that is neither here nor there. Our military is a peculiar institution, peculiarly instituted.

Wood came from New Hampshire originally and graduated in medicine at Harvard in 1884. He took the army medical examination two years later, and was appointed an assistant surgeon from Massachusetts in 1886. He was made a captain and assistant surgeon in 1891 and remained at that rank until 1898, when he got leave to go as colonel of the Rough Riders.

Wood was an athlete. He had a fine army reputation as a sportsman and was a close friend of Roosevelt's. He was in command of the Rough Riders in Cuba, was made a brigadier-general of volunteers on July 8 of the same year, for services at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill, and later attained the rank of major-general of volunteers. He went to Cuba as governor during the first American occupation and remained there until the government was transferred to the Cubans in 1902. Then in 1903 his great and polished friend, President Roosevelt, made him major-general in the regular establishment, and now he is chief-of-staff.

There was a great deal of criticism of Wood when he was in charge of Cuba, he being an arbitrary, autocratic and assertive person. None of the charges stuck, at least not with the President and Congress, and died out when he was promoted by his old comrade-in-arms, President Roosevelt, and confirmed by the Senate. He went to the Philippines to get some actual military experience and was there for about five years, governor of a province for a time and then in command of the Philippines division of the army. Then he came back to command the Department of the East and was soon made chief-of-staff, where he will remain for several years.

Wood is a good soldier, the military experts say. He was also a good athlete. In the old days, when they were very subordinate indeed, Wood and Roosevelt used to ride and walk and box and single-stick together. Wood was one of the few men whom Roosevelt could not tire out. Also, having better eyes than T. R., he used to wallop him promiscuously with the single-stick and the gloves. Being a keen young sportsman and anxious to win he didn't let down any when his opponent was the President of the United States. He lambasted T. Roosevelt all around the White House, half-Nelsoned him on the mat, uppercut him with the gloves and, as chanted previously, polished up that knowledgeous knob many a time and oft. And now see where he is. T. R. liked it.

The moral of this tale seems to be that all young doctors in the army should learn the single-stick, in case Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt comes back to the White House. No use now. W. H. T. single-sticking would be about the same as T. R. doing a jig-saw puzzle.

### A Restive Engine

AT THE time of the strike of the engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, a considerable number of years ago, the officials of the road dragged in every man they could find who knew anything at all about an engine to take the places of the strikers.

One man they secured was an engineer at a sawmill. All his experience in running an engine had consisted in pulling the lever and starting the log against the saw, and pulling the reverse lever when the plank was cut off, and running the platform back again so the log could be shoved over to allow the saw to take another slice. The yardman gave him an engine and told him to run it into the roundhouse. The sawmill engineer pulled a lever and the engine slid slowly into the roundhouse. When he was in he saw that something must be done, so he pulled the reverse lever. The engine promptly backed out again.

"Here!" shouted the yardman. "What are you doing, you fool? Why don't you put that engine in the roundhouse?"

"I did have her in," yelled the sawmill engineer. "Why in thunder didn't you shut the door?"

### Filling Frank

AFTER the war with Spain a party of Americans, including Colonel Hecker, of Detroit, went to Cuba on a tour of inspection. They had with them a negro messenger named Frank.

One day Frank got into a place where they sell ices and cakes on the Prado, in Havana, and bought a plate of ice cream. That was twenty cents.

The waiter handed around some cakes. Frank took a few. The cakes were passed for a second and a third time. On each occasion Frank helped himself liberally.

Then he called for his check. It was one dollar and eighty cents, American. Colonel Hecker and some friends, who were at an adjoining table, heard Frank yell.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked the Colonel.

"Why didn' you stop me?" sobbed Frank. "Why didn' you stop me? Doan you know dis yer nigger could eat enough of dis yer stuff to bankrupt the hull Gov'ment?"

### The Hall of Fame

℄ George W. Cable, the author, was once a reporter in New Orleans.

℄ Oscar G. Murray, the railroad president, began as a ticket agent in Galveston.

℄ Paul West is the author of more than three hundred published songs and still has the nerve to look his friends in the eye.

℄ Anthony N. Brady, the big New York financier, got his start with a string of tea stores in Albany. He was born in France.

℄ When Dr. Victor Rosewater, of Omaha, isn't busy editing his big newspaper he writes informative pieces for the encyclopedias.

℄ S. S. Carvalho, general manager of all the Hearst newspapers, collects Chinese blue-and-white porcelains, and has the most representative collection in this country.

℄ James E. Watson, of Indiana, who used to be in Congress and was not elected governor in 1908, was once grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and once state president of the Epworth League.

℄ Alfalfa Bill Murray, of Oklahoma, whose other names are William Henry, ran away from home when he was twelve years old, and landed as Speaker of the Oklahoma House of Representatives in 1907 and 1908.

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Salmon Fishing and Fishermen

SALMON angling is a sport for kings, but it is only a very well-to-do king who can afford it. The average European article of king is barred by the statute of financial limitations. As seen on this continent, it is most generally practiced by members of wealthy clubs who control, by purchase or lease, waters known to offer good fishing. A river of established value will show the fishing rights cut up into all sorts of checkerboard patterns. A few miles of a valid salmon river, covering even a few established pools, make a princely possession. Sometimes a lucky individual may even secure a river all to himself, but this latter does not often happen nowadays.

As to the sport itself, it is cleanly entitled to the adjective royal. Nothing in angling compares with it. Muskallonge fishing, trolling or casting is absolutely tame compared to salmon angling, which is exclusively fly fishing. Not even the tuna or the tarpon can offer sport equal to the salmon's performance. Sea fishing is heavy work, and its surroundings may seem more or less monotonous in time. When one goes after salmon the settings of the sport are beautiful to the point of continuous charm, and the sport of itself offers exhaustless interest, for scarcely two salmon act precisely alike although every one is a sporting proposition by itself.

As facilities for this sport are confined to a relatively small tract of country, so far as this continent is concerned, the competition for salmon fishings is keen, and a good river is sure to be leased steadily. Unless, therefore, you are fortunate enough to have a river of your own you are very apt to be dependent upon the courtesy of some fortunate and generous friend. There is a little open fishing to be had in Labrador and Newfoundland. Some American anglers go to Norway for their salmon fishing. The luckiest are those who are able to be on the ground from the middle of May to the middle of July, on some one of the many rivers which enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence or Chaleurs Bay, which latter separates the Province of Quebec from that of New Brunswick.

### Among Those Present

The Atlantic salmon, unlike its Pacific cousin, will take the fly in fresh water. Since, like all other salmon, it returns to its native stream, the possibilities of a given water are usually pretty well known, and there are scores of rivers which for years have been famous and much coveted. Among those noted on the north shore of the St. Lawrence coast are the Marguerite, the Moisie, and many smaller rivers which empty into the Gulf. North of Anticosti Island is the river St. Jean, which, with another smaller river, is controlled by James J. Hill, who now and then takes a yachting party of his friends there. The Godbout—controlled by Thomas Peck, James Law, A. C. Henry, Doctor Manuel and John Manuel—farther to the west and toward the head of the Gulf, is perhaps the most prolific salmon river ever known. Toward the eastern extremity of the Gulf are the Magpie, the Mingan, the Romaine, and other rivers of great intrinsic value.

In the current season, three rods, D. J. Carroll and two guests, A. K. Sloan and Robert B. Lawrence, all of New York, fished the Romaine and Mingan rivers for a week, the water being rather high and conditions not especially favorable. Of these rods Mr. Lawrence killed thirty-two fish averaging fourteen pounds, Mr. Carroll thirty-nine averaging seventeen pounds, or one thousand one hundred and fifteen and one-half pounds to two rods in seven days—a very handsome record. The weight record for these two rivers was thirty-six pounds killed by Mr. Sloan.

Of the Quebec rivers which flow into the north shore of Chaleurs Bay, the famous Restigouche, the splendid Grand Cascapedia, and the Bonaventure are among the more important in size and excellence. Eastward toward the entrance of the bay are the Grand Pabos and Little Pabos. The latter stream is controlled exclusively by Charles H. Davis, of Saginaw. The York, flowing into the Gaspé Basin, was long owned by Mr. Murdock, a wealthy gentleman of Chicago, now deceased. Some of these rivers are very prolific. The Little Pabos is very easily good for from eighty to one hundred fish a year, for two rods employed not over two weeks. The fish here average around ten pounds. The Godbout, although surpassed in size of fish, perhaps holds the record in numbers. One angler, N. D. Corneau, the stream guardian, is credited with fifty-seven fish to his own rod on that river in one day.

As to the salmon itself, it remains today the most mysterious of all created things. How do the salmon find their way back year after year into their own river, as certainly they do? Why is it that one river will turn out large fish, and another will show weight average scarcely one-fourth as large? No one can answer these questions, although the small fish may be as old as the large, and although it is sure that each fish comes back to its own river, and that all these fish, small or large, of a given age, are supposed to feed on the same food, in the same portion of the salt water. The Indians and guides say that the salmon of each river make a separate "tribe," and the scientists have to let it go at that. Salmon netted in the estuaries show stomachs stuffed with small fish and shrimps. In the fresh water they do not seem to feed at all, although they may remain for a year in a river before they return to the sea. Scarce half a dozen cases of food found in a salmon's stomach are recorded on any rivers. Science says that they come in very fat, which is very true, and that they live on this fat; sometimes, apparently, until the next year, when, as kelts, they drop back to the sea, dark, slimy, lean and much disfigured. And yet this same kelt, in the spring of the year following his ascent, is by some careful observers declared to shed his skin and to assume new scales, like a snake! Some doubt this, but who shall deny it with authority? Study him as you may, the salmon still remains a mystery. He will not take the fly on the Pacific in fresh water. He will sometimes take the bait or trolling spoon at tidewater in either ocean. The Atlantic salmon will take, usually, only very bright and gaudy flies, sometimes very large, which certainly resemble nothing in the world in animate Nature. Whether he does this in sport, anger, or in a sort of background instinct for food, no one knows, and apparently no one ever will know. Of all the salmon in a pool, perhaps only a few will rise to any kind of a fly. Of those which will rise at all, half may be very particular as to the sort of fly they wish. Again, when the impulse is upon them, almost any fly will do. Why these things are so no one knows.

### A Fish of Mystery

When the salmon is a very little fellow he is an alevin, and if he has luck, and escapes the kingfishers and sheldrakes, he gets to be a parr. You may catch him on the fly as a parr, before ever he goes to the sea. He will then have dark, vertical bands, like a yearling trout. Parrs become smolts in their third or fourth year, and in the late summer or fall go out to the sea. In the next season they come back as grilse, and then weigh three to six pounds. A grilse may be either four or five years old. After that it will put on from four to six pounds each year. The annual increase of weight, as above mentioned, varies for different rivers, and this is something extremely difficult to figure out, because all the weight gained is gained in the sea.

No one knows where salmon pass the winter, but reports of net fishermen, cod fishermen, and others, seem to indicate that they do not go very far away from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The smolts do not go so far from the shore, in all likelihood, and they often mix with herring, and are caught in herring nets. Their movements are very irregular. When in the salt water salmon travel only in the daytime, as the nets prove. In fresh water they reverse this process and travel usually at night. They enter a river very slowly, and sometimes back down to salt water a few times until they get used to the change. Their advance upstream is very slow, and sometimes you will mark the same fish lying in the same pool for weeks at a time. Your

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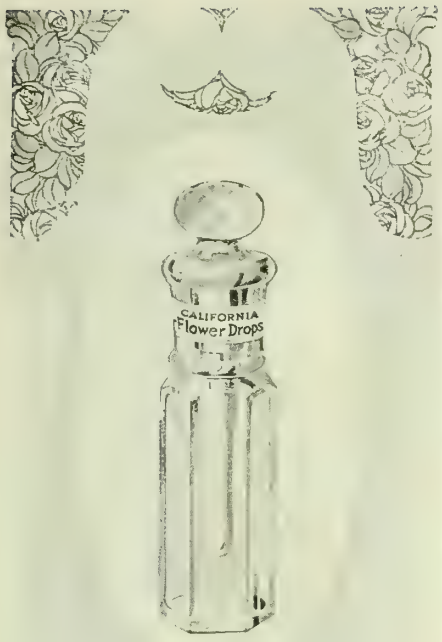


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guide will tell you that in two or three pools not ten miles above the mouth of such or such a river, salmon will lie all summer and spawn there, never going farther up. They say that this is the home of these individuals, and that having found it they do not care to pass it. Some say that artificially planted fish will not ascend a stream above the pool where they were put in. The general instinct is, however, to ascend the river to its source. If there is a lake at the head, numbers of the fish will perhaps pass a winter there. Yet other numbers will drop back in the fall after spawning. Obviously the whole natural history of this fish is curious and difficult to understand, although the general habits of the species are very well understood.

The salmon-fishing season is not very long. About the middle of May two great bodies of these fish come in, one along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, another on the south shore. The upper body seems to strike the shore near Anticosti, and here to separate, at a point, say, close to Mingan, the two bodies thus supplying the streams east and west of that point on the north shore. The fish appear at varying dates in Chaleurs Bay, usually in the last week of May, sometimes in the first week of June. June is usually the best for these great rivers, but salmon keep on coming into them in distinct bodies, sometimes until the latter part of July. When this month finds the rivers low clear sport is apt to fall off, but very frequently a heavy rain and a rise of five or six inches will put the salmon on the rise over a wide stretch of water. The stained water coming down seems to put new life and more ambition into them.

### Fish Etiquette

On some of the smaller salmon rivers angling can be done from the shore, although even there it is customary to have a boat along, so that a wild fish may be followed if it leaves the pool. On the larger rivers, especially during a freshet, the boating is apt to be very exciting and sometimes even dangerous, for these short and rapid streams are of very considerable volume and power, particularly when broken by rather nasty rapids. Accidents are, however, more common in the lumbering industry than in salmon fishing, and your two guides—for it will always take two men to handle the boat—are experts with setting pole and paddle, and are no more anxious to be put overboard into a rushing river than you are. Very few of them know how to swim, the water thereabout being too cold to encourage the pastime of swimming. The boat used is usually about twenty-five or twenty-six feet long, of what is known as the Gaspé pattern, round-bottomed, pointed at both ends, of canoe build, and about thirty-six-inch beam. Such a boat will take quite a bit of rough water, and is steady enough for you to stand in while casting, if you are used to boats and are careful.

Your sport, of course, depends upon your head guide, who knows every pool on the river and every fish in the pool. He is apt to be reticent at first, but will counsel you, if you like, as to the pattern of your fly and the manner of your fishing. You will depend upon your guide to put you where you belong on the river. He knows all the demarcations of the different leases and ownerships, and when you come, as is often the case, to a pool which is owned half by yourself or your host and half by some one else, your guide, whether watched or not, will be scrupulously exact in anchoring his boat and instructing you where to fish. It is neither lawful nor in good form to cross the middle line of the stream in your fishing if the opposite side is owned by another, and this no matter whether the fish are jumping on your side or his. There is dignity, formality and etiquette in this sport, you will observe. Any two guides bringing a boat up the river will reverse their setting poles and use the wooden ends when they enter the edge of a pool where an angler is casting. This is to prevent the clink of the steel-shod poles on the rocks alarming the fish. It is etiquette to be polite, but not profuse, in invitations with neighbors on a salmon stream. Both you and the other fellow are mighty apt to be out for blood. But, should he strike a fish in a pool where you are anchored, it is your duty to reel in and, if there is the least likelihood of his fish coming your way, to take up your killick—as the boat anchor is called—and get over against the bank so that you cannot by any chance handicap him at his work. He, of course, will do the same for you.

Salmon fishing is entirely different from trout fishing. The best thing you can do, if you are a beginner, is to put yourself entirely in the hands of your guides, who know more about this sport than you can ever hope to. They will take you over miles of water without stopping to wet a fly. "If we'd a foot more water we'd stop here, sir," says the head guide, "but 'tis not worth while today." So you edge up until you reach some pool where the guides know there are some fish lying. You begin at the head of the pool and fish down, each removal of the killick to a lower station being called a "drop."

Your pool may not look to you like a pool at all, for it is not always still and deep, but sometimes shallow and rather rapid, although the fish do not lie in very fast white water. You are most apt to find a fish back of a big rock on the bottom. Hundreds of dollars are sometimes spent in putting in these big rocks for salmon shelter in a pool; just as sometimes thousands are spent in ripraping a pool to keep it from flattening out. Such as your pool is, you are expected to cover it thoroughly at each drop, as far as you can conveniently cast, not lengthening your line more than about three feet each time that you fish it, from each side of the boat to a point directly astern. A salmon is not so shy a fish as a trout, and neither is it so quick on its feet, so to speak. You can sometimes take one on a short line directly across the current, but the usual method is to begin casting about forty-five degrees on one side of the boat and then work the line directly astern, allowing the fly to be carried down and around by the current. Then you fish the other side of the boat and repeat, *da capo, seriatim, ad infinitum.* You drop down as soon as you have exhausted your natural casting range. The fly should be kept in motion all the time by a sort of pumping of the tip of the rod up and down, about three feet. As you stand in the boat the butt of the rod rests in the hollow of your thigh and body, and after casting the rod is dropped parallel to the water, and thus worked up and down easily with one hand and steadily while the fly is floating around directly astern. It is in the latter position that the salmon is most apt to catch up with it and to take it. A belt with socket is very useful in playing a heavy fish. Your killickman will buckle this around you after the fight begins, as you will be busy with both hands then.

### Your Fighting Equipment

You lengthen line, in salmon casting, by pulling it off the reel and letting it float downstream. You cast with both hands. If you understand trout casting, it will not take you half a day to become proficient enough with the salmon rod to kill fish. Indeed, you may do so in half an hour. Your salmon rod will be from fourteen to eighteen feet in length, and will weigh from a pound and a half to three pounds. The old English type of rod was greenheart and lancewood, about eighteen feet in length, and was expected to account for about thirty yards of line. A well-built split-cane rod by the best American makers will cost you about fifty dollars, and in a length of fourteen and a half feet will easily give you thirty yards or better. With such a powerful instrument it is possible to cast a hundred or a hundred and ten feet, a heavy line, of course, being preferable. It is not these long casts, however, which kill fish, and forty or fifty feet will be much better. Especially in fighting a fish you want to keep inside the latter length, if possible, for a long line sags down badly and gives bad control over a fish. Sometimes in casting with a long line, when you are moving your rod-tip up and down to give motion to the fly, you are not really giving it any motion at all, but only allowing it to swing down dead in the current, to alarm and not to interest your fish.

Your leaders for salmon fishing must be of the best gut obtainable. Eight pounds' test will do, but the stronger the better. Your flies may be bought to suit the case, although three or four patterns—say, Jack Scott, Silver Gray, Silver Doctor, Black Dose, Durham Ranger—will be apt to do the business on most of the northeastern rivers when the salmon are rising. An old-time angler will, of course, have scores of patterns, and dozens of dozens, in all sorts

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of sizes up to 6 O. There are double-hooked flies and single-hooked flies. The latter are rather preferable, unless in the very small sizes.

Your reel is perhaps more important even than your rod. Salmon fishing is different from trout fishing in all respects. You can't fish with a salmon rod if a lot of line is stripped off in your left hand. Should a salmon strike while you are in that position, you would be very apt to lose him. Your reel must be big enough to hold a hundred yards of this heavy braided-silk line, and your guide will set it, with the adjusting screws, to a point just stiff enough to make the salmon work for every inch of line he gets. He will caution you to strike your fish "on the reel," and not with your finger across the line. If you strike a salmon as you do a trout, with a sharp, quick jerk, he is so heavy and immovable that you are very apt to part the leader. Again, if you have the line clamped when he starts on his first incredibly swift run, he is apt to tear loose before you know how it happened. Sometimes, on the other hand, a reel is set so light that it overruns when you strike your fish. In that case there is a snarl, a jerk, and all is over. You must watch your reel all the time and see that the line does not foul the handle, and that it is ready to pay free at any instant. Really the safest way, if you can control yourself, is to strike your fish with your finger just resting on the line, to give you the proper "feel" of the fish. The average angler, however, forgets to take off his finger. Sometimes the rush of the salmon has burned a forgetful finger half to the bone.

The striking of a salmon is entirely a different matter from that of hooking a trout. For a trout you cannot strike too fast, but for a salmon you can hardly strike too slow. He seems to want to eat that fly or pass it out through his gills, and will close his jaws down on it and move off; very often, and indeed usually, hooking himself. When the weight and movement of the fish are fairly felt it is better to strike, not with a jerk, but with a long, steady, upward surge of the rod, to be sure that the hook is set firm. After that things happen at once, immediately and very much sooner. The first rushes and leaps of a salmon are apt to be his most dangerous ones. The main thing is not to strike too quick or to be excited when you see the big wake making for your fly. Wait till you see and feel the fish. There is plenty of time. Some say that a good trout fisherman is handicapped a hundred per cent when it comes to salmon fishing, the two sports are so utterly unlike.

### A Test of Skill

On a jumping muskallonge it is well to keep the rod well sprung and the tip close to the water, to pull the fish's head flat when he goes up. When a salmon jumps he is much faster than a muskallonge, and much more apt to go out on a tight line. You should push your hands and all the rod forward to him when you see him jump, to give him slack. If you do this, or drop the tip a little, he may not tear loose. When he is down again, of course, you tighten and keep the line taut all the time. Keep the tip up. Don't crowd your fish too hard, but keep on reeling whenever you get a chance, and get as close to him as you can. Of course, as soon as your fish is struck your stern canoeman hoists the killock, and both your men steady the boat, ready to follow the fish out of the pool if it insists.

The length of time required to kill a large salmon varies, there being the greatest individuality shown by different fishes. Vice-President Arthur once played a fish all the afternoon, because it would only lie still and sulk. The writer worked for three-quarters of an hour on a thirty-nine-pound fish, which when gaffed was found to have its lower jaw nearly worn through by the leader, which had been wrapped around it. The tail of this fish was split to the bone in three or four places. It had evidently lain low, rubbed against rocks, tried to smash the line with its tail, and in short had done all manner of approved salmon tricks. For a time it looked like an all-day job, as the rod could not get the fish going at all. This fish was finally subdued by giving it a fast ride through some rapids after working the boat below it—a trick the guides have of rattling and wearing out a fish; although sometimes it is the fish itself which starts downstream. The salmon has been known to carry a boat downstream a mile in this way.

When at last you get your fish to the surface and can reel him in close enough to see what he looks like—and most surprisingly large and shiny he is apt to look—you can usually count upon killing him in a minute or so longer. The gaffing is usually done from the boat, but your men will take the boat close to the shore so that he cannot get under the boat and smash things, in case the gaffer misses. Sometimes the rod does best to go ashore, to get further back from the fish while the gaffer is working. The latter takes his first chance and rarely misses. He must be careful not to strike the tense leader and so free the fish. Usually the gaff will pass through the shoulder or the middle of the back. Then there is a great struggle, a heave, a mass of silver in the boat, and a quick quietus with the salmon "priest"—the stout club which the gaffer always has near at hand.

### Advice to Anglers

First, then, get your chance to go salmon fishing. If fortune favors you, and if you are a beginner, take counsel with your guides. Get your guides to fish a while for you and show you how it is done. Keep your wits about you when the salmon rushes at your fly. Don't stop the fly when he starts for it, but keep up the same steady movement a few inches back and forth. Give him time to take the fly in his mouth and start down, and when you feel him strike him. Keep your reel free and make him work for the line he gets. Keep him away from sharp rocks if you think he is going there, and if you can. Don't let him jump on a tight line if you can help it. Don't let him run too far away from you if you can help that. Whenever he slacks up recover line with the reel and see that it is wound on smoothly. Get command over your fish as early as you can, but don't crowd him too hard, for he is very strong and is always apt to smash something, even up to the minute he is gaffed.

You will be expected, of course, to give your men something of a gratuity besides their wages, and they are worth it. If you go as a guest it is better to take your own tackle, the latter selected under the eye of an expert, if possible. No man really likes to lend his pet rod or his pet gun. Your rod will cost you about fifty dollars, your reel fifteen to thirty-five dollars, your line about ten dollars, your flies from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half apiece, perhaps. It is not necessary for a visitor to secure too elaborate an equipment of flies. There is some loss of gear in salmon fishing, and, of course, to part a leader which cost a five-dollar bill, and lose a fly which cost a dollar and a quarter, and a fish for which you wouldn't have taken a thousand dollars, is rather an expensive proposition. But you will not break so many leaders or lose so many flies as in fishing for trout. A proved leader, although it will cost from two dollars and a half to five dollars, may last you two or three years, and if you are careful to dry your flies they may serve you yet longer. Your line should be dried and cared for, and rightly treated is good for some years. Your rod will last you a lifetime, the more especially if you love it, as any angler should his fly rod. When you die leave your outfit to your best friend. He may join you later in a place where the salmon rise every day—the which, according to the creed of all salmon anglers, is the seventh heaven of all possible delights.

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# Capitalizing Brains

## By George Frederic Stratton

AN EMINENT and industrious statistician has recently compiled a table of the cash valuation of wage-earners at various stated periods of their lives. It is based—as is customary with calculations affecting a mechanic's wages—upon averages; and averages are viewed with bitter disfavor by the wage-earner.

"From the first day he's on a payroll down to the day he puts in his last time-card the mechanic's the victim of averages!" exploded a workman of twenty years' experience. "When he's an apprentice he's averaged with Tom, Dick and Harry, getting the same average wage clear through his term, no matter how good or how poor he is. When his time is out and he takes out a union card he's averaged by the union with Joe, Bill and Jack—three dollars a day, no matter whether he's worth five or two. Or, if he's scabbing, the employer averages him with the whole bunch, according to what he can afford, or feels inclined to call the labor cost of the average operation. If they figure on getting anything but average work on such an average outlook they've got another guess coming that'll average ninety-five per cent off the line of their average first guess."

Of course, to men whose lives are confined to exertion for the individual needs of their families, and their own individual hopes and ambitions, the interesting information that a wage-earner who is thirty, forty or fifty years of age is capitalized at so many hundred dollars certainly conveys neither comfort, exultation nor enthusiasm.

The capitalized workman sees nothing for himself in the capitalization; he only feels that he is "averaged" again.

A pattern-maker who reads good magazine literature, and thinks about what he reads, recently said: "Some day—it may be long hence—managers will pay as much attention to the difference in workmen as they now pay to the difference in machines or material. And when they do they'll get just as different results as they do now by the use of good equipment instead of poor, although they pay more for it. They can't run a hundred-horse-power engine with the same average amount of coal as a sixty-horse, and they know it; but they are doing that very thing with men, and of course they get only average work. I've never seen a list of brain values like this list of muscle values. Of course it couldn't be compiled, anyway; they haven't got the averages."

### A Marshall Field Aphorism

This pattern-maker was not quite correct in his closing remark. Averages of the remunerative returns of brainwork are, to a large extent, as available as are those of handwork. Salaries, and the men who earn them, could be as easily tabulated as wages and wage-earners, but the result would be only an average, and valueless—except as a statistical curiosity. Whether a man is a great industrial manager, a gang foreman or a yard lumper, his best exertions have never been made and never will be made except under the conviction that, on some one point, he is above the average and is gaining a little on the other fellows. It may be some very trifling point, but to the small man it is a great incentive; and if it meets with encouragement, from either himself or others, it grows, finally drawing him out of the average.

The only man who can capitalize the brain is the owner of that brain; and it may be possible—it should be quite possible—to arouse in most men a recognition of the easy feasibility of increasing that capitalization, whatever it may be. And that means increasing the returns. The late Marshall Field once said: "The man who puts ten thousand dollars additional capital into an established business is pretty certain of increased returns; and, in the same way, the man who puts additional capital into his brain—information, well-directed thought and study of possibilities—will, as surely—yes, more surely—get increased returns. There's no capital and no increase of capital safer and surer than that."

Some years ago a man was working in the general freight office of a great Western railroad. For eight years he had used the same desk and tugged away at the same routine work at the same salary—fifty dollars a month—which he received at the end of his first year. He read that remark of Mr. Field's and began to study his own brain capitalization, with the result that he decided the capital was not well invested; that what he knew could be worked to bigger advantage elsewhere than in the railroad office. He was thoroughly posted on the details and inside peculiarities of freight rates and classifications, and the divisions of percentage with other roads, but all that meant no particular chance of promotion to him because there were half a hundred men in the office to whom such knowledge was common brain routine. Smith—I am not at liberty to give his true name—went to the manager of a great manufacturing corporation, stated his case frankly, and gave a fair outline of his knowledge on rates, routes and classifications—a knowledge that was so welcome that he secured work in the shipping department at one hundred dollars a month.

### What an Average Man Accomplishes

His work proved very satisfactory, and he lost no opportunity of increasing his brain capitalization. The company had plants in five cities, and the insurance of all was handled at the central office. Smith's duties being fairly light he was sometimes requested to help out on inventories and stock schedules when fires occurred. Within three years he had studied the conditions so carefully and obeyed instructions so well that he was regularly sent to any plant where a fire occurred to meet the adjusters; and his salary was one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

At the close of one of these adjusting séances which had occupied three days the agent, when shaking hands, said: "Smith, if ever you're looking for a job, come to us. We want just such a man as you. You're a good fighter." A supper followed and more conversation. Ten days later an offer came from the adjusting association proposing two hundred and fifty dollars a month, which Smith accepted.

In the new position there were often legal points that required reference to legal brains, and with his brain capitalization still in mind he studied law in his spare moments, reading while on the many journeys he was continually taking. In two years he passed the law examinations and, although his salary was then three thousand dollars annually, accepted an offer of partnership with a lawyer of large practice.

That is brain capitalization. In six years he had increased its dividends from fifty dollars per month to over six thousand dollars per year.

A yard laborer worked in a Pennsylvania iron plant, loading and unloading cable cars that carried coal from the company's wharf to its foundry. One day he suggested to the gang foreman a change, or improvement, in the method of coupling to the cable. "G'wan wid yez!" was the instant retort. "They's ingineers lookin' after th' machinery: men who've got idication an' brains, an' c'n figger th' diff'rence in th' length of a tinpinny nail whin th' sun's shinin' on it an' whin it's cowld. Phat d'yez know about mechanics? Yer only number-r-r—phwat th' divil's yer number, onyhow?"

That night the lumper heard the clock strike two before he could sleep, although he had been shoveling coal for ten hours. His thoughts had zigzagged irresistibly from his coupling suggestion to the foreman's castigatory reception of it. During the following week he thought bitterly of the difference between himself, "only number ——," and the chief engineer. There was but little difference in their ages, and the lumper laboriously argued to himself that, when they were young boys, one knew as much as the other. Now, one was a man of "education" and brain, with a large salary; the other, "only number ——," at twenty cents an hour.

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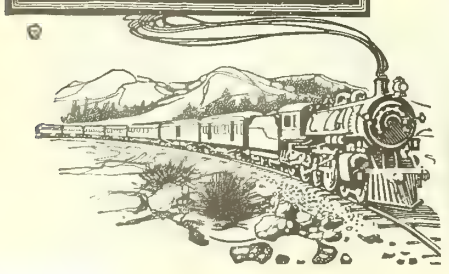


and ambition, he had an interview with a teacher in the public night school, who advised him to take a mechanical engineering course with some correspondence school. The advice was followed, and, although some years have passed, I fancied the lip of the old-time lumper quivered as he told me of the first few months of grinding, unfamiliar study in the dingy boarding-house bedroom, after ten or twelve hours of coal-shoveling.

Two years later he secured a patent on his coupling device, scientifically improved, and sold it for two thousand dollars. Then he left his job, determined to put that capital entirely into his brain. He varied hard study with visits to mechanical and engineering outfits, both in construction and operation. Also, at this period, he married a young woman of more education than himself, who supplemented her advantages with readings of technical and scientific magazines so as to be able understandingly to talk with him upon the matters that so deeply interested him. In a splendid tribute to the help of his wife at this period he says:

"Not until we were breaking into the last hundred of that two thousand dollars did she agree to my looking for a job. A large proportion of my brain capital was put in by her; and I'd be a poor sort of man if I didn't see that she got her dividends all right!"

Business associations, invention and company organization followed. Today the former lumper is the heaviest stockholder, president and managing engineer of a corporation employing over thirty-five hundred men. I must quote him once more:

"I have read many articles," he says, "on character building; but, for intensity, effectiveness and comprehensiveness, not one has hung to me like the good-humored jeer of my old Irish foreman—'G'wan wid yez! They's men who've got idication an' brains. Yer only number ——!'"

Mr. James J. Hill has frequently quoted the road-worn, tire-punctured old saying, "No man knows what he can do till he tries," with the Hill addition—"and very few men try it out."

### Forming a Valuable Habit

A young fellow engaged in a wholesale grocery found that any question regarding any detail of the business not in direct connection with his own routine was looked upon as impertinent. He was practically told to mind his own affairs. His curiosity at what appeared to him as unnecessary secrecy was aroused and he made it his business to study into the matter. That awakened his interest, and from that moment he commenced to capitalize his brain. He formed the habit of analyzing every order given him—trying to understand why it was given and deciding how he would have given it. Later this habit developed into a study of all the details of the business and of the firm's general policy. For three years he was kept on the same routine details as before; then the department chief was killed in a railroad accident and the young man was told to look after things as well as he could until a new man could be put in charge. During the succeeding two weeks he was in personal contact with the head of the firm, who was astounded, as he afterward stated, at the deep insight into all the business details which the young man displayed He was placed permanently in charge and was a success, both for the firm and for himself. Some time afterward he laughingly said that the man who could look after the distribution of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods could, as well, look after a million if he'd work the same "old brain" on regular hours. Today he is the general manager of a mail-order house with an annual output of forty millions.

This gentleman once remarked: "There are lots of men who have good brains and know it; but they kick because the employers do not immediately recognize the quality, and they waste long periods, sometimes long lives, in so kicking, instead of grasping the idea, and acting upon it, that the brains are theirs as much as any money they may possess. It is up to them, and nobody else, to put the brain at work and make it earn its value. Instead, they'll give just so much of it as will earn the salary they receive, and devote the rest of its power, its energy, and perhaps even its genius, to some fad or some special amusement."


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# THE LONDON SEASON

*(Concluded from Page 15)*

for the newcomer if the King decreed that every participant in the function should wear a number like that of an automobile. A social catalogue should be obtainable at the door. Then the inquirer would not be tempted to follow the example of Douglas Jerrold—or was it Theodore Hook?—who stopped a pompous individual in the Strand and said: "I beg your pardon, but are you anybody in particular?"

Mysterious and unrecognized, there wanders through the throng a person who will strike terror into the hearts of the painters. He is taking notes of the wonderful display of dress afforded by the Private View. A day or two before he had been criticising the costumes in the pictures. He is the editor of that excellent trade journal devoted to the interests of tailors, and the forthcoming issue of his periodical will contain items like these:

"Why does so observant an artist as Mr. Sargent place on the back of Lord Dishwater a coat that has not been worn by any nobleman in England since the year 1905?"

"Will the Honorable John Collier never learn how to paint a pair of trousers? He dresses the Duke of Dimpleton as if the occupation of His Grace were pushing a coster's barrow."

The editor of the tailors' trade journal strikes more terror to the souls of artists than could the substance of ten thousand critics. He is

*The Arbitrator in the World of Clothes,*
*Who treads each devious Path where Fashion goes.*
*He estimates the Cloth, the Style, the Cut:*
*He knows about it all—He knows!—He knows!*

To use a Western simile, if the Private View is the great "round-up" of the London season it is, nevertheless, the court that does the "branding." Courts are held at Buckingham Palace, and begin at ten P. M. They are presided over by the King and Queen, who remain seated together during the presentations. Ladies attending Their Majesties' court must appear in full dress, with trains and plumes. White feathers must be worn so that they can plainly be seen during the approach to the King and Queen. White gloves only are worn, though in the case of both gloves and feathers black is permissible if the person presented is in mourning.

The privilege of presentation at court is won through many restrictions, and application should be made to the proper authorities as soon as possible after New Year's Day.

### The Levees at St. James

The charming girl who, I understand, is Queen of the May in American society must abdicate her position when she enters that of the English court. The married woman rules in Great Britain. No single lady, however eminent, can present any friend to the King and Queen. Thus it comes about that April is the great marriage month of the year, while May is almost bereft of high-class weddings. The April bride returns from her honeymoon to take a much more elevated position in society than has hitherto been accorded her. Even the presentation which may have taken place after her coming-out now counts for nothing, and she must be represented to Their Majesties, and here the young husband is taught his proper place in the scheme of things. She may take him with her to the court, but must leave him outside as she does her wraps. She alone makes the two deep curtsies to the King and Queen. The new husband must not pass before them.

The levees are held at St. James Palace and begin at twelve, noon. Here the King is alone and only men are presented to him. The men must appear in full court dress—knee-breeches, silk stockings, and a little toy sword at the side.

This year the political dinners were held before the London season began, when the new Parliament assembled. Most notable of these are the Speaker's two entertainments—one given on March 11 to members of the Government, the second a week later to members of the Opposition. At these entertainments there are no speeches and politics are barred, for the Speaker of the House of Commons differs from Mr. Cannon by being unpartisan. There is a dinner by the Prime Minister to his followers, and a dinner by the leader of the Opposition to the chief Conservative members of Parliament. Somehow every ceremonial in England attaches itself to good eating, with the best of wine.

Private entertainments of all sorts are held throughout the season, much too numerous even to refer to. It is amazing that a mere human being who does his full social duty can survive the ordeal, but the women appear to like it. The heroine of E. F. Benson's novel, The Climber, who is taking the air on horseback in Hyde Park, thus sums up the life very accurately:

"I like to ride like this, then to rush home and have no time for breakfast because I am going to see the Exhibition at ten. Three-quarters of an hour there, then a dressmaker; then lunch with Lady Heron; then a concert; then I must be at home for an hour, because I have told fifty people I shall be in; then I shall read till dinner; dine, dance, and get to bed about this time tomorrow."

A man, supposed to possess superior vigor, sometimes takes a different view. Mr. Pendennis observes:

"Take a woman of the world; follow her course through the season; one silently asks how she can survive it."

Thackeray himself wrote to a friend:

"Three weeks of the London season are more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and of pleasure."

### Great Events of the Season

Here is a list of public features that year by year occur during the London season, most of these being attended by royalty.

The Hurlingham polo contests and the Military Tournament at Olympia constitute the chief entertainments for May. June begins with the Epsom Races, which include the Derby. Then there is the International Horse Show, a comparatively recent exhibition, largely attended by Americans. Ascot Races consume four days, and Ascot Sunday, which follows, shows a display on the Thames River dazzling in its gayety and summer dressing.

On the King's official birthday, June 25, there is the Trooping of the Colors, one of the most brilliant ceremonies of the festive three months. This ceremony dates back to the time of George I. The parade was invented by William, Duke of Cumberland, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. The troops then paraded at the early hour of six in the morning. The royal Duke required that each officer should march slowly and alone in a straight line directly to his post. The officers were quick to perceive the meaning of this maneuver, where the least unsteadiness afforded an indication of the depths of drinking the night before. His Royal Highness, who must have had a sense of humor, dealt a telling blow for temperance.

July begins with two great cricket matches at Lord's—first, Oxford against Cambridge; second, Eton against Harrow; the former consuming three days, beginning with the immortal July 4, and the latter two days. Other attractions in July are Henley Regatta, Holland Park Flower Show, Stafford House Garden Party, the Bisley Meeting, where all the best shots of the empire congregate. There are ballooning, polo, golf and so forth at Ranelagh, a church parade every Sunday in Hyde Park, and opera at Covent Garden.

Considering that all fashionable people must appear at the opera on several occasions if they wish to be considered members of society, it is odd that Covent Garden Opera House is so democratic as to be thrown wide open to the public, rendering impossible any attempt at exclusiveness. Whoever possesses the money can purchase a place, which costs from thirty-five dollars a box for a single performance down to the cheapest reserved seats at a dollar and a quarter.

The Goodwood Races are the closing event of the London season. After Goodwood, society people are free to do what they choose. In August grouse-shooting begins in Scotland, and many hurry northward. Others take their yachts and participate in the festivities of Cowes Week, which begins on August 1.

Many make for the Continental spas, there to amend, if possible, the overeating and the fatigue of the London season.


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As a matter of fact, even though his direct primary bill was defeated, Governor Hughes has triumphed over the Albany Gang and delivered a crushing blow to what was left of the once powerful Platt Machine.

Burton J. Hendricks tells how in an article entitled "The Albany Gang," in the September McClure's.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

August 27, 1910

# or Expensive Beefsteaks Which is it?

New light on the "cost of living" discussion has been thrown by Dr. Henry Smith Williams in the September McClure's. He points out that it is not that necessities and labor cost more, but that the gold dollar with which we buy them is worth less. The remedy for this condition is as interesting as the facts that lead up to it.

This number also contains the first of Goldwin Smith's Reminiscences; likewise an interview with Edmond Rostand, creator of "Chantecler"; likewise a George Patullo story; likewise the first of twelve short stories by Perceval Gibbon concerning the entertaining adventures of Lady Gregory.

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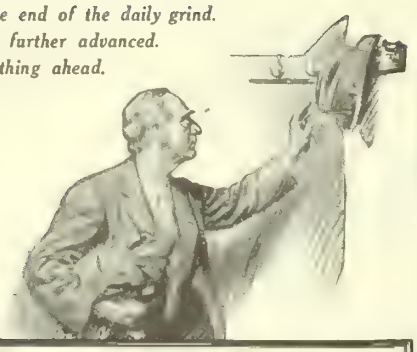

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# Your Savings

## Saving for a Home

NO KIND of saving is quite so important as that which provides a home, for the reason that the home is the basis of all uplift and the bulwark of society. Many people never own a home simply because they believe that it requires a considerable sum of money in a lump. They wait for the time when they'll have this lump, and they often wait in vain all their lives. For the same mistaken reason they never have any kind of investment. As a matter of fact, both in home-building and in investment, it is not absolutely necessary to have a large amount of cash at the start. Just as you can buy a thousand-dollar bond on the installment plan so can you purchase or build a home on easy terms by joining a building and loan association.

The machinery of this great movement was explained in detail in this department three years ago, but like other large forces for thrift it cannot be emphasized too often. In addition, a step in the regulation and safeguarding of the associations has recently been taken by the State of New York under the watchful eye of Governor Hughes—a step that not only has interest and value for every one of the two million shareholders scattered over the United States, but conveys a lesson for all men and women who save or who expect to save. Summed up, this step, which is in the shape of a new law, protects the investor and helps more than ever before to make the associations real saving institutions, either for home-making or for the accumulation of a competency.

Before going into this law and its lesson let us first see briefly just what building and loan associations are and what they do. They grew out of the necessity for some plan by which the average man who worked for a wage and had no banking influence could borrow money for a home on terms suitable to his means, and enjoy the home while he was paying for it. The associations started as neighborhood societies and thus the social flavor was injected into them at the beginning. The capital is obtained by a pooling of savings. Hence there is set up a savings bank for the people, owned, controlled and operated by the people. It fits ideally into the scheme of a democracy. It has a larger human interest than a savings bank because the members work together, meet often, and a comradeship of thrift and common constructive endeavor is established. The whole object of the associations is best summed up, perhaps, in the New York banking law authorizing their existence as follows: "To encourage industry, frugality, home-building and saving among the members."

### How to Make a Loan

Fifteen or more persons residing in the same community can form an association. Usually a small initiation fee is charged. Membership is expressed in shares which may have a par value ranging from $50 to $250. This par value is technically known as the "maturing value," which means that the shares are bought on the installment plan, the member agreeing to pay a certain definite amount on them weekly or monthly. This amount may be as low as twenty-five cents. In order to stimulate saving, fines are often imposed for non-payment of "dues," as the installments are known. The shares participate in the earnings, which consist of income from investments, usually first mortgages on homes of members, fines and rebates on shares that are withdrawn. When the amount of money paid in on the shares, plus the shares' portion of earnings, equals the par value the shares mature, and the owner may get his money back. Shares are usually issued in series—that is, a given number at a given time, but in some associations they may be issued any time. A man may have one share or five or as many as he thinks he can pay for. Nine-tenths of the shares now outstanding are of this installment kind. The dividend paid on these shares averages five per cent.

Assuming that a man owns a lot and is a member of a building and loan association how is he to get a loan? The old way, and the way that is followed in many sections, is to auction off the money available to the member who bids the highest interest. He has first chance at it. This is done in open meeting. There is usually a fixed minimum rate. In Massachusetts, for

# The Problem of Time

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end. While we can calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. ¶ The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time. We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable. You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he doesn't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from? Time produced it. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives. ¶ When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for you? You do not know, and this very uncertainty should make you prize time and work while it is called the day. To limit the shock of your passing, and to ease your affairs over the shallows when your hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life Insurance comes in. Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone. ¶ Life Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege. Life Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days. Life Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide through the Equitable Life against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

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example, it is five per cent. The difference between this minimum or legal rate and the amount bid by the shareholder is called the premium. The borrower may pay seven or eight per cent, which is more than the rate charged in the regular channels of banking, but then, on the other hand, his shares are participating all the time in the earnings of the association which in the end makes the net cost of the money less than a bank's price. Besides, the small borrower has few sources from which he can borrow. When he does obtain money from a bank or an individual he has to pay an almost usurious rate for it. By being a member of a building and loan association he can easily get the loan, pay for it in installments, and he can give his shares as security.

A helpful feature of one kind of coöperative borrowing is the constantly diminishing interest. A concrete example, furnished from the tables of a New York association, will illustrate. The amount borrowed is $1000. This is wiped out in eleven years and seven months by the payment of ten dollars a month for 138 months and $7.79 for the one hundred and thirty-ninth month. The total amount of interest paid is $387.79, the rate being six per cent. The original installment paid on this loan was $10—that is, $5 for interest and $5 for principal. With each succeeding month the interest decreased and the principal increased. The "amount due" was, of course, a constantly dwindling quantity. Interest was paid only on the amount remaining due on the first day of each month. In short, it was an amortized loan, which is the fairest kind of loan to the borrower.

Now compare this loan with a loan made from a savings bank or any other kind of bank. If the thousand dollars had been borrowed at four per cent—which would be very cheap—the borrower would have paid in interest $463 which, with the principal of $1000, would make a total of $1463. This is $75.21 more than the building and loan association cost. At three and a half per cent the loan would cost $1405 and a fraction. Not only is the association plan of lending cheaper but it is on terms to suit the smallest borrower.

Important as is the building and loan work there is another phase of the movement, now on the verge of big development, which has the widest value. It may be called the straight saving feature, is now legally authorized in New York, and makes the associations strong competitors of the savings banks. They can pay five per cent while the banks pay four per cent or less. They are able to do this because their cost of operation is so much less than a bank. They have no massive marble buildings, for one thing. In states like New York, where there is rigid supervision of the associations, their expenses cannot exceed 2½ per cent of their indebtedness. If the association owes $1,000,000 it cannot spend more than $25,000 a year. As a rule the expenses seldom exceed one per cent of the debt. Thus waste and extravagance among officers, which have wrecked so many financial institutions, are prevented.

### When You Need a Home

Ohio really took the lead in making a savings share possible, but it remained for New York to pass the first law authorizing them. It is part of the new association legislation. Under it any association may issue what is technically called a savings share. It may be paid for in installments, but unlike the old installment share there is no set payment. The man or woman buying it may pay any amount that is convenient at any time agreeable. It may be ten cents a week or a dollar a month and they can skip as many months as they choose. It is exactly like depositing money in a savings bank. The dividend on these savings shares cannot be less than sixty per cent or more than ninety per cent of the dividend paid on the regular installment shares. This share will meet the requirements of the wage-earner who has not hitherto been a shareholder on the ground that he could not go into the movement because he might not be able to pay his dues regularly.

The value of the savings share is twofold. It is a new form of saving and it is a step toward having a home. You can buy some of these shares with no idea of wanting a home, but get them for the savings feature, for they will pay more than the savings bank. Later, when you do want a home, they will not only be a cash asset but can form part of the security for the house.

In addition to this new savings share the New York law provides officially for three other kinds of shares. One is the installment share, which has been in vogue a long time and has already been described. The second is what will be known as the income share. This is a share which may be bought outright, just as you buy from your broker a share of stock in a railroad or in a corporation. The par value will be $100. The rate of dividend will be the same as on the installment shares. This is the straight investment feature of the movement. These shares must be held for ten years.

The other share under the new law is the juvenile savings share, which may be issued in the name of a minor and held in his or her name for "right and benefit." No fines or losses are chargeable against it, but it will participate fully in the earnings of the association. A father can buy some of these shares at the birth of a child, pay for them during the growing up of the youth, and then hand them to him at his majority, or earlier, as a nest-egg.

New York's regulation of building and loan associations may well be followed by other states. They are all under the supervision of the State Banking Department and subject to unexpected examination. Their investments, like those of the savings banks there, are restricted by law and are confined practically to first mortgages on improved real estate. No loan can be made on property located more than fifty miles from the office of the association.

### Saving on the Agents

The largest society in New York City lends only on property twenty miles from its office. The associations are also required to set aside a reserve fund of five per cent of their net earnings. An example of how little this antidote against loss and depreciation is needed is afforded by one organization. Since 1905 it has lost exactly $200 on loans. During that time it has made 440 mortgage investments aggregating $1,434,624. No shareholder can borrow more than the total par value of his shares.

One striking and characteristic feature of the New York associations, as well as of those in states that have proper laws, is that they have no agents. In this respect they are like the banks that sell savings-bank insurance in Massachusetts. This means the prevention of what would be a heavy expense. This precaution grew out of an abuse of the building and loan idea by the so-called "national" associations, which had branches in various states, paid excessive commissions to agents to get business, and made reckless loans on second mortgages. Many of them collapsed, not only causing great loss to the shareholders but bringing much discredit on what was really a helpful movement. Under strict regulation these associations have fast disappeared.

It follows that the prudent and safe association is one that does its business "at home." Thus it is a "home" institution in two senses. Beware always of the associations that spread out over wide territory.

The new law in New York was designed primarily to accomplish uniformity of method and operation and to give the associations general stability and character. Among other things, all new associations must henceforth have the words "Saving and Loan Association" in their name. This is a step toward making them real savings institutions. Though premiums are permitted, efforts are being made to eliminate them. The shares are tax-exempt, which is a feature to be considered in any investment. In Iowa, for instance, they are taxed, which, of course, cuts down the return. By the introduction of this new law the operation and method of the associations will be so uniform that when a man is asked to put his money in a building and loan association it will not be necessary for him to ask, "Which one?" for, as is the case with legally safeguarded savings banks, the reply can be, "Any one."

New York is not the only state with model laws governing these associations. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts and others are almost equally stringent. But what is the man to do who lives in a state that has no such safeguards? Let him wait until his state enacts laws or keep his money out of associations that are not restricted and supervised, and often masquerade under various building and loan and coöperative titles.


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# McAnenny's Triple Play

## By Arthur E. McFarlane

THE ball-playin' cop!' Well"—and the Chief patted his desk benignantly—"it's nice to get the force into the papers when we can. It does us good. As the little boy said, it pays t' advertise."

Again the offender swallowed, and gazed at that Trial Court, and wiped the sweat away.

He was a first-year patrolman, John McAnenny, No. 0019, attached to the Three Hundred and Seventh. He was wide of ear, short of tooth and flat of face; and, though colored at present like a seed-catalogue tomato, his homeliness was the sort that is somehow attractive. But it was his figure you noticed first. Though neither under weight nor under height, it possessed that froglike squatness which has become type and composite of the man behind the bat. And it was from behind the bat that he had come. The urgency of a brother and a brother-in-law, who preferred him to hold a position of regular salary, had induced him to join the force. For years before he had been the star man of the Junior League Broncos, and having been attached to the Three Hundred and Seventh, a suburban precinct where there is a diamond wherever the signboards have left room for one, his troubles had begun.

Within a week he had been fined his first two days' pay "for tossin' in the ball, it might be once or twice," otherwise playing left field for more than half an hour with the Young Dukes.

By the end of the fortnight the fine had been repeated, this time for umpiring in an emergency for a high-school game.

Two weeks later it was five days more for umpiring. The week after that—— "Jinks, too," he had told himself, with repetition; "I think I'd be able to keep away from it all right if it wasn't for the kids all knowin' me."

But there is no use recounting it all. Enough that this time his case had received facetious notice in three big evening newspapers, and today he had come before the Chief.

"'The ball-playin' cop!' In fact, you been doin' us too much honor, too much honor." Throughout the trial the Old Man had been as suave as cream. His sarcasm had seemed merely an excess of politeness. In his inquiries there had been a solicitude almost paternal. Yet no headquarters man was for a moment deceived thereby. Now that the trial was over, it was "waitin' for" young McAnenny "of the mitts."

At this point, in what may have been an attempt at speech, McAnenny lifted those two huge red "mitts" to the rail.

"An' a very fine display they are." His judge gave them his attention at once. "As capable a pair of flatted hams as ever I've seen."

With a grin of misery the victim got them down again. "Gosh!" he breathed. His temples fairly dripped.

"I can well believe the repitation you made with the Young Broncos wasn't undeserved. Catchin', I believe it was?"

Then, turning his fat neck to the recording docket, the Old Man proceeded to make those few happy remarks which always indicated the approach of sentence.

"Well, McAnenny, it's been a great pleasure to renew acquaintance. It's a pleasure, too, to know that you're a young man of fixed habits. An' it's a wonderful game, a wonderful game. In fact, your captain, here, has been tellin' us that maybe it ain't physically possible for you to get it out of your system." Again McAnenny started to lift his "mitts," saw the Chief's eyes seize upon them and got them down again. "But you never can tell. You never can tell. An', as a doctor in these things, we feel we ought to make one more shift at doin' somethin' for you. Maybe, too hopeless as it looks—we can. In the first place we'll just fine you another ten days' pay. That's always good as a beginnin'. Besides which we'll try transferrin' you to a precinct. The new Fifteenth 'll be about right, where the streets are so full of ball players—Calabrians, Sicilians, an' so forth—that they can't welt the spheroid except between the hours of midnight an' five A. M. Two or three years o' that"—he beamed upon him as if he were awarding him three months' pay with leave of absence—"Two or three years o' that an' you may be feelin' quite different. You may be a changed man."

And Patrolman McAnenny, late of the Three Hundred and Seventh, could back himself up and out. He was not by nature a talkative young man. He belonged to the vast army of the inarticulate. And it was only inwardly that he spoke now. "Jinks! Jinks! But, anyways, I'm livin'!"

. . . . . .

Young McAnenny had yet fully to realize what manner of precinct the new Fifteenth was. His beat was contained in a single forty-foot street—four blocks up and four blocks down on the other side. Every block housed a population of between three and four thousand, but there was probably not a man or boy who owned a score-card among them all. When, that first afternoon, he drew near the likeliest and inquired, as one normal person of another, "Well, friend, how's she goin'?" the "friend" got away quickly, staring suspicions. On the news-stands, instead of red-typed baseball extras, there was a choice of Il Progresso, Il Bolletino della Sera, La Cronaca Illustrata, and an unlimited number of Italian dreambooks. As for the "house," it had had particulars from the Trial Court. And the humorists of the squad waited and marked him for their own.

McAnenny entered the back room for his first reserve duty at two A. M.

"Gad!" said Macurda, "he's the only catcher I know that's lucky enough to have them perm'nently attached."

"I hear," said Patrolman Michael Byrnes, "that the Chief was goin' to take his finger-prints, only he seen there wouldn't be room for them on the plate."

And Lieutenant Croly was so near forgetting discipline as to show signs of entering into the joking when he stopped suddenly and lifted his chin. Even where the population runs three thousand to the block, it is quiet at two in the morning. From what might have been any distance whatever there came a thin, high wailing; then, clear as the bones in a minstrel show, the volleying clatter of a night stick beaten on the pavement. And at the same moment the hook-and-ladder company across the street began to get the big gong.

In these things, where the fire and the precinct police station are both in the same block, there is no reason why the police should not be at a neighborhood fire first.

"Get to it, now, boys, get to it!" said Croly, and he pushed McAnenny out ahead.

For guidance he had only to go to that wailing, every moment rising higher in the moon-clear night. It came from many voices, and it had in it something of the unearthliness of the siren of the five-ton truck already under way in the awakened street behind him. He arrived at the burning building in time to see the officer who had turned in the alarm, one George O'Grady, break open the door. It was a tenement of the old regulation "railroad" type. The door, if heavy, was punk-rotten around the lock. It gave at the second shoulder-drive, but the exploding burst of gas and flame almost threw it back again. A two-gallon coal-oil can rolled flaring across the hall.

"Sure," said O'Grady, "it's another Black Hand! Oh, you can't get up through that," and he ran down the steps. "Come on around behind. There's more escapes there, an' a shed anunder them. I been here before."

With the lieutenant and two more patrolmen now following O'Grady led the way through a narrow, murk-black passageway two doors down. Fifty feet of that took them into the front court of a line of rear tenements and, of course, the rear outlook of those upon the street.

Again they had only to go to that bedlam of shrieking wails. By now, too, every back window was open and the escapes were jammed. The shed O'Grady had spoken of was a sort of half-story "garage" for an ice-cream push-cart industry. In a moment they were on the roof. And then they started to do what must first be done.

With an average of seventeen people to every four-room flat, with four flats to a floor, and every fire escape in service as an outside cupboard and storage bin, it would be easy for a jam to take place were there nothing else to help. What makes it entirely easy is the impulse which leads every unattached male Sicilian or Calabrian boarder to rush, upon the first cry of "*l'incendio!*" to clutch and save his tin-and-canvas trunk-valise. Only a few of these are enough to clog a stairway, and when half a hundred chivalrous young gentlemen from the districts of Lecce and Catanzaro are beating back the women and children and the fathers of families and one another, to get those hand trunks down through the two-foot openings of a fire escape, a situation develops from which almost anything may result.

With the matter-of-fact coolness of ambulance surgeons forced to operate in transit, the lieutenant and O'Grady lifted themselves to the first and second floor escapes, began to use their night sticks upon the gentlemen with the trunks—knocking two out completely with the deadly side swipe when they drew their knives—heaved the trunks overboard, dropped their possessors after them, and, with McAnenny helping from below, started to pass down the children.

Meanwhile the other two patrolmen, getting up to those first and second floor kitchen windows any way they could, had fought their way in and begun to "go through." It was for them to close every door on the stairs and landings. By this time they could hear the water coming up, but the streams seemed only to drive the fire ahead of them. Stooping low to keep under the worst of the smoke, they began their search for the bedridden. And this—which is the thing to remember—again doubled the pressure on the escapes.

So far not a soul had been able to move from the third and fourth floors. Every moment the smoke came out thicker and hotter upon them. They could hear the fire in the rooms behind. The half-dressed mob, now pouring itself into the court from the rear tenements, shrieked and intoned a kind of frenzied *miscrere*. On the first and second floors the police were barring their way with their clubs! And what little hope of rescue they had in the beginning they gave up utterly.

McAnenny, at the foot of the escape, was still worriedly taking children. "Jinks!" he was telling himself; "this is fierce playin', fierce!"—when from the third-floor escape a big yellow carryall came over. He saw it, by acquired instinct, "through the top of his head," and saved himself and the youngster between his knees by making it a catch. Crushed against the end of that third-floor escape was a peasant woman from Bagnara. She, too, had her instinct. She saw McAnenny catch that valise, and with a cry that was partly to Saint Anthony, but mostly to Patrolman 0019, she threw her baby.

"For the love o' Mike!" said Croly; "I was only waitin' for that!"

And then he saw that McAnenny, backstepping with a face of much anxiety, had braced himself and caught the baby too.

There was one yell from fire escapes and court together. And, out of former and tragic fire experiences in Little Italy, the lieutenant knew what was coming now. "Get us a net there!" he shouted to any pipe or ladder men that might be below. "An' get it quick!" Then he ran back to McAnenny to try to help. Launched with that maternal cry of desperation, another *bambino* was already on its way.

McAnenny knocked off his "buttercake" cap as a catcher jounces off his mask to get a hard one. His uplifted left hand said, "It's all right, bo; I'm under." And he was. "Cripes!"—he gasped a little—"I've sure hit my job again here all right!" And he set the second baby beside the first.

Again, amid the din of engines and orders court and fire escape answered each other in a screech that was half delirium, half a panic of ecstasy. Upon the head of McAnenny, from two Calabrian mothers, there rained convulsive, weeping benedictions. They seemed to help him too. He felt, bashfully, that he could catch their whole cageful if necessary.

"Stop it, will you!" yelled Croly. "Stop it till we get a net! An', damn it! the

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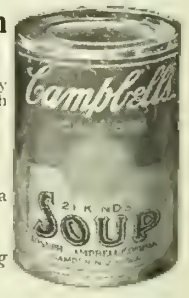


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"Naughty Dolly,—won't obey. I'll take your *Campbell's Soup* away!"

ladders'll be 'round in a minute too. My God! trust a Guinny, man or woman, to gamble it!" Then, to O'Grady and Macurda: "Get up to them someway! Use your sticks again! He can't keep that stunt up!"

But, even while he was saying it, McAnenny had caught his third. It was a heavy one, though. It left him feeling as if he had been shoulder-jerked. And one thumb was out. He began to "chew gum."

The rest of it all took place in less than a minute. O'Grady, battling his way and climbing like a heavy-footed monkey, had reached the outside of the third. Yet his stick could only cover a yard or two of a railing that extended for twelve feet.

Three or four more patrolmen got to that shed roof. With one chin-jerk Croly pointed them at the crowd from the first and second now at the bottom of the escape. "Get them off the diamond, anyway!" The men, some of them still trying to get their trunks, he shoved over the edge in clumps. "Back to the bleachers for yours! Get to blazes out o' this! Sure! Sure! Come back an' mob the umpire!"

The first ladders were now bursting a passage through the court, but as they came, in a kitchen on the third floor an explosion took place, and then a whole series of little explosions. After that the *bambini* came as fast as they could be thrown. The fourth went wild. It was a very little one—probably only a few weeks old—and the half-crazed strength that sent it put it far over the roof's edge. McAnenny only got its cometing little long clothes by jumping.

And another was coming.

He stumbled over a mattress in his getback from it, and had to take the next on one knee. He was chewing steadily now. He kept his eyes up all the time, and he wore the expression that means "won in the ninth." The last followed so fast that it was not humanly possible to make a clean catch. Half the impact of that fat little Calabrian skull came upon his face. But the ball was his.

It was as well, however, that now the ladders and nets together saved him the necessity of going any further with it. The seven, all roaring like true sons of Troy, they stacked up around the lieutenant, because he was a bachelor and they drove him crazy. "For God's sake," he said, "get down their mothers or I quit the job."

Macurda, O'Grady and the rest yielded place to the brigade, and at the other end of the roof McAnenny had let himself down upon a broken box. His chest was rising and falling like that of a left-fielder who has just run forty yards for a long fly. He had two fingers out now as well as his thumb, and, as a matter of fact, his nose was broken. But these were minor details. He was hardly aware of them. Covering his whole broad countenance—at least, all of it that could be seen—was the smile of him who had this time put the joke on the other fellow!

. . . . . .

About eleven next day the Chief was sitting in his office before a desk still bespread with those afternoon and evening editions which come out at eight A. M. The story, too, had been handled with much spirit and vivacity: "Catches a hot liner in Giuseppe Domenico, Jr." . . . "Almost muffs on Ignazio Giglio." . . . "But, in a grand, concluding triple play, sends Calabrian Giants to the benches." . . . "Ball-playing Cop in greatest game to date." . . . "Chief will recommend him for pennant—or maybe just a medal."

He was still reading when, by general order, there entered McAnenny himself. His nose was covered by a huge star bandage. But the Old Man took no note of it. Once more he shut his eyes and shook his head as a man might who, for the third time, has been given a bad cigar, but resigns himself in the instincts of friendship and humanity to smoke it.

"Nothin' to it, McAnenny," he said weakly. "Nothin' to it. You got us beat. But we ain't recommendin' you for no medal. Nor we ain't sendin' you back to the Three Hundred and Seventh. We're attachin' you to the new National grounds. They're playin' double-headers now. An' maybe that'll hold you for a while. But"—and he pawed out a hand and shoved McAnenny to the door—"the Lord help you if you try to get into the game up there!"

. . . . . .

A second interview took place some five days later. Nor was it so much an interview as the reception of a deputation.

The affair took place at the house of McAnenny's brother-in-law, and the deputation consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Callisto Callicchio Vasi; their two-year-old offspring, Ferruccio Callicchio Vasi, who had broken McAnenny's nose; as many godfathers and godmothers as go even with Italian families of the country districts; and for *cicerone* and interpreter Father Tieren, who spoke Calabrian Italian almost as well as he spoke Irish American. The Vasis had brought with them a box of imported macaroons; three gourd-shaped goat's-milk cheeses, with cords to hang them up by, and two big flasks of native wine—not the gilt-sealed, beribboned and straw-basketed Chianti that is put up for export, but the real thing, with olive oil for a stopper and a little wad of hemp to soak it out with.

Yet during the first half hour McAnenny kept himself as far away as might be, in international civility, from one of them. It was only after they had eaten that Ferruccio's mother got her boy under his eyes.

And then, when he was virtually compelled to make a study of that Calabrian two-year-old, the expression of the late star man of the Junior League Broncos began to change. Ferruccio, though set solidly upon his pins, was yet of an almost incredible activity. When his crooning *madre* set him down again he resumed a stealthy, rubberlike sliding movement from chair to chair which, if it was not base-stealing, was nothing at all. And then he got his eyes on one of McAnenny's old masks. You would have said it was the one thing he had been looking for all his life! McAnenny gathered him in, and with anxiety examined his hands. They were broad and stubby, "and all his fingers were there."

A faithful reading of this story will convince any one that McAnenny was no wild talker. He belonged, as we have said, to the vast yet not entirely unloved army of the inarticulate. But the time had come for him to speak now.

"Jinks! ma'am," he said, as one who only hesitated to arouse hopes so high that by mere probability they may prove to be unfounded—"Jinks! it looks to me like in that lad you'd got a ball player!"

## The Sensitive Plant

*Lem Hawkins'll tell you th' wheat's takin' root,*
*An' th' weather is fair, but it don't hardly suit;*
*It's a little too warm, an' a few cloudy days*
*Would help out a lot on th' crop he will raise.*
*Lem Hawkins says whcat is th' ticklishest thing*
*An' th' easiest hurt, an' you can't tell in spring*
*Ef it's goin' t' make crop, an' about th' time when*
*You think she's all safe, why, she's ruined again.*

*Lem Hawkins tells me if th' weather'd drop*
*About thirty degrees he might git half a crop.*
*His wheat promised well, but he thinks like as not*
*It'll all shrivel up ef it keeps bein' hot.*
*Th' spring started wet an' she got sech a stand*
*An' stooled out so thick thet he figgered his land*
*Would perduce a big yield, but he thinks he is beat*
*Becuz weather like this is jist killin' his wheat.*

*Lem Hawkins told me 'bout th' first of July*
*Thet he might git some wheat ef it quit bein' dry;*
*He thought thet his prospects was finer 'n silk,*
*But it come dry an' hot with his wheat in th' milk.*
*Lem says ef it rains an' kceps cool he may grow*
*A crop, but his wheat's comin' into th' dough*
*An' th' weather is pleasant—hard weather t' beat—*
*But it ain't jist th' weather that's best fer th' wheat.*

*Lem Hawkins he says ef th' balance o' June*
*Ain't too cool er too hot, ef it don't rain too soon*
*Er hold off too long, ef th' month of July*
*Ain't too hot er too cold er too wet er too dry,*
*Ef th' ain't any rust, ef th' straw ain't too short,*
*Ef th' kernels don't blight an' git filled as they ort,*
*Ef th' ain't airly frost, er too blisterin' heat,*
*Wal, mebbe, perhaps—wal, he might thresh some wheat!*

—*J. W. Foley.*


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# Why the Business Fails

## By FRANK WILBUR MAIN

### An Old Subject From a New Angle

THIRTY-FOUR business enterprises out of every one hundred that fail do so through lack of capital, so the mercantile agencies tell us in their reports of failures for the year 1909; this, according to their statistics, being the most prolific cause of insolvency. By this the compilers do not mean that these failures were caused simply by insufficient capital, or that the businesses should never have been undertaken, but that the enterprises were overextended and the concerns were trying to do a much larger business than their supply of capital would permit. In this light these failures might be better and more easily explained as penalties brought upon themselves by business builders, who through ignorance or willful disregard have violated a law that runs through the business world just as truly as it does through every other branch of building—the direct co-relation between foundation and structure. It is the penalty of trying to erect ten-story structures on one-story foundations rather than because of any primary lack of capital.

No business is doomed because its initial capital is small, nor is its success assured because the capital investment is large. In the light of proportion a small business may be great while a large business may be small.

So long as the integrity of the proportion between the business and its capital is maintained, and so long as certain fundamental laws and principles are observed and followed, a legitimate and even rapid growth may be experienced no matter how small the beginning. And many a business failure ascribed to "lack of capital" would be just as truthfully stated if assigned as a violation of the law regarding the relation of foundation to structure; for it is no more possible to erect an eighty-thousand-dollar business on a twenty-thousand-dollar basis than it is to build an apartment house on a cabin foundation. Neither is it possible to conduct a wholesale business or any other kind of business with any degree of success in a haphazard, careless manner, although we see both being attempted every day; and, as in the case of Ike Bloomfield, ambition often runs riot with common-sense, and lack of business balance or judgment completes the failure.

When first heard of, Ike Bloomfield was a salesman for Samuels & Oakley, better known as the Metropolitan Mercantile Company, wholesale dealers in haberdashery. He was recognized by all to be a remarkably good salesman, but that he was a little lax in credits and prone to overstock an unsuspecting customer with some faddish line to which the customer had taken a fancy, was not so well recognized; in fact, it was only taken cognizance of by the senior partner and credit scrutinizer of the firm—Mr. Abraham Samuels.

#### The Value of a "Good Front"

Soon after Ike had made his first trip and brought in a number of new accounts the firm awoke to the realization that, though their business was materially increased, it had only been at the cost of several large bills that proved uncollectable. From that date Mr. Samuels looked more carefully into all new accounts, and closely held in check their banner salesman; and from time to time, over the salesman's protest, large orders were allowed to remain unfilled. In other instances they were materially scaled down, for the experienced Mr. Samuels recognized that prompt payments by the retailers were dependent on the quick turning over of their stock.

The firm of Samuels & Oakley prospered, and as the business grew and expanded the bank accounts and credit of the partners likewise increased. By many this success was attributed very largely to Ike Bloomfield, the "crack salesman," for, said they, "without sales they cannot sell, and how can they sell without the salesman?"

Although his income had increased as the business grew, Ike had spent all his money to keep up appearances. To him the one essential to success was a fine appearance and a "good front."

Prosperity at last smiled upon Ike. He had married into the family of a well-to-do East Side physician and, together with a son of the doctor, had influenced the latter to intrust to them his savings fund of twenty thousand dollars; for, said they, "Samuels & Oakley had only two thousand dollars to start with, and if we can start in business with twenty thousand dollars we will soon rival the old concern."

The new firm started with a blare of trumpets and its prospects seemed very bright. The store was in a good location. The rent, it was true, was $225 a month; but, said they, "A good stand is everything." Ike was a good salesman, so it was agreed that he should do the buying. The first month's purchases amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars, which they believed could be turned over in from sixty to ninety days. At the end of the first month Ike saw that they did not have just the line he wanted, and so he purchased additional stock costing seventy-five hundred dollars. However, he felt no alarm, as their credit was A Number One.

Time went on and, though the smaller accounts were paid fairly promptly, the larger ones of some "new friends" who had purchased large accounts, as they said, to help them get started, remained unpaid.

#### The Tardy Business Doctor

As to the actual profit or loss made from month to month there was no way to tell, but that a large profit must be accruing they constantly assured the doctor, for Ike only drew thirty dollars more a month than he had made with the old firm, and the son only drew seventy dollars a month.

The accounts and bills payable were, however, becoming troublesome. Loans from friends helped to relieve the pressure for a time, a cut in prices moved some of the stock, and frantic collection efforts helped a little more. But they must carry the right stock, said Ike, which meant new purchases; and they both agreed that the business must be extended, which meant still larger accounts receivable.

In a year and a half creditors closed the store; the merchandise was inventoried at thirty-five thousand dollars, the accounts receivable totaled forty-five thousand dollars and the fixtures thirty-five hundred dollars. In the conversion into cash of each of these items a large loss occurred.

"Lack of capital" was the obituary. And yet, was it lack of capital?

Though the early capital of the old firm had been but two thousand dollars, Ike forgot that their rent for the first year had only been twenty dollars a month and that their business had been very small. Not lack of capital, but lack of business experience and overextension were the chief causes of failure.

Some years ago, several of the younger officials of one of a large city's leading manufacturing plants organized a one-hundred-thousand-dollar corporation to place on the market a certain household necessity.

Several somewhat similar preparations were already on sale, but none had the merit or usefulness that theirs had, and the subscribers were confident of great success; for there was concrete evidence of the possibilities of this article in the fact that but a short time before two former superintendents, starting out with very limited capital, had quickly established a good local trade from this same formula.

The stock of the new company, outside of fifty thousand dollars which had been issued as payment for the formula and good-will of the ex-superintendents' business, was quickly sold for cash. The secretary to the president was elected president of the new company, and the advertising manager was placed in charge of the advertising and sales departments. In view of the fact that the success of the manufacturing plant had been largely due to a very wise and progressive advertising policy, the advertising manager was believed to be just the man to be placed in charge of the new company's management.

What wasn't known, however, by the new board, nor realized by the advertising


Paint this fall!

Many house owners put off badly-needed painting last spring because of the rainy weather in April and May. If you have done so, paint this fall. It was wise not to paint in the wet weather, but don't put it off longer.

Fall is an excellent painting season.

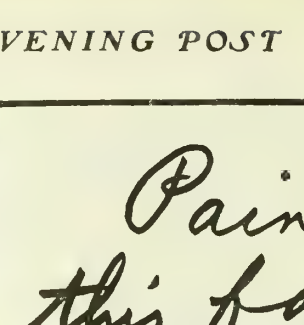
The atmosphere is clear and bright and free from moisture. Insects are not prevalent. Surfaces are dry—in short, every condition favorable to good painting is found in the fall.

When you paint, specify

"Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead

and have the painter mix it fresh with pure linseed oil at the time of painting. Then the *right* paint is assured—paint which penetrates the surface and dries with a tough, elastic, durable film.

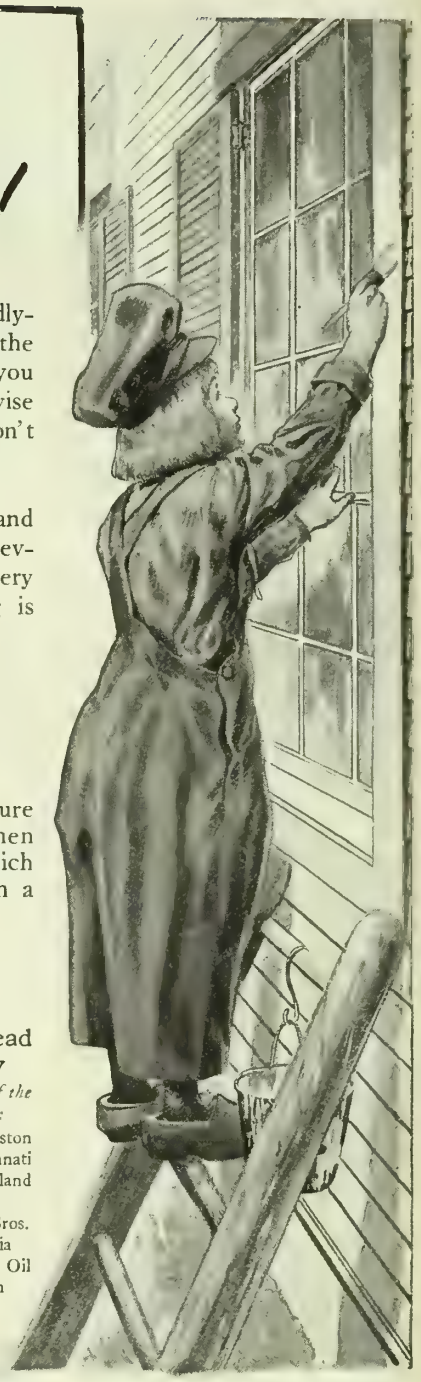
*We have prepared our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. P" for property owners who want help on painting—Free.*




National Lead Company

*An office in each of the following cities:*

New York Boston
Buffalo Cincinnati
Chicago Cleveland
St. Louis
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia
National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh



You would like them in Your Home

Period Styles in Macey SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

Designed and made by The Macey Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

O.H.L. WERNICKE PRES.
FATHER OF SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

SOLD BY MERCHANTS
64 PAGE STYLE BOOK FREE

Sterling Tires are biggest for their rated size. Put them on

the scales with any other and you'll see one reason why they wear best. Sterling Blue Tubes are higher in price, but have no competition in quality. Method of making is patented—no other can ever be as good. Dealers everywhere. Booklet. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*

manager himself, was that each year, before the advertising appropriations of the old concern were made, the business that could be done on the capital invested was conservatively estimated, together with the volume of business that might reasonably be expected from a stipulated amount of advertising.

For his services in the advertising and sales departments the manager was voted a five-per-cent commission on all sales, and for certain advertising, which the old concern agreed to do for the new company, an arrangement was made by which the former company was to receive ten per cent of the sales in full payment thereof.

Agencies were established and an advertising campaign started. In the street cars and on the billboards of twelve of the larger cities the merits of the new preparation were heralded broadcast. The sales responded, but it was soon seen that the advertising required more capital, and in July of the same year the capital was increased to two hundred thousand dollars, the increase being quickly taken up.

The advertising was increased, additional branch agencies established and a second preparation put on the market. From month to month an increase in the sales was reported to the board of directors, and upon each increase the management was complimented.

At the organization of the company the auditor of the manufacturing plant had been asked to put in a system, and not unnaturally he gave them the one in use by the old company. Unfortunately it did not fit the new business, and the results were far from satisfactory. One of the members of the board suggested that an expert be called in to change the system, so that the cost of manufacturing might be ascertained. "Tut, tut!" said the others; "what we want is sales; the cost will take care of itself. We know there is a big profit on our goods—there is no need of paying a high-priced accountant and a large office force to keep up the accounting system."

During the summer of the next year, the company being heavily in debt and the raising of much further additional capital having become necessary, a reorganization was decided upon, and a new corporation was formed with two million dollars capital, one-half of which was preferred and one-half common stock. The old stockholders received in exchange for their stock an equal amount of preferred and two shares of common for each share of the old stock. Two hundred thousand dollars of preferred stock was also allotted for sale with one share of common as a bonus for each two shares of preferred sold.

The investing public, however, failed to buy, and the old stockholders, with few exceptions, likewise declined to come forward, with the result that only thirteen thousand five hundred dollars of the new preferred stock was sold.

The liabilities constantly increased, and finally a receiver was appointed in charge, and on the insistence of creditors business physicians were called in to go over the accounts and to ascertain the reason of failure.

### What the Receiver Received

The assets were found to amount to seventy thousand dollars, exclusive of good-will and formulas, and the liabilities to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Not only had the fifty thousand dollars paid in in cash on the original capital and the increase of one hundred thousand dollars been exhausted, but a loss of an additional ninety thousand dollars had been incurred, to say nothing of the premium on the stock sold above par and the small amount of new stock sold.

It was found on examination that the total sales had amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars and that the cost of manufacturing was one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, leaving a gross profit of sixty thousand dollars.

The salesmen's commissions averaged fifteen per cent, and this with the manager's commission of five per cent and the parent company's ten per cent amounted to a total of thirty per cent, viz, fifty-seven thousand dollars, or within three thousand dollars of the total gross profit, all of which was a surprising revelation to the board of directors, who had been so confident of their profits.

The general and selling expenses (exclusive of commissions), the losses, and so forth, amounted to ninety-eight thousand dollars, leaving a net loss on selling of ninety-five thousand dollars. The cost of the advertising was found to total one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and accounted for the additional loss.

Upon taking charge the receiver was permitted to continue the business, and at the instance of the business doctors the contracts with the manager and the parent manufacturing plant were canceled, several of the agencies closed, economies introduced in the manufacturing of the product, and the billboard and street-car advertising was limited to a fixed percentage based on the business. The attention of the public was also sought through more general mediums, and a cost system was installed in all the departments. The first month under the new régime a loss still occurred, and a raise in prices to the trade was put into effect. As a result the sales fell off slightly, but during the succeeding month a small profit was shown.

Slowly, and very slowly it seemed to the receiver, the profits from month to month increased, and at the end of eighteen months of very hard work the creditors agreed to a reorganization of the company on a basis satisfactory to all concerned, but only on condition that the receiver remain as general manager of the reorganized company.

No business concern will think of erecting a building of any size without first engaging an architect to lay the plans and oversee the construction, and no firm of manufacturers would think of building a new plant without first going over their plans with their engineers; and yet many of these same concerns will repeatedly attempt to erect business structures of great magnitude without first counting the cost, without first laying plans to ascertain the actual results of operation, and without taking into consideration the limit of the strain to which their capital may reasonably be subjected.

### Why Small Concerns Fail

Though failures constantly occur among the larger manufacturing plants and wholesale houses, the majority of failures are in the ranks of the small retail stores—the corner-store grocer, the butcher, and the small merchants furnishing the rank and file of the bankruptcy lists.

Overestimating earning capacity is one of the greatest and most usual causes of failure among the small retailers. If each merchant could be induced to pay himself a stipulated salary, and were willing to live within this income, many a mercantile shipwreck might be averted. When a merchant conducts his own personal affairs on a business basis it is safe to assume that the business itself will be conducted in the same careful manner.

Another frequent cause of failure with the retailer is in the matter of buying, and for these failures the wholesalers are too often responsible, the retailer being advised not on how small a stock he can conduct his business but on how large a one.

John Randolf is an industrious worker. He has opened a small store; his capital is very limited, but his credit is sufficiently good to obtain what stock he desires, and his shelves are soon filled to overflowing. The goods, upon the advice of several friendly salesmen anxious for a large volume of sales, are purchased at ninety days, and John has no doubt of turning them over in that time. The goods, however, do not sell as expected, the months roll around, the receipts are used for current expenses, wages, and so forth, and Randolf finds himself with the bills all due and nothing wherewith to pay them. Perhaps he struggles along, perhaps not; but, unless the buying is radically improved, he is doomed.

Of far more importance than low purchase prices is the ability to buy discriminatingly and in limited quantities. Fresh goods frequently bought, even at slightly advanced prices, are always economy of the dollar-saving variety to every small retailer.

And along the same line, failure to know his own stock and improper accounting methods in the handling of his stock, his accounts and his business, retard and hold back many a merchant, and in other cases furnish the last straw to weigh down and send over the brink the struggling merchant.

In building a tower a man sits down and figures the cost, and no wise business man can do less if success and not failure is to be the reward of his venture.


That Must Be a

BARCALO BED

—It Certainly Is

BRASS AND IRON BEDS so well constructed that you can test the corners with a heavy hammer bear the Barcalo trade mark. The next time you look at beds see that the salesman subjects them to this "hammer test."

Then you will know before you buy how well the bed wears.

When you buy the Barcalo Brand you will know that you have bought a bed so good that its makers can afford to guarantee it to you for 35 years.

And the Barcalo Line of Brass and Iron Beds is so extensive that you will be suited in style, size and price.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish on our brass styles insures a permanently handsome bed. Look for the seal on the cross-bar at head of bed. Write for Barcalo Style Book and pick your design.

BARCALO GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK MALLEABLE CORNERS

NOTE—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are new. Your dealer may have Barcalos without these. Look for the trade mark—Barcalo-Buffalo—at foot. This and 35-year guarantee protect you sufficiently.

Barcalo Mfg. Co.

Dept. H 4

Buffalo, N. Y.

Barcalo Buffalo

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 22

*A Good Rule to Follow.*

A good rule always works both ways.

The Kellogg "square deal" is this kind of a rule.

It works to the dealer's advantage because he can buy profitably in quantities to suit his needs.

It works to the consumer's advantage because he is always sure of getting fresh goods.

It's a good rule to follow.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn

Yours Truly
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

# $3,000.00 More For This

On the opposite page is a picture of the can—that's how it looks. It's harder to picture how it tastes.

A Richness—an Appetizing Savor—A Delicious Flavor and Healthful Nutriment never before attained, make Yours truly The Flavory Savory Soup.

Yours truly Soups are the creation of chefs—experts who have studied the task of the housewife for years.

To tell you this—to make you acquainted with the new soups we are spending $6,000.00 for these two pages.

Yours truly

FROM NOW ON ASK YOUR GROCER Yours truly —HE HAS TWELVE VARIETIES

## EVERYWHERE—10 CENTS

# The White Gasoline Limousine Is Exactly the Right Size and Weight—and Exclusive in Style

In every outline and detail it is beautiful, dignified and what it should be. Its equipment and specifications secure the most exclusive effects without sacrificing comfort and have that air of "class" that in itself spells the highest type of refinement.

The extremely stylish body is roomy and will hold five passengers comfortably, without counting two on the driver's seat, yet by clever designing the car appears much smaller than it really is. Its weight is much less than other cars of this type.

The body is of a quality of aluminum easily repaired in case of pole dents, or the ordinary city accidents. You never feel it is too large, even when alone, yet it is not crowded when every seat is occupied.

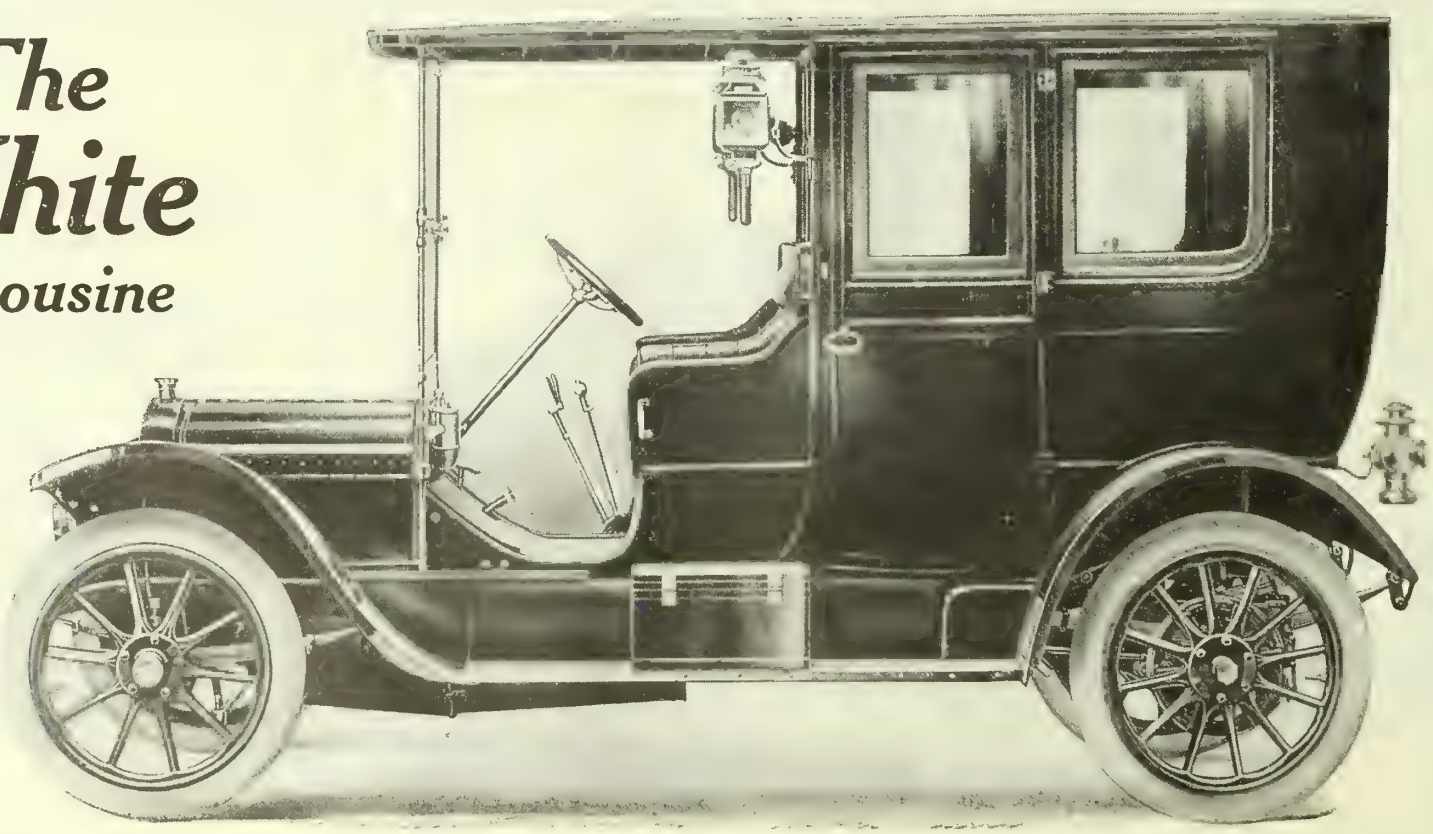
The furnishings, from the inside dome electric lights to the toilet articles of exquisite daintiness, and silk curtains that shade the French plate windows, are of the finest quality, and like the car itself, exactly what they should be.

Broadcloth, whipcord or leather, whichever is selected for upholstering, comes in any shade desired and all from the White factory, bearing the White guarantee. The window spaces are the right size and carefully planned to give the most comfort and elegance to the occupants. The window sashes are of polished rosewood, brass beveled, and the doors extremely wide and low—a feature greatly appreciated by women when elaborate toilets are worn.

The chauffeur's seat is protected with side curtains and a folding glass shield. In fact, no possible necessity—or even luxury of equipment—has been overlooked.

The White Company, 889 East 79th St., Cleveland, Ohio

## The White Limousine



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# PLAYING POLITICS

## The Progress of the Great Game

UNCLE JOE CANNON is a grand old warrior, but he lacks perspective. He has come to think himself an institution. The insurgents generally refer to him as arrogant. He isn't that. The trouble with Uncle Joe is that he is spoiled. He has been petted and paraded and pampered so long that he has got the idea he is one of the correlated branches of the Government.

He was a useful wheel-horse of the Republican party before they made him Speaker and chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and he was strictly for economy when none of the boys was affected. He would and did fight a plan to beautify Washington, the Capital of the nation, but he never stood out against pork for friends who had close districts and needed Federal salve in the way of creek-dredging or courthouses or post-offices, so that they might stand on the stump and tell the wondering folks back home: "See what I did for you." He would and did lambaste an Appalachian forest reserve, but when the member from Squeedunk wanted a few dollars for a project in his district, for deepening some stream where the only moisture was the dew, Uncle Joe was for the plan, provided the member from Squeedunk was right and regular and had the organization hallmark on him.

He had been in Congress for more than twenty years when he landed in the Speaker's chair, and had had some local celebrity as a homespun citizen who was fine company in the poker games or at dinner and who could tell stories and slap backs with the best of them. Then came his election, and immediately the country was plastered from one end to the other with stories of this sterling citizen, this rough-and-ready patriot who reminded one of Lincoln by his homely country ways, who put on no frills and legislated from the horse-sense viewpoint.

I did as much of it as anybody. Among other pieces, just before the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, when it was certain Cannon would be the Speaker of the Fifty-eighth, I wrote a page in a New York newspaper about him and started it with this sentence, which Cannon dictated to me: "Joseph G. Cannon was born of God-fearing, man-loving parents, made himself and did a durned poor job of it." That went all over the country, as the wise old fox knew it would, and helped establish him in his homespun capacity. We had had the scholarly Crisp as Speaker, the brilliant and sarcastic Reed and the song-singing, war-scarred, loud-voiced Henderson. Here was a novelty—Uncle Joe, the plain man of the plain people, common, unaffected, of sterling worth notwithstanding his habit of leaving his waistcoat unbuttoned and his general disregard of the conventions, with the shaven upper lip and the whiskers that go with men of his stamp. A rough diamond. Hurrah!

### His Sprung-From-the-Peopleness

So everybody hurrahed for pages and pages in the newspapers and magazines, and it wasn't long before the Great Cannon Myth was firmly established in the minds of the people. The applause was continuous. The Republicans remained in control of the House of Representatives and the old Hog Combine rallied to Uncle Joe, as was natural, for he had been a member of it when he was serving on the floor. It wasn't long before Uncle Joe was surrounded by a group of time-servers, mostly members, who flattered and cheered and jollied him and, presently, took legislative matters into their own hands. The rest of the Republican members spoke of him as "Good old Uncle Joe," and all was harmonious and happy.

Meantime Uncle Joe realized the value of all this advertising he had had, and he played to the gallery every day of his life. Having been constituted as a sterling old gentleman, homespun and all that, he was sterling and homespun every time he showed in public. The mannerisms that had never been commented on when he was just a member were exaggerated and practiced assiduously. He never made a speech without opening up his vest. He could put a tremolo on "Forty years ago" that would make you think he was a prodigious and venerable seer handing out precept and prophecy with the assurance that comes with that experienced view of life and times. He studied phrases of the homespun kind, and never received a delegation without doing some little thing that reminded them of his plainness, his sprung-from-the-peopleness, and his reverence for the deeds of the fathers. He cussed when cussing seemed to be the thing to do. He prated continually of the right of the majority to rule, though he himself, from the moment he became Speaker, headed a minority of a majority that ruled arbitrarily.

Everything was congenial and happy during his first term as Speaker and during most of his second. The kind applause continued. The time-servers crowded around each day, putting through their little schemes and helping others in their combinations put through theirs. There was more flattery. There was no end of cheers. Uncle Joe came to believe it all. He was the Grand Old Man. Everybody said so, and it must be so.

There was some protest during his third term as Speaker, but nothing that amounted to anything. Indeed it was so easy to quell what little insurgency there was that Uncle Joe fancied himself invincible. He spread out. Scarcely a night passed when Congress was in session that he did not make a speech. Some nights he made two or three. He had a few of the faithful at his big house on Vermont Avenue in the morning and laid out plans for the day's work. The same old gang of time-servers hung around him in his office. Practically the same people yelled for him when he spouted at night. Uncle Joe swelled up like a balloon. He was Great! There was no doubt of that. And he knew it. There was no doubt of that either.

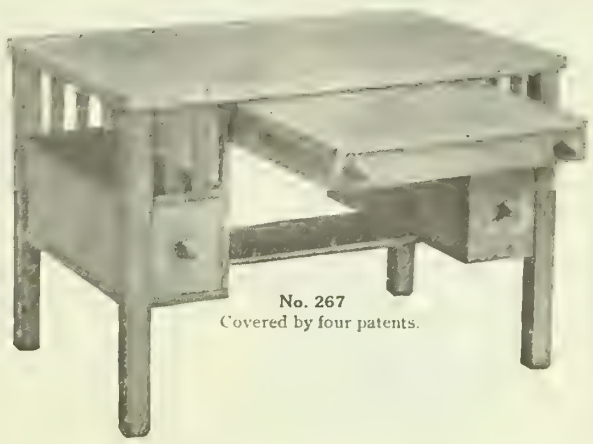
### The Servant in the House

Ten years ago he had another view of things. He was down in the ranks then, fighting with the other privates. His long service had made him a valuable member, and he took his first election to the Speakership as a sort of reward for constant and faithful work. He was fond of saying he was the servant of the House of Representatives. That was rhetorical and always put over with due consideration of the quaver in the voice and the sawing of the air with the arm and clenched fist. He probably meant it at the start, but not for long. Presently he was forced to think himself the master of the House, for the time-servers all told him he was, and right there he started in on the career that ended in his being thrown off the Committee on Rules, in the curtailing of a good deal of his power, and in the making of an issue on which the Democrats are likely to win the next House. There was no cry of Cannonism for the first four years of his Speakership, not much for the next two, and there has been nothing else since he was elected Speaker of the Sixty-first, or present, Congress.

When a man, no matter who, begins to think he is a national institution instead of a national incident he is eventually coming to a cropper, and so are those who persuade him in his belief. But there is no chance of making the man think there will be disaster, especially when the sycophants are as assiduous as are those who surround Cannon. Uncle Joe doesn't understand yet what the revolt in the country is about. He thinks it has been fomented by a lot of "bolters" and "soreheads." It would take much patient explanation to show to Uncle Joe that the revolt is against the system which he personifies and supports, and thus against him personally. I doubt if it could be explained to him. He wouldn't believe it. The time-servers have been giving him the you-are-the-grand-old-man sweets too long.

Hence, when this session of Congress adjourned and Uncle Joe announced that he intended to stump the country there was no stopping him. Perhaps no attempt was made to stop him. I do not know. At any rate he went out, starting in Kansas, and talked, not like a party orator with the good of his party at heart, but as a personal


**A Handsome Table—A Substantial Desk Combined**



No. 267
Covered by four patents.

SIMPLY pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink well and pen groove. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed. Underneath the desk lid is a large, roomy drawer for stationery and correspondence.

The Cadillac Desk-Table is in use in modern **homes**, up-to-date hotels and Y. M. C. A.'s universally. It is an ideal piece of home furniture.

***The Mechanism***—The mechanism is simplicity itself. Easy sliding nickel-plated steel slides prevent the drawer from sticking. It is counterbalanced to prevent danger of tipping. All Cadillac features are thoroughly covered by four patents.

***Seventy-five Artistic Designs***—Seventy-five artistic designs in every staple wood and popular finish gives you a wide selection. They are designed by an expert who has studied furniture here and abroad for many years. Our styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture," Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and modern designs. Only the most skilled craftsmen are employed and the finest materials obtainable used.

**Cadillac "Desk-Table"**

***The Brand***—Look for this design on the under side of the desk lid. It protects you from inferior imitations.

Cadillac Desk-Tables are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell it, we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet "P," showing our complete line of halftone pictures, will be mailed upon request.

***Wolverine Manufacturing Company, Detroit, Mich.***

*The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than* ***a table a minute.***



**Remington Repeating Guns**

**SPORTSMEN!**

**Write to-day for the 1910 Game Laws.**

A booklet of invaluable information to every sportsman. Complete Game Laws revised July 1st, 1910, of every State in the Union and Canada. Also, list of guides who know every haunt of birds, game and fish in New York and Maine hunting regions.

There is a Remington Idea gun made—*solid steel breech, hammerless*—for your particular requirements. Remington guns have proven the best in the test, having won 7 out of the last 13 Interstate Handicaps, over 50% of the winnings—conclusively demonstrating Remington Idea Merit.

UMC Steel Lined Shells the undisputed champions. UMC Steel Lined Shells have won each and everyone of the last 9 Interstate Handicaps—they are the favorite ammunition of the best shooters.

*Sold by all first class dealers. Do not accept a substitute. Communicate with us if your dealer does not carry UMC or Remington.*

**UMC and Remington—the perfect shooting combination.**

| SAME OWNERSHIP | SAME STANDARD OF QUALITY | SAME MANAGEMENT |
|---|---|---|
| The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Dept. 8 G, Bridgeport, Conn. | | The Remington Arms Co., Dept. 8 G, Ilion, N Y Agency, 299 Broadway, Dept. 8 G, New York City |

UMC

Metallic Cartridges and Steel Lined Shot Shells

# CARBORUNDUM SHARPENING STONES

Here is a Razor Hone that you can get results from.

Doesn't take an expert to use it—Puts a keen, lasting edge on a razor that makes shaving a delight.

No. 103-A, 4 x 2 inches, in neat box, $1.00. If you use a safety razor, the safety blade holder costs 50 cents extra.

*Carborundum Sharpening Stones of all kinds are sold by hardware dealers. Insist on having them.*

If your dealer does not have them, send direct.

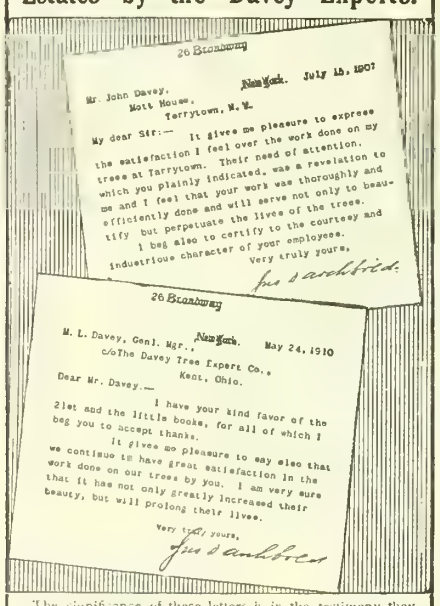
The Carborundum *Pocket Stone* ought to be in every man's possession. No. 149-A, in neat case, 15 cents.

HARDEST AND SHARPEST TRADE MARK

**THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY**
**Niagara Falls, N. Y.**



## 1907-1910—Two Letters From John D. Archbold Regarding Tree Surgery as Practiced on His Estates by the Davey Experts.



26 Broadway, New York. July 15, 1907

Mr. John Davey,
Mott House,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

My dear Sir:— It gives me pleasure to express the satisfaction I feel over the work done on my trees at Tarrytown. Their need of attention, which you plainly indicated, was a revelation to me and I feel that your work was thoroughly and efficiently done and will serve not only to beautify but perpetuate the lives of the trees.

I beg also to certify to the courtesy and industrious character of your employees.

Very truly yours,
Jno D Archbold.

26 Broadway, New York. May 24, 1910

M. L. Davey, Genl. Mgr.,
c/o The Davey Tree Expert Co.,
Kent, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Davey.—

I have your kind favor of the 21st and the little books, for all of which I beg you to accept thanks.

It gives me pleasure to say also that we continue to have great satisfaction in the work done on our trees by you. I am very sure that it has not only greatly increased their beauty, but will prolong their lives.

Very truly yours,
Jno D Archbold

The significance of these letters is in the testimony they give to the permanent efficiency of the methods of tree surgery, originated by John Davey, the father of the profession, and practiced exclusively by the Davey Experts.

The first work done by the Davey men on Mr. Archbold's trees was in the early spring of 1907. Three years later Mr. Archbold writes to say that he continues to have great satisfaction in the work done. If it had been lacking in any respect, a man of Mr. Archbold's keen intelligence would long ago have detected it.

**The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., 349 Tulip St., Kent, Ohio**
*(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)*

**The literature of tree surgery is of absorbing interest. Write us how many trees you have and we will send you one or more of our books, free.**

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**1257 F Street, Washington, D. C.**


orator advocating a personal cause. Until two years or so ago Uncle Joe was never on the defensive in a campaign—that is, on broad party issues. Now that he is an issue himself he does not realize he is on the defensive, but talks and acts as if those who are opposed to him have committed some sort of sacrilege or lèse-majesty.

Nor have the experiences of the past session of Congress taught him anything. He saved himself by a combination with Tammany Democrats at the beginning of the first session of the Sixty-first Congress, but what was good politics for him became treason when the insurgent Republicans ousted him from the Committee on Rules by the same sort of a combination with the Democrats, more comprehensive, no doubt, but a combination with Democrats just the same.

He may be able to win votes for his people by shouting that the insurgent Republicans in the House and Senate are Democrats or assistant Democrats and should be shot or hanged or boiled in oil, but it isn't apparent to anybody but himself just where he will do it.

Moreover, the men who are directing the Republican Congressional campaign have as perverted a conception of the temper of the people as has Cannon. These political geniuses talk vaingloriously of the Old Guard that dies but never surrenders, and they parade the Speaker about the country to shout defiance and yell "You lie, you villains, you lie!" and think they are campaigning. It is all well enough for Uncle Joe to proclaim he will never surrender. He doesn't have to. That has all been attended to. Still, if there is an ardent desire on the part of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee to win the next House it would be better to have Uncle Joe do his never-surrender act in private. They have commodious offices in Chicago and New York. Why not set apart a room at each place to have him never surrender in, and let it go at that?

### The Spectacle of a Speaker Spoiled

Of course the old man always will draw crowds. He is a picturesque and a popular figure. He talks well. I have heard him speak probably two hundred times, at dinners, at conventions, in Congress, on the stump, at meetings, and I never knew a time when he did not hold his audience to the last word no matter how long he talked, and he is no concise talker either. But crowds mean nothing.

And it is bombast for the Speaker to shout that if he is elected to the Sixty-second Congress, as he probably will be, he will be a candidate for Speaker again. He will never be Speaker again and he knows it. Many of the men who have voted for him and with him in the House, his supporters, are running for reëlection in this campaign on the flat promise that they will not vote again for Uncle Joe, and this includes some of his staunchest friends. And the Speaker for the Sixty-second Congress will not be elected until December, 1911, and by that time, unless things change greatly, the sentiment against Cannonism will have grown so enormously that Uncle Joe will not try to be a candidate.

Now, Joseph Gurney Cannon isn't half so bad as he has been painted by some of those who were loudest in singing his praises a few years ago. He is a kindly, congenial, highly intelligent, clear-sighted old man, who knows the mechanics of the Government perfectly, but who is a politician of the old school. He plays politics now just as he played it forty years ago. He is intensely partisan, intensely narrow in his view of those whose opinions clash with his, and has no patience with any person who will not put the call of party and organization higher than almost any other human obligation.

He has been spoiled. His sense of values is gone. Everybody who does not think as he does is a liar. Everybody who does not write as he thinks is a muckraker. Everybody who is a Republican and does not vote as he does is a villain and a traitor to the State. The organization is sacred. He has been led to think that he is the organization. Hence these screams.

Uncle Joe is virile and vigorous, and everybody hopes he will long continue so. But he should sit down quietly and think it all over. If he wants his party to remain in control of the House of Representatives, as he probably does, the fewer speeches he makes like those he made in Kansas the better the chance will be.


# THE NOSE PORES

## How to reduce them

THE BLOOD SUPPLY OF THE NOSE IS COMPARATIVELY POOR, THEREFORE DOES NOT KEEP THE PORES OPEN AS THEY SHOULD BE.

COMPLEXIONS, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The blood supply in the nose is comparatively poor, therefore does not keep the pores open as they should be. Instead they clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment.

Wring a washcloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your face. Do this several times, then when the heat has expanded the pores of your skin, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cooler water, then dash cold water on the nose for several minutes.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and *acts as a stimulant.* As new skin forms, this treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap gradually reduces the enlarged pores, causes them to contract, making them practically inconspicuous. The skin on the nose becomes as refined in texture as your cheeks.

Commence today to get its benefits.

Use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly, *persistently.* It costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not as expensive as it sounds for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

For four cents in stamps, we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For ten cents we will send you a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

***Woodbury's Facial Soap***
**For sale by dealers everywhere.**

S.E.P.

**The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.**

Gentlemen:
I enclose four cents in stamps for which please send me a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
Or
I enclose ten cents in stamps for which please send me a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

## THE *Marlin* 12 Gauge *Repeating Field Shotgun*

Weighs only about 6½ lbs. and is the lightest and quickest handling 12 gauge repeating shotgun in the world. It is perfectly balanced, built extra light, but extra strong, of extra quality material. It has Circassian walnut stock, highly-polished, smooth-working mechanism and the Special Smokeless Steel barrel for exceptional shooting ability.

In this 12 gauge Field gun and the other 12 and 16 gauge *Marlin* shotguns, the solid top and side ejection protect mechanism from inclement weather, twigs, leaves and dirt. Keep powder from being blown back in your face; allow for six quick repeat shots. They have fewer parts, built simpler and stronger than in other repeaters; the safely locking devices, automatic recoil block, closed-in breechbolt, take-down construction and other up-to-date features make Marlins the best "pump" guns in the world.

**Send today for the free 136 page catalog describing the full *Marlin* line. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.**

***The Marlin Firearms Co.***
**19 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.**



Send for complete price list for printing and developing.

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L. H. BISSELL, Pres.

# YOUR dining-room furniture gets more abuse than any other in your home. If yours is scratched and scarred, try what one housewife did.

"I have delayed writing you in regard to Jap-a-lac, not having been able to use it until recently. I think Jap-a-lac cannot be too highly praised. I used the quart of Dead Black Jap-a-lac on my dining room chairs and table—the chairs were an ugly light yellow oak and after I applied the Jap-a-lac and upholstered the seats in black Pantasote, they looked like expensive ebony chairs.

"I shall be pleased to recommend Jap-a-lac to my friends.

Yours truly, MRS. U. TRACY COX, Rockwood, Ohio."

One-quarter pint will cover an ordinary chair —one-half pint for the average table.

## RENEW WITH JAP-A-LAC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Made in seventeen beautiful colors, and Natural or clear, and can be used on anything of wood or metal, from cellar to garret.

The Jap-a-lac Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of "What shall I do with my old carpeted floor to make it sanitary and refined?" Your painter can do it at little expense, or you can do it yourself. Insist on Jap-a-lac. For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

*"The Jap Chap"*

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Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

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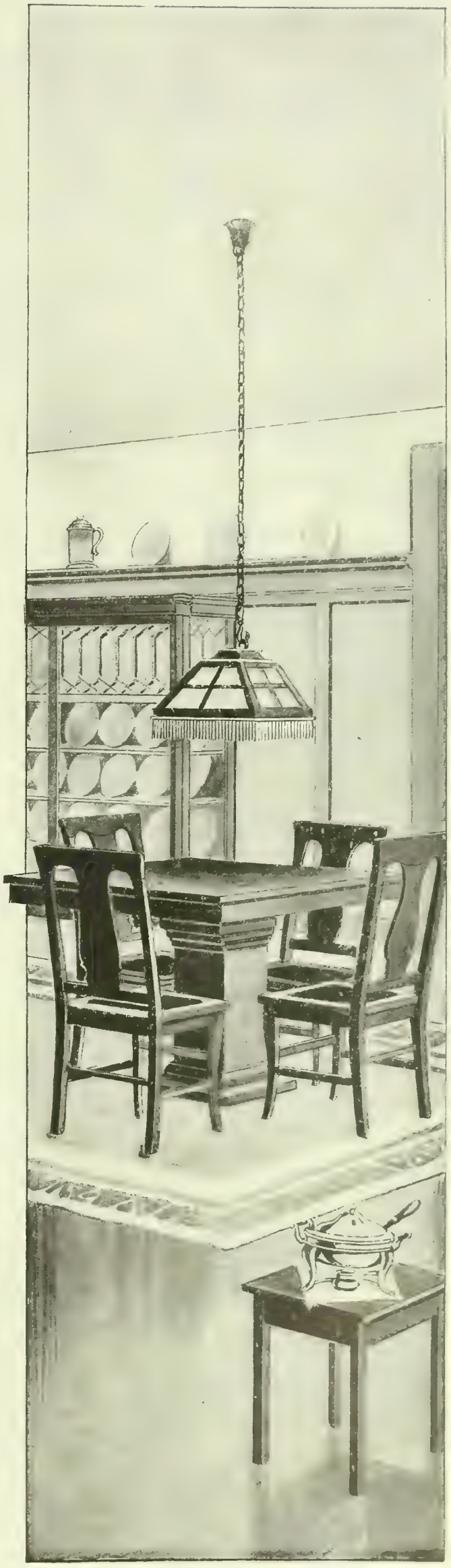
| 1-Gal. can (U. S. Measure) | $2.75 | 1-Gal. can (Imperial Measure) | $3.25 |
| ½-Gal. " | 1.50 | ½-Gal. " | 1.75 |
| Quart " | .80 | Quart " | .95 |
| Pint " | .45 | Pint " | .55 |
| ½-Pint " | .25 | ½-Pint " | .30 |
| ¼-Pint " | .15 | ¼-Pint " | .20 |
| *(These prices apply to sales in United States only)* | | *(These prices apply to sales in the Dominion of Canada only)* | |



## The Glidden Varnish Company

**Makers of Highest Grade Varnishes** **5889 Glidden Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio**

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Look For Name in Strap

You Owe It to yourself to see the Fall styles of The Florsheim Shoe before making your next purchase.

Style—
Quality—
Workmanship—

And, for full measure,
"Natural Shape" lasts

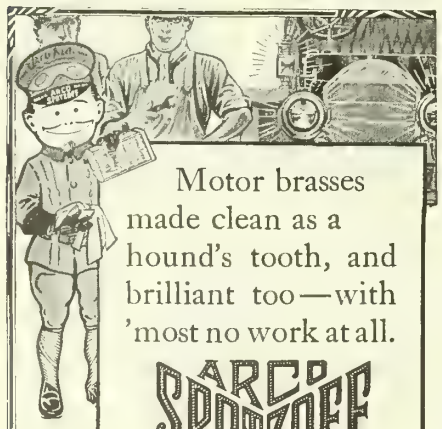
Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will fill your order.

*Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00*

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," shows "A style for any taste"—"A fit for every foot."

The Drexel
*CUSTOM MODEL*
*$6.00*

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.



Motor brasses made clean as a hound's tooth, and brilliant too—with 'most no work at all.

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**Equally good for household use**

Arco Spotzoff is the name of the quickest, cleanest, snappiest metal polish on earth. We like to send samples, especially to motor car owners. Your name on a postcard brings one.

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We are looking for live merchants and garage owners everywhere, and we have an attractive and profitable proposition to offer them. Write today.

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Boiling water on a Steero Bouillon Cube makes rich, appetizing bouillon, ready to serve. Convenient, delicious. Box of 12 sent for 35c, if your dealer won't supply you. For free samples write

Schieffelin & Co., 177 William St., New York
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American Kitchen Products Co., New York

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes
Trade-Mark

# Sense and Nonsense

### A Tragedy of the Links

*Bill Niblick was a Golfer bold,*
*Who loved Miss Daisy Green,*
*And on the lovely Links of Love*
*Their Twosome oft was seen.*

*The Maiden asked him out to Tee—*
*He much preferred a Ball—*
*But it so chanced he Lofter so*
*He answered to her call.*

*"At five, my dear," Bill Niblick said,*
*"The Caddied sweets will pour?"*
*The Maiden shook her pretty head*
*And slyly answered, "Fore."*

*All night, poor Bill, he dreamed of Spoons,*
*For Daisy Green was Fair;*
*Deep in the Bunkers of his soul*
*The Fates had Putter there!*

*He dreamed of Long Drives o'er the Whins,*
*Of Hazards vast of size;*
*He dreamed of Brassy rivals with*
*Their Scores of muddy Lies.*

*He Pulled and Sliced the whole night long,*
*He Foozled and he Pressed,*
*And when the morning came along*
*He found he'd had no rest.*

*And so he slept all through the day,*
*And as the hours flew*
*His weary eyelids were Two Down;*
*His eyes were Dormie too.*

*And, sad to say, when he arrived,*
*Her chaperon so grim,*
*Miss Bogey, sat beside Fair Green,*
*And wholly Stymied him.*

*This way, nor that, there was no Stroke*
*By which he could get o'er,*
*Till in despair he made a dash*
*And Holed Out through the door.*

*He Rimmed the Cup the whole night through,*
*And when the dark had sped,*
*Beside the Eighteenth Hole they found*
*Bill Niblick lying dead!*

*And that is why, O reader dear,*
*Who this love story reads,*
*Where'er you go you'll always find*
*The Fair Green wearing weeds!*

*A. Sufferan Mann.*

### Muncie or the Man

MUNCIE is a sprightly city in Indiana. Various newspapers are owned and published in various cities by Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man. These statements constitute the plot of this two-act tragedy:

ACT I

President Taft, just before his departure for the summer capital at Beverly, is receiving the newspaper corps of Washington at the White House. The correspondents are out in force and the scene is one of life and gayety, for as the line passes the President he has a hearty greeting for each and every one.

ACT II

A young man approaches the President and is presented. The President shakes him warmly by the hand and the following colloquy ensues:

THE PRESIDENT: Glad to meet you, sir. What paper do you represent?

YOUNG MAN: I represent the Munsey papers, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT (genially): Ah, yes; I made a speech there once.

(QUICK CURTAIN)

### Breaking Camp

*Pull up the stakes and drop the pole—*
*It's time for the homeward track;*
*You've lost your pallor and found your soul,*
*And welcomed your gladness back.*

*It's time for the job that is yours to fill*
*And the same hard stunt for me;*
*Back to the rush and flurry, Bill—*
*Back to the human sea.*

*So, scatter the fire while I load the boat.*
*Now, one last look—right here;*
*Then off on the homeward trail we float,*
*But we're coming again next year.*

*—Berton Braley.*

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The New Twice-a-Month Ladies' Home Journal Begins This Month

Two complete, splendid magazines—the first is out August 25th; the next, September 10th—at 10 cents a copy.

Twice the Number of Magazines
At the Same Price
$1.50 a Year for 24 Magazines

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

# The reputation *of* these men make the CHARACTER *of the* Velie 40

You are invited to painstakingly investigate the

Velie Personnel
Velie Factory and its Equipment
Velie Automobile

That you may be convinced that the Velie Motor Vehicle Co. has a permanent and legitimate license to build a superior car at a minimum cost even though no tribute has been extorted for the privilege of its automobile existence.

## Personnel

The men whose names appear below are, by inheritance, tradition, experience and capital, qualified to solve manufacturing problems, however difficult, correctly and accurately, and in a manner which will surely conserve the interests and the pocketbooks of their customers.

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Pres. John Deere Plow Co., Omaha, Neb.
Vice-Pres. Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Velie Carriage Co., Moline, Ill.
Vice-Pres. Moline Wagon Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Velie Engineering Co., Moline, Ill.

*CHAS. D. VELIE*
Vice-Pres. Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Secy. and Treas., Deere & Webber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Director, Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Director, Northwestern Nat'l Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.
Vice-Pres. Velie Carriage Co., Moline, Ill.

*STEPHEN H. VELIE*
Vice-Pres. Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Velie Saddlery Co., Kansas City, Mo.
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Vice-Pres. Marseilles Mfg. Co., Marseilles, Ill.
Director, Southwestern Nat'l Bank, Kansas City, Mo.

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Director, Deere & Mansur Co., Moline, Ill.
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Vice-Pres. Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Vice-Pres. Moline Wagon Co., Moline, Ill.

*MAJOR L. M. FULLER*
Secy. and Mgr., Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Formerly of the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army.
Designer of much of the modern war material in use by our own and foreign governments.

## The Factory

The home of the VELIE is a reinforced concrete building, 420 feet long, five stories high, 95 feet wide on the basement floor and 80 feet wide on the other stories. The whole plant is sprinkled and is filled with most up-to-date labor-saving machinery devised.

### The Velie is Not an Assembled Car

We do not manufacture in our own plant tires, electrical equipment, speedometers, horns, lamps, etc. We do manufacture, however, in our own factory, everything that any one else does, with the exception of transmissions, axles and steering gears. We use the Timken axle, which is the standard for the United States. The Brown Lipe Transmission has no equal. The Gemmer steering gear is probably the best manufactured. Each of these articles is built by specialists. Not one of our competitors in any class can show better material than the three articles above referred to, specially designed and manufactured for our car.

Our new motor plant of reinforced concrete is well along and will give us 200,000 feet more of floor space. These factory buildings have been built at an expense of over half a million dollars and will endure for all time. They are a fair indication of the stability of the Company.

## The Car

### SPECIFICATIONS

*Motor*—Bore 4½ inches; stroke 5¼ inches. 4 Cylinder, 4 cycle, L type, cylinders cast in pairs with integral water jackets, crank shaft offset ⅜ of an inch. Latest improved foreign design of large bearing roller tappets.

*Transmission*—Brown Lipe selective sliding gear, three speeds forward and one reverse, mounted on four sets of Timken short series roller bearings, designed and manufactured especially for us. Gears 3½% nickel steel.

*Differential*—Brown Lipe bevel gear on Timken Roller Bearings. Gear of Chrome Nickel Steel.

*Front Axle*—I beam single piece, heat treated drop forging, of Timken manufacture. Wheels on Timken roller bearings.

*Rear Axle*—Timken full floating type, double rod construction.

*Clutch*—Dry disc—All parts readily accessible, and replacement cost a minimum.

*Ignition*—Splitdorf magneto with non-vibrating coil as the primary and Atwater-Kent for secondary.

*Lubrication*—By gear pump; gear driven. Our patent sight feed is a feature found on no other car. All moving parts and bearings are provided with compression cups or spring oilers.

*Brakes*—Double contracting foot brakes and double expanding hand brakes.

*Springs*—Front, semi-elliptic, 38 inches long, 2 inches wide. Rear, ¾-inch scroll, 46 inches long, 2 inches wide.

*Radiator*—Mercedes type with hard rubber filler cap.

*Wheel Base*—115 inches. Gear ratio 3 to 1; 3½ to 1.

*Wheels*—34-inch Artillery type, of selected second growth Hickory.

*Tires*—Hartford or Firestone, 34 x 4 inches, on Hartford Q. D. rims.

*Steering Gears*—Of Gemmer manufacture.

*Steering Wheel*—Hard rubber, with corrugated finger grips; 17 inches in diameter.

*Cooling*—By gear driven centrifugal pump.

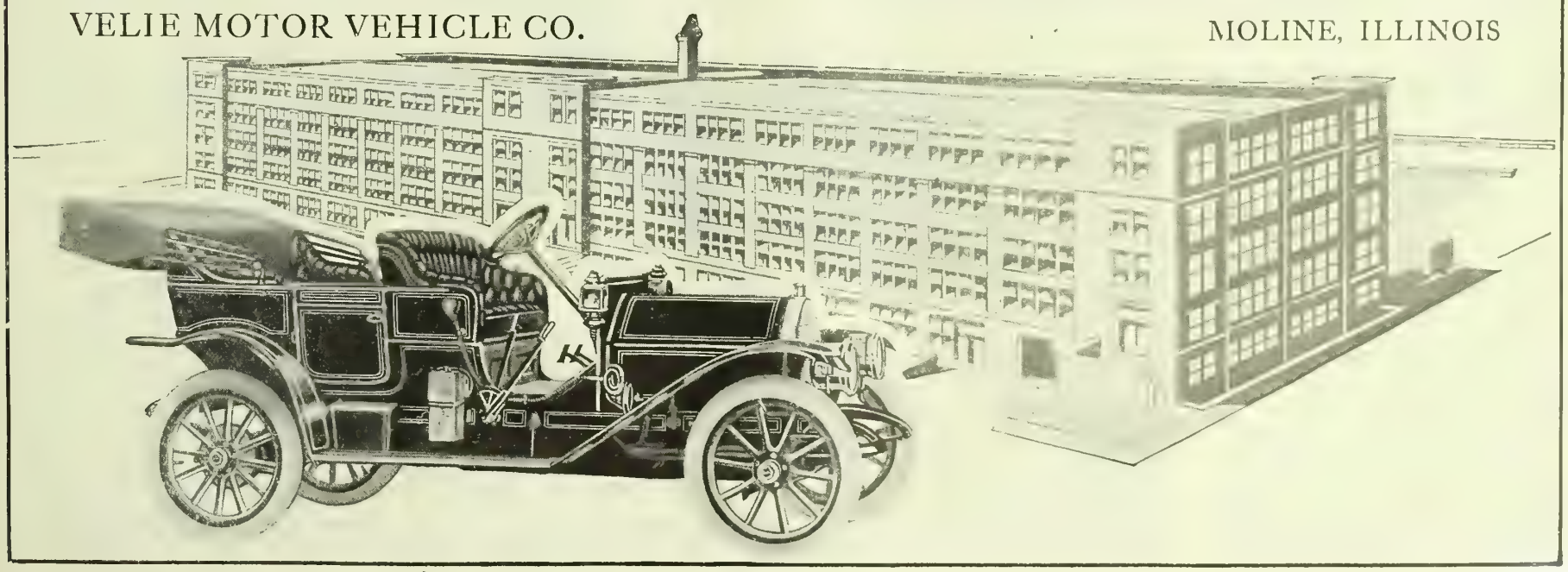
## To the Consumer and to the Dealer

we wish to say that the policy of this Company is to secure a lasting place in the automobile manufacturing industry, the accomplishment of which aim carries necessarily with it modest profits, closest attention to details, fair and liberal treatment of customers and a broad guaranty unselfishly interpreted. We cordially invite interested buyers to visit our plant, where every courtesy will be extended and every facility offered to thoroughly post them as to the merit of our claims for recognition and superiority.

## We Have a Special Proposition

to the best dealer in every town and city where the "Velie 40" is not now represented. Write us today for particulars.

VELIE MOTOR VEHICLE CO. MOLINE, ILLINOIS



# COLLEGES WHILE YOU WAIT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Sure thing," said Petey. "Sophomore roping class uses 'em. Great class to watch."

"I say now, this is extraordinary," said the Reverend. "You don't mean to tell me you tie up cows?"

"Rope 'em and tie 'em and brand 'em," said Petey. "What's college for if it ain't to learn you things?"

"I say now, this is extraordinary," said the Reverend. I gave him four more "extraordinaries" before I did something violent. He used two hundred that morning. "Might I see the class at work?" he inquired.

Petey didn't even hesitate. "Sorry, Reverend," says he. "But the Professor of Roping and Branding has been drunk for a week. Class ain't working now."

The college bell tapped three times. "That's cleaning-up bell," said Petey.

"Oh, I say now," said the Reverend, hauling out his notebook. "What's cleaning-up bell?"

"Why, to clean up the college," said Petey. "We clean it up once a week. With the fellows riding their hosses into class and tracking mud and clay in, and eating lunches and stuff around, it gets pretty messy before the end of the week. We make the freshmen clean it out. There they go now."

A dozen "supes" filed slowly into the building with brooms and shovels. Pubby couldn't have looked more interested if they had been crowned heads of Europe.

Just then a fine assortment of sounds broke out in the old building. The doors burst open and a young red-headed Mick from the seventh ward near by rode a pony down the steps and away for dear life. Behind him came a double-sized gent with yard-wide mustaches. He was dressed in a red shirt, overalls and firearms. He was a walking museum of weapons. Petey told me afterward that he had borrowed him from the roundhouse near by, and that for a box of cigars he had kindly consented to play the part of janitor for one afternoon only.

"That's the janitor," said Petey in an awestruck whisper. "Get behind a tree, quick. He's sure some irritated. He hates to have the boys ride their ponies into classroom."

We got a fine view of the janitor as he swept past. He was a regular volcano in pants. Never have I heard the English language more richly embossed with profanity. Firing a fat locomotive up the grades around Siwash with bad coal gives a man great talent in expression. We listened to him with awe. Pubby was entranced. He asked me if it would be safe to take anything down in his notebook, and when I promised to protect him he wrote three pages.

By this time the campus was filling up. Word had gotten around the real college that the big show of the season was being pulled off up at Dillpickle, and the students were arriving by the dozen. We were getting pretty nervous. The new arrivals weren't coached, and sooner or later they were bound to give the snap away. We decided to introduce our guest to the president. If we could keep things quiet another half hour all would be safe, Petey assured us.

We took the Reverend up to the main entrance, Petey's thinker working like a well-oiled machine all the way. He pointed out the tree where they hanged a horse thief, and Pubby made us wait till he had gotten a leaf from it. The Senior classes at Dillpickle had had the custom of hauling boulders on to the campus as graduation presents. Petey explained that each boulder marked the resting place of some student whose career had been foreshortened accidentally, and he described several of the tragedies—invented them right off the reel. Pubby was so interested he didn't care who saw his notebook. When Petey told him how a pack of timber wolves had besieged the school for nine days and nights, four years before, he almost cried because there was no photograph of the scene handy. We had to promise him a wolf skin to comfort him.

Dillpickle Academy was a plain old brick building, with one of those cupolas which were so popular among schools and colleges forty years ago. I don't know just what mysterious effect a cupola has on education, but it was considered necessary at that time. In front of the building was a wide stone porch. Inside we could see half a dozen dogs and a horse. Pubby looked a bushel of exclamation points when Petey explained that they belonged to the president. He looked a lot more when he saw a counter with a fine assortment of chewing tobacco and pipes on it. That, Petey whispered to me, was his masterpiece. He had borrowed the whole thing from a corner grocery store.

Petey had just put his eye to the window of the president's room, ostensibly to find out whether Prexy was in a good humor and in reality to find out whether Kennedy, an old grad who had consented to play the part, was on duty, when one of the boys hurried up and grabbed me.

"Just evaporate as fast as you can," he whispered; "there are six cops on the way out. They're going to pinch the whole bunch of us."

Now this was a fine predicament for a young and promising college—to be arrested by six lowly cops on its own campus, in the act of showing a distinguished visitor how it ran the earth, and was particular Hades with the trigger-finger! Bangs was showing Pubby the window through which the Professor of Arithmetic had thrown him the term before, and I told Petey. He sat down and cried.

"After all this work and just as we had it cinched!" he moaned. "I'll quit school tomorrow and devote my life to poisoning policemen. This has made an anarchist of me."

There was nothing to do. We couldn't very well explain that the college would now have to run away and hide because some enthusiastic freshman had fired a horse-pistol on the streets of Jonesville. I looked at the crowd of fantastic students getting ready to bolt for the fence. I looked at our victim, fairly punching words into his notebook. It was the brightest young dream that was ever busted by a fat loafer in brass buttons. Then I saw Ole Skjarsen and had my one big inspiration.

"Excuse me," I said, rushing over to Pubby, "but you'll have to mosey right out of here. There's Ole Skjarsen, and he looks ugly."

"Oh, my word!" said Pubby; he remembered Ole from the night before.

"Right around the building!" yelled Petey, grabbing the cue. Naturally Ole heard him and saw those whiskers. "Har's das spy!" he yelled. "Kill him, fallers; he ban a spy!" We dashed around the building, Ole following us. And then, because the cops had arrived at the front gate, the whole mob thundered after us.

Well, sir, you never saw a more successful race in your life. There were no less than a hundred Siwash students behind us, and, though no one but Ole Skjarsen had any interest in us, they were all trying to break the sprint record in our direction, it being the line of least resistance. And say! We certainly had misjudged the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs. He may have been fat, but how he could run! His work was phenomenal. I think he must have been on a track team himself at some earlier part of his career, for the way he steamed away from the gang would have reminded you of the Lusitania racing the Statue of Liberty. He lost his cap. He shed his long black coat. He rolled over the fence at the rear of the campus without even hesitating, and the last we saw of him he was going down the road out of Jonesville into the west, his legs revolving in a blue haze. Even if we had wanted to stop him, we couldn't have caught him. And besides, Ole caught Petey and me just outside of the campus and we had to do some twenty-nine-story-tall explaining to keep from getting punched for harboring spies. No one had thought to put him next to the game.

That all? Goodness, no! We cleaned up for a week and had been so good that the Faculty had about decided that nothing had happened when the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs appeared in Jonesville again. He came with a United States marshal for a bodyguard too. He had footed it to the next town, it seems, and had wired the nearest British consul that he had been attacked by savages at Siwash College and robbed of all his baggage. They say he demanded battleships or a Hague conference, or something of the sort, and that the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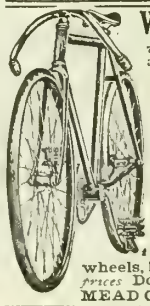

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THIS SEAL MEANS AN UNHANDLED BRUSH

WHITE TEETH

WHEN the teeth are **Perfectly Clean** they are as white as nature made them. The regular use of a Kleanwell Tooth Brush will preserve the natural color of the teeth. But your tooth brush *must* fit your mouth. There are ten Kleanwell shapes. One will exactly suit *you.*

Kleanwell bristles do not come out in your mouth—they are *anchored* in the back.

**Sold in a Sealed Box**

The Brisco Kleanwell seal on the box and the name on the brush guarantee the genuine. Adults' and children's sizes.

**For Sale Everywhere. 35c Each**

*Send 4c for Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny toothbrush*

BRUSH your hair with a Brisco Brush. Reaches the scalp. Better than a tonic. Style shown below is a popular one, No. 2, at $1.50. Look for name **Brisco** on each brush.

THIS SEAL MEANS AN UNHANDLED BRUSH

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BRUSHES ARE BEST FOR THE HAIR

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SPECIALISTS IN
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A plan for investment in safe dividend paying securities. Regular charges. No margin calls. Special department for mail and wire business.

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Hay Fever
and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device.—The Nasal-filter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

consul's office asked a Government officer to go out and pacify him. They stepped off the train at the Union Station and went right up to college—only four blocks away.

Petey and I remained considerably invisible, but the boys tell me that the look on the Reverend's face when he arrived at the real Siwash was worth perpetuating in bronze. He went up the fine old avenue, past the fine new buildings, in a daze; and when our good old Prexy, who had him skinned forty ways for dignity, shook hands with him and handed him a little talk that was a saturated solution of Latin, he couldn't even say "most extraordinary." You can realize how far gone he was.

Some of the boys got hold of the marshal that day and told him the story. He laughed from 4 P. M. until midnight, with only three stops for refreshments. The Reverend Pubby Diggs stayed three days as the guest of the Faculty and he didn't get up nerve enough in all that time to talk business. We saw him at chapel where he couldn't see us, and he looked like a man who had suddenly discovered, while falling out of his aeroplane, that somebody had removed the earth and had left no address behind. His baggage mysteriously appeared at his room in the hotel on the first night, and when he left he hadn't recovered consciousness sufficiently to inquire where it came from. I think he went right back to England when he left Siwash, and I'll bet that by now he has almost concluded that some one had been playing a joke on him. You give those Englishmen time and they will catch on to almost anything.

## The Devices of Trade

ONE of the latest aids to the shopper is a continuous telephone service. This means that a woman out in the country, who needs something the first thing in the morning, can call up the store at midnight and have it sent to her on the early train. Likewise the "eleventh hour" guest bidden to a "week end" can gather up motor togs by 'phone at the last moment.

This sort of thing contributes to one great end—that of satisfying the customer. There is another arrangement, potent as well as simple. It consists in letting the woman shopper exchange her goods as often as she may elect to change her mind. The merchant who makes her believe that his merchandise is as good as her money removes the feeling of charitable obligation from the exchange or return of money, and makes it a definite business transaction. The woman who remains dissatisfied with her goods is the worst possible agency that a store can have abroad.

In connection with the exchange of goods is an interesting up-to-date feature. The newest department store in New York has installed a sterilizing plant to sterilize returned goods.

In mentioning further aids to merchandising for women one big and important question looms up: Shall the business be done on cash or on credit? Let us first take up the virtues of the credit system. Many great merchants simply regard credit as a bait to the buyer. Tempt a woman with a bargain and she will fall. She may not have the money with her, however, and on sober second thought she will make a sacrifice and not buy. But if she has an account at the store it is very easy to say, "Have it charged."

On the other hand, one of the largest of the New York stores sells for cash only. It was founded in the fifties by a farsighted merchant whose unwritten business law was, "I buy for cash and sell for cash, and thus I can sell cheaper than any other house." His theory was that by giving credit he had a large amount of money outstanding that was not earning any more money. By doing a cash business he was enabled to turn over his goods fast on a small margin of profit and have new goods constantly.

In order to give their customers the advantages of the credit system this store inaugurated the plan of having what are known as "deposit accounts." A woman can deposit money in the store just as she deposits it in a bank. Instead of drawing it out in checks she makes purchases against it. She is paid four per cent interest on her daily balance. One advantage of this is that she can telephone down for goods, or she can send a servant after goods and not have to intrust him or her with the actual money.

# Why this Advertisement is not Illustrated

THIS is about the service that "goes with" the Burroughs. No single picture can adequately describe it. Of course, first of all is the Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine itself—the greatest business helper ever devised, and the service it gives you saving time, work and worry wherever figures are concerned.

But that isn't the service we're speaking of here. The service you probably don't know about is that extra "Burroughs Service" which goes with every Burroughs Machine—the invaluable relation that exists between the Burroughs Company and every one of the 103,750 or more Burroughs users, ranging from the "corner store," using only one of the very simplest machines, to the greatest corporations and the U. S. Government using hundreds from the simplest to the most complete.

It's the service that *starts* with the placing of the Burroughs in your shop, your accounting department, your stock room—and by which we do more for you and the machine, *after* you own it than when we were trying to sell it to you.

***This is how it works:—***

We'll say you've just bought a Burroughs. It is the Burroughs way to give you perfect service, to do more than was claimed for the machine—to save your time and your clerks' time; to do your work neater—absolutely accurate. It is the Burroughs way to have the salesman call from time to time, armed with a new idea—to do some particular detail of your routine easier. You try the plan, find it markedly successful. You begin to realize that in buying the Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine you have obtained something much more than a mere machine. One day, during the noon-hour horseplay, the bookkeeper's assistant stumbles and throws down the Burroughs—just at a time you need it most. "What to do?"—there's a Burroughs man right at the end of the telephone—tell him, and in double quick time, with scarcely any delay for you, a new machine is installed free until yours is repaired. Your machine needs cleaning at times—but why should you do it, when there's a Burroughs expert who will do it much better and quicker? *Call him.* Our constantly working Inventions Department—composed of some of the greatest living mechanicians, are ready to invent and perfect a machine that just fits into your particular line. That machine is then offered you as being still more useful for your purposes.

***The result of all this?***

You are satisfied. You yourself are our best future customer.

Don't you see that even though this Burroughs Service costs us $300,000 a year to maintain, we couldn't *afford* not to because it's more than worth that to us and our customers. Can't you feel now as we do, that it is not so much just a machine as it is this rounded "service" that we are selling you. Don't take our word for it, but make us *prove it.*

If you are interested in **"A Better Day's Work,"** write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—192 pages—100,000 already distributed.

Other books: **"Why Don't You Go Home?"**—a 48-page book for retailers. Also, **"Cost Keeping Short Cuts,"** 188 pages, giving simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

For those who prefer a Visible Adding and Listing Machine, many advantages are offered in our Pike Model. A few of its features are: Visible printing, visible totals, low and flexible keyboard, typewriter carriage, printing in one, two or three colors, item counter, bell signal, non-printing key, eliminating or non-add key, instantly interchangeable for hand or electricity, and ribbon can be changed in three minutes.

**Burroughs Adding Machine Company**
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European Headquarters: 65 High Holborn, London, W. C., England
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Over **300** of them—all different—for every conceivable use—and sixty-one years of varnish-making experience back of each. Here are a few kinds:

**Interior Work**—***"38" Preservative Varnish*** is best, except for floors. Never blisters, cracks nor turns white. Water will not affect it.

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is the one superior finish for floors. It's heel-proof, mar-proof, waterproof.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61." Test it. *You can dent the wood, but can't crack the varnish.* It will prove "61" the floor finish you want.

*Send for our New Books—"Decorative Interior Finishing," which gives valuable pointers for the home, and "The Finished Floor," which tells how to care for floors.*

If your dealer hasn't the "P & L" Varnishes you want, send to us.

*"Yours Only the Reflection"*

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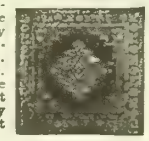
Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**



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Man 25 to 30 years, preferably married, with department store or similar retail merchandising experience, for managerial position with large prominent concern having branch stores in several cities. Give age and experience. No consideration given unless man possesses clean past record with first class references.

Personal interview given in following cities: Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis.

Address Lock Box 1533, New York City

# AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 21)

The bugle was sounding now; his arms fell from her waist; she smiled at him, stepped outside and started to run, and found him keeping pace between her and the west.

"You should not do that!" she panted, striving to pass him; but he kept his body in line with the incoming missiles. Suddenly he seized her and dropped flat with her as a shell plunged downward, exploding in a white cloud laced with flame through which the humming fragments scattered.

As they rose to their knees in the dust they saw men gathering—soldiers of all arms: infantry, dismounted cavalrymen, hospital guards, limping convalescents, officers armed with rifles, wagon drivers, negroes.

"They're attacking our works at Cedar Springs," said an officer wearing one hand in a sling. "This hospital certainly is in a bad place."

Ailsa clapped both hands over her ears as a shell blew up at the angle of an outhouse and the ground rocked violently; then, pale but composed, she sprang inside the hospital door and ran for her ward.

It was full of pungent smoke; a Parrott shell had passed through a window, carrying everything away in its path, and had burst, terrifying the sick men lying there helpless in their cots, but not injuring anybody.

And now a flare of light and a crash outside marked the descent of another shell. The confusion and panic among the wounded was terrible; ward masters, nurses, surgeons, ran hither and thither, striving to quiet the excited patients as shell after shell rushed yelling overhead or exploded with terrific force, raining its whirring iron fragments over roof and chimney.

Ailsa, calm and collected in the dreadful crisis, stood at the end of the ward, directing the unnerved stretcher-bearers, superintending the carrying out of cots to the barns which stood in the shelter of the rising ground along the course of the little stream.

Letty appeared from the corridor behind her, and Ailsa smiled and kissed her lightly on the cheek; and the blood came back to the girl's face in a passion of gratitude which even the terror of death could not lessen or check.

"Ailsa—darling ——" she whispered; then shuddered in the violence of an explosion that shattered the window-glass beside her.

"We're taking them to the old barns, Letty," said Ailsa, steadying her voice. "Will you take charge here while I go to Colonel Arran?"

"They've taken him out," whispered Letty. "That ward is on fire. Everybody is out. W-what a cruel thing for our boys! Some of them were getting well! Can you come now?"

"As soon as they carry out young Spencer. He's the last. . . . Look from the window! They're trying to put out the fire with water in buckets. Oh-h!" as a shell struck and the flame flashed out and flared up through a geyser of sand and smoke.

"Come, Ailsa, please," murmured Letty. "I will stay if there is anything to stay for ——"

"No, dear; we can go. Give me your hand; this smoke is horrible. Everything is on fire, I think. . . . Hurry, Letty!"

She stumbled, half suffocated, but Letty kept her hand fast and guided her to the outer air.

A company of cavalry, riding hard, passed in a whirlwind of dust. After them, clanking, thudding, pounding, tore a battery, horses on a dead run.

The west wing of the seminary was on fire; billows of sooty smoke rolled across the roof and blew downward over the ground where the shadowy forms of soldiers could be seen toiling to and fro with buckets.

Infantry now began to arrive, crowding the main road on the double quick, mounted officers cantering ahead. Long lines of them were swinging out east and west across the country, where a battery was going into action wrapped in torrents of smoke.

Bullets swarmed, singing above and around in every key, and the distracting racket of the shrapnel shells became continuous.

Ailsa and Letty ran, stooping, into the lane where the stretchers were being hurried across the little foot-bridge. As they crossed they saw a dead artilleryman lying in the water, a crimson thread wavering from his head to the surface. It was Arthur Wye; and Letty knew him, and halted, trembling; but Ailsa called to her in a frightened voice, for, confused by the smoke, they had come out in the rear of a battery among the caissons, and the stretchers had turned to the right, filing down into the hollow where the barns stood on the edge of a cedar grove.

Already men were hard at work erecting hospital tents; the wounded lay on their stretchers, bloodless faces turned to the sky, the wind whipping their blankets and uncovering their naked, emaciated bodies. The faces of the dead had already turned black.

"Good God!" said Doctor Benton as Letty and Ailsa came up, out of breath, "we've got to get these sick men under shelter! Do you think that you two girls can keep their blankets from blowing away?"

They hurried from cot to cot, from mattress to mattress, from one heap of straw to another, from stretcher to stretcher, deftly replacing sheet and blanket, tucking them gently under, whispering courage, sometimes a gay jest or smiling admonition to the helpless men, soothing, petting, reassuring.

The medical director with his corps of aides worked furiously to get up the big tents. The smoke from the battery blew east and south, flowing into the hollow in sulphurous streams; the uproar from the musketry was terrific.

Ailsa, kneeling beside a stretcher to tuck in the blankets, looked up over her shoulder suddenly at Letty.

"Where did they take Colonel Arran?"

"I don't know, dear."

Ailsa rose from her knees and looked around her through the flying smoke; then she got wearily to her feet and began to make inquiries on all sides. Nobody seemed to know anything at all about Colonel Arran.

Anxious, she threaded her way through the stretchers and the hurrying attendants, past the men who were erecting the tents, looking everywhere, making inquiries until, under the trees by the stream, she saw a heap of straw on which a man was dying.

He died as she came up—a big, pallid, red-headed Zouave, whose blanket, soaked with blood, bore dreadful witness of his end.

A Sister of Charity rose from his side as though dazed.

"I could not possibly stop the hemorrhage," the Sister said in a soft, bewildered voice.

Together they turned back toward the mass of stretchers, moving with difficulty in the confusion. Letty, passing by them, glanced wanly at the Sister, then said to Ailsa:

"Colonel Arran is in the second barn on the hay. I am afraid he is dying."

Ailsa turned toward the barns and hurried across the trampled sod.

Through the half light within she peered about her, moving carefully among the wounded who were stretched out on the fragrant hay.

Colonel Arran lay alone under the light of a window high under the eaves.

"Oh, here you are!" she said gayly. "I hear most splendid things about you. I ——" she stopped short, appalled at the terrible change that was coming over his face.

"I want to see Phil," Colonel Arran whispered.

"Yes—yes, I will find him," she said soothingly. "I will go immediately and find him."

His head was moving slowly, monotonously from side to side.

"I want to see my boy," he murmured. "He is my son. I wish you to know it—my only son."

He lifted his brilliant eyes to Ailsa; twice he strove to speak and could not, and she watched him, stunned.

He made the supreme effort.

"Philip!" he gasped. "Our son! My little son! My little, little boy! I want him, Ailsa. I want him near me when I die!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


Made to your Individual Measure

TIME

to call on our dealer and let him measure you for your new Fall suit. One of the better-class stores in your own city is now displaying our beautiful new Fall woolens—500 of them—the cream of the European and American Mills. Our 33 years of Good-Clothes-Making assures you of positive satisfaction—at money saving prices—

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"The AnnArbor" One of our 52 New Fall Fashion Ideas

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and seven other Baseball "Stars" sent FREE on request, together with our beautiful Fall Fashion Magazine, Edition A. Write today.

Strauss Brothers MASTER TAILORS CHICAGO

# Make Ice Cream by WHOLESALE!

## *Here's the "Factory"—All Complete!*

Mountains of frozen cream are consumed daily. The profits are immense. The money-making possibilities of the business have been tremendously increased by this marvelous machine, the first ice cream freezer in the world that really operates **continuously.**

We build these freezers in various sizes, to cover all requirements. A single wholesale ice cream factory uses nine of the very largest size. Many others use two or more. But the great majority use a single small-size machine. The 30 to 35 gallon size is by far the most popular. With it you can make as little as 10 or 15 gallons per day and up to 300 gallons.

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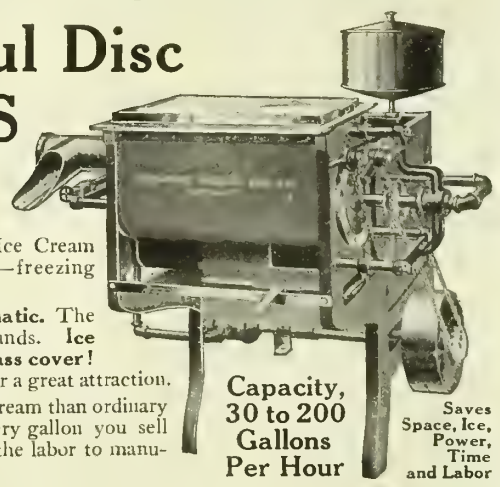

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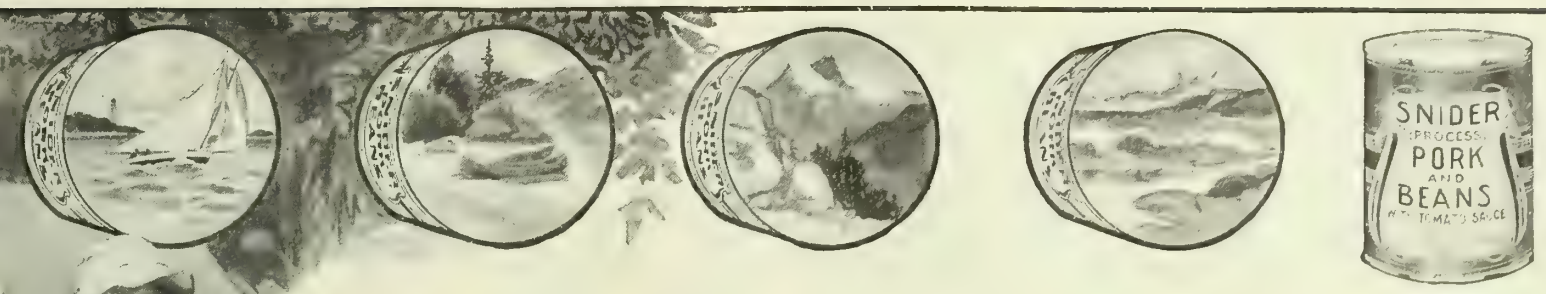


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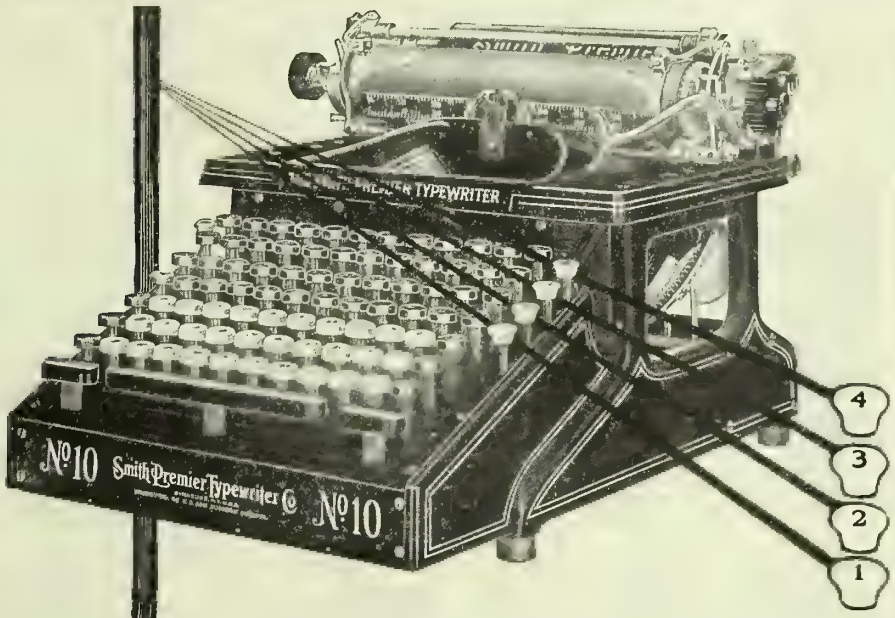


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# The Line of Least Resistance

(Continued from Page 18)

and the silent, alleged Smith. As the door closed behind them he trolled a merry stave:

*Oh, will you leave your home,*
*And will you leave your baby,*
*And will you leave your own true love,*
*For to go with Black Jack Davy?*

"Say, Sheriff, does your county feed its posse? I got no money on me."

"I'll feed you myself, you derned old fool," said Kaylor, rather pleased to find Hiram so tractable. He had got around a delicate situation with his legal fiction. So much Hiram sensed from his tones.

They lined up at the counter of the Nip and Tuck, hooking their heels in the rounds of the high stools.

"Well, gents, what'll it be?" inquired Nip, who was waiter at this hour.

The others gave their orders. But Hiram leaned his elbows on the counter and deliberated, surveying the displayed eatables on the shelves with discontent. "You may bring me the head of John the Baptist," he growled, "and charge it!" Some of the broadcasting had evidently fallen on good ground.

*VIII*

THE sheriff was right; men were not lacking who knew of the Abilene tragedy. Within the week Dundee was divided into hostile camps. Kennedy's adherents were headed by Pres Lewis, Horsethief Fisher and Springtime Morgan. Their theory was plausible if not convincing. The methods used for abatement of Mr. Sleiter, they argued, were proof that Kennedy was one who fought fair. Such being the case, that episode was disposed of, according to their simple creed. As to the less venial charge of train robbery, they persistently regarded it as trumped up. Even men do not depend upon logic, once their unwordable intuitions are aroused.

The law has always stanch upholders, congenital or conscientious. Also, the T P, the Wells-Fargo and the state had offered large rewards. The Wells-Fargo had their own trouble-men on the spot; Smith-Leonard had money and friends. The chase was untiring—and fruitless. Many thought Kennedy was over the border.

He was not. His course may be explained, indeed, but with scant hope that explanation will make it clear to the law-abiding. Such a one would have surrendered to stand trial; to such, flight is confession of guilt. But the desert fosters, along with less disputable qualities, a species of eleutheromania. The instinct of the desert-bred is hostile to law. To jail he is resolutely averse; on any attempt to entice or induce him thither he seeks the high places of the hills as surely as water seeks its level. With him this hiding-out is a matter of personal dignity and has nothing to do with guilt or innocence. The law-abiding then term him an outlaw, and he in turn describes the law-abiding as "halter-broke"—a mutual misjudging based upon insufficient premises.

So well is this state of affairs understood on the frontier and so generally is it sympathized with, that lawbreaker or fleer, resorting to lonely ranches for shelter, gives casual light-hearted explanation to a perfect stranger that he is "on the dodge," "running with the wild bunch," or "watering at night." Under such circumstances it is permissible, if imprudent, for the paragon of strangers to submit under protest, or even to decline to harbor the fugitive—permitted, that is, in the sense that he will forfeit no standing, though he may lose many friends by such indiscreet course. After protest at the time you are free for such after action as you please. But, once having willingly sheltered the dodger, it is not the thing to have lot or part against him. You may and do extend your hospitality to his pursuers, but your lips are sealed; it is not correct even to look unusually or suspiciously wise. So the wheel of negation swings full circle; this no-law is itself become a law, better served than most; having, perhaps, some faint apprehensive smatter of the Golden Rule. It is not known that such confidence has been violated—an absurd custom, not indefensible. Its injuries to society at large are obvious, its advantages to the individual at large undeniable—but the effect on the hostly character is worthy of consideration. The habit of unshrinking loyalty may be formed in a questionable cause, yet to do service in a good one. Among men—ladies will not understand this—clean honor is not always inconsistent with ill deeds. But it keeps faith, spoken or implied.

Kennedy, more than most, prided himself upon being a rational creature, observant of why he willed the thing he did. But he was really, like the rest of us, the creature of use and habit. On the warning of Uncle Jimmy he took to the hills as his wild clan was wont to take to the heather, with as little exercise of pure reason as ever duckling waddled to water withal.

Had Smith-Leonard's denunciation been but a day later, Kennedy would have been on his expiatory way Arizonaward. Now, he would not go. Fight and surrender were alike distasteful.

Where the sheer red hills buttress the pedestal of Timber Mountain there is a small, shallow cave. The two friends had found it; Hiram had named it in his note as meeting place and, despite of watching foes, twice in the ten days had contrived to keep risky tryst, bringing tidings, comfort, aid and abetment. The robbery charge was a "frame-up"; Leonard had a man drilled to a confession certain to convict; it would be better for Don to leave. Hiram had but barely seen Lena; she was drooping and pale. She and Breese had gone to Silver City and were soon expected to come back after Aunt Polly. The Professor and Dorothy, too, were to go before long to California. Dolly stoutly refused to credit the charge against Don; the Professor gave him the doubt's benefit. The Professor was not looking well himself. No more was Hiram. But he did not tell Don.

He brought a spyglass, cartridges, supplies, which latter Kennedy stored in the cave—now known as Kennedy's Kitchen—slipping down at night to get them as required; his crooked path following the rockier spaces where Noche, his horse, left no sign. For himself, he kept the topmost ridges—the western slopes in the morning, the eastern by afternoon, avoiding only the skyline; watching his enemies thread the bewildered and intricate maze of tangled hills. Once Leonard passed along the hillside, a short rifle shot below, circling for "sign." But Kennedy's precautions had been thorough, and he was left undisturbed. There were shallow surface tanks which held water for a few days after a rain. When these failed he went by night to the great tanks in the deeps of Palomas Gap.

The sheriff has snooped around and ascertained that Uncle Jimmy, leaving Dundee the night Hiram served on the posse, had reached his hay camp at daylight the next morning—a record-breaking trip for four miles—with one mule saltily sweat-marked and played out, while the other was miraculously fresh. By unwarranted and illogical inference the sheriff had taken this as an affront to both himself personally and the law's majesty. Against Uncle Jimmy, who was his own man, he had no recourse. But Kim Ki publicly dispensed with the services of Jimmy, Junior—with a private hint to "wait till the clouds rolled by, Jimmy," after which atmospheric readjustment he might be put to work again.

If Otis lingered in Dundee it was by no means to wait until Lena returned for Aunt Polly. Not at all. There was rich trove of buried pottery and such trinkets to be had for the digging in Palomas Gap, immemorial camp ground of Indians by reason of the tanks. The Professor had really intended to take this matter up all summer.

So he hired Uncle Jimmy's team with young Jimmy for driver and cook, and, with Dolly, set out for Palomas Gap forthwith, taking grumbling old Quinlan along as digger-in-chief. That they planned to come back to Dundee the day before Lena returned from Silver City was merely a coincidence.

The Professor was not unaware of why Jimmy, Junior, was now unemployed. Loyal, illegal service to a rival, presumably favored, might have been scant recommendation to a narrower man; but that was precisely why Lathrop Ormsby Otis selected Jimmy. A good sort, the Professor.

The excavations had been highly successful. While Quinlan was working the


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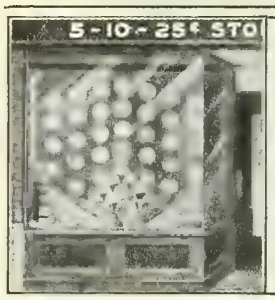


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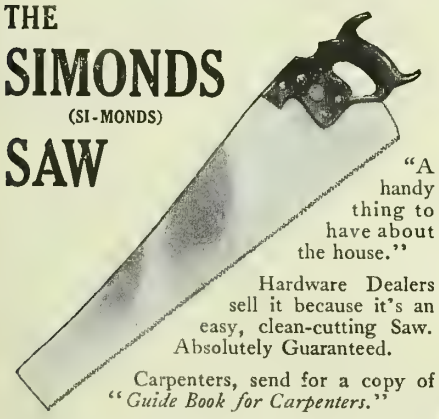

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Professor and Dolly had explored the black depth of Palomas Gap. It is to Caballo Mountain what a particularly deep and wide axe-notch is to a log—if you imagine it done by a particularly inexpert axeman—a deep-gashed chasm, rended and splintered and riven through the mighty range. In the six miles from eastern base to western there was a fall of three thousand feet to the level of the Rio Grande. Since Noah's time great boulders, caught by some chance irregularity of the cañon floor, spun topwise by swift floods, had worn a score of burnished basins, round, symmetrical and deep, in the solid rock, and had themselves been ground to powder. These deep basins are the Palomas Tanks.

Dolly and her father had seen them all, as far down as they could safely go—sunless depths, shadowed mossy clefts, carven cliff and dizzy precipice.

This was the day set for their return. But on the last night the two mules had made a bee-line for Dundee, hobbles and all, and Jimmy was after them afoot.

As the Professor had already rather a surplusage of broken pottery, there was no more digging to do. So old Pat taught gleeful Dolly to pitch horseshoes. At dinnertime Jimmy had not returned. So Pat Quinlan acted as chef. Later came a miner, known to both Otis and Quinlan as a man friendless and discarded. Dinner was set out again for him.

He was camped at the foot of the mountain on the other side, he said. Coming through the Gap on the North Trail he had followed up a bit of float and found a likely-looking vein. Would Otis and Pat go back with him and witness his location papers? It was not far. He pointed out the spot; half a mile west and half a mile up.

They agreed, nothing loth. Dolly elected to stay in camp. It was rather hot and she was tired; she would sleep in her tent. Quinlan took up his rifle. "And we might see a deer along toward sunset," he said.

The vein was duly located, with all its variations, dips, spurs and angles, as the "Concho." From the location point they paced off two hundred and fifty steps toward the crest, with liberal allowance for the broken and boulder-strewn ground. The cool, deep shadows were about them; the sun was behind the peak. Here they built the "west-end center" monument, and the miner climbed at a right angle up the hill for an estimated hundred yards to put up the northwest corner monument. The southwest corner was dispensed with.

Then they retraced their steps to the central location monument, and stepped off the appointed seven hundred and fifty feet down the rough hillside.

"Oi'll build the lower monument and be on me way to stir up supper—drat the b'y!" said Quinlan. So Otis and the prospector erected the monument at the northeastern corner, and then turned down toward camp.

"Your boy Jim must 'a' had to 'a' gone clean to town for his mules," said the prospector. "But he'll be back some time tonight. He's some of a boy."

"I hope so," said Otis. "I want——"

Something struck him a fearful blow in the shoulder. He pitched forward—a crash of rifle shots, bullets droning by, splintering on rocks. Half stunned, Otis was on his feet, the miner helping him, running madly down the hill. "'*Paches!*"

A hideous fear gripped at the Professor's heart. Oh, Dolly! Dolly! A bullet nipped his leg, burning like red-hot iron. He fell again. Wild yells of fiendish triumph. The miner dragged him to the shelter of a ledge close at hand. He put his six-shooter in an interstice between two rocks, and fired swiftly.

"Are you hurt bad?" he asked.

"I don't know. I think not. Dolly! Dolly!" Otis was half conscious and failing.

The miner stood with his back to Otis, watching for a chance to fire.

"I'm hit too. No difference. We're gone geese anyhow. Peek-Boo!" He fired. "Look! They've left their horses while they crep' on us. See 'em, back on the divide? Maybe I can stand 'em off till old Pat gets the girl. There! I think I hit one! If they get me take my gun and watch that open space. But they'll go down beyond the ridge, of course, as soon as they see the girl."

Crack! Crack! An Indian, unseen before, rose from behind a bush, shrieking horribly, pitched over on his face and lay still. Quinlan was behind a boulder not fifty yards below them. Otis struggled to his knees. He had a glimpse of Dolly.


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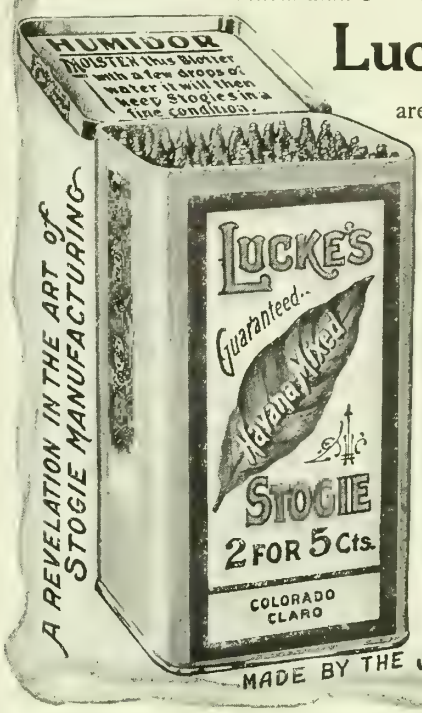
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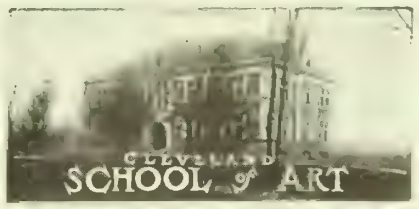


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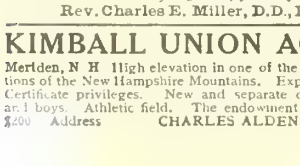

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The miner cursed viciously as he fired. "The damned fool! What does he stay to help us for? Why don't he get the girl? It must be he's cut off."

The answer came. There was a shot, Quinlan crumpled down, in a heap, then staggered to his knees, crawled around, rested his rifle over the little boulder, and took a long, slow aim at—Dorothy, four hundred yards away. A dozen Indians fired at him. Quinlan's rifle jerked—then it grew steady on the rock as he pulled the trigger. A whiff of dust lashed out beyond Dorothy. He had overshot. He slid over sidewise, sprawling down the hillside; his rifle fell clattering.

Releasing Otis, the miner sprang to his feet and thrust the pistol into his hands. "Shoot! I'll try and get to the rifle. What's that?"

He turned his blood-stained face. The firing all stopped. On the south side of the Gap, down the steep edge paralleling that on which they fought, a cloud of dust whirled thundering, incredibly swift, zigzagged, billowed aside to show the heart of it—a black horse and a man! Loose stones rolled crashing from it, fire flashed through it as iron slipped and shrieked on bare rock. It hurled fiercely downward over bush and slide, talus and stair and rocky steep; rode triumphant, irresistible, on the very wings of Death. "Kennedy! By God, he'll do it!" the miner bellowed. He broke from cover in a desperate dash for Quinlan's rifle. The Indians were shooting across the chasm at Kennedy; the miner was halfway to Quinlan's rock before any shot was fired at him. Otis crawled to the open and shot wildly. If they would but shoot at him! To gain time! To spare but one little moment to the miner that he might give Kennedy the extra seconds! A delirium of shouts, shots, bewildering echoes—a hideous, painted face showed before him—was blotted out. The miner had got to Quinlan's gun, and he was a marksman. One moment he crouched behind the rock. Kennedy was safely down the terrible slope, racing on for the wagon. But below, beyond the ridge, rifles were spitting fire. Could he run that gauntlet?

A Berserk fury was on the miner. Firing as he ran, he made for the comb of the ridge, straight toward his yelling foes. Bullets touched him but did not check him. Through a red mist an Indian rose in his path. He pulled trigger, but there was no report. The magazine was empty. The redskin fired, almost into his face, but missed! The clubbed rifle swept him down. The miner wrenched the Apache's rifle from the clenched fingers and dropped to shelter. From where he was now the three Indians below were in plain view and easy range. If Kennedy could pass them! A storm of bullets raged around him. Once, twice, he fired. Two of them floundered in death flurry; the third wriggled from sight. Kennedy was almost to the girl.

The miner rose and walked steadily down into the open. He was riddled; all his failing energies were concentrated on one steadfast purpose, one forlorn hope: one shot at that wriggling bronze body. A puff of smoke rose below. Kennedy had the girl in the saddle before him, shielded by his body. Another smoke puff! The miner planted his feet wide apart, a grim and terrible figure. From behind his back Indians rose from concealment and bounded down toward him, eager to capture him alive for torture. He brushed back the sweat and blood from his eyes; the prone brown body lay before the sights. He pulled the trigger; as the smoke blew aside his dimming eyes looked again along the motionless barrel. The body was turned over, the arms outspread. The miner lowered the gun-muzzle, leaned heavily on the stock, swayed; the echoes dwindled to silence.

You want to know this man's name? I like to write his name. It is an honored name in Dundee, and men bear it proudly who are no kith nor kin of his. If you should ask them why, in the space of a single eyeflight, no less than three several youths of five or six and twenty years or so have the same odd and cumbrous double name, the question will be evaded. But, when they come to know you well, it may be, some night when the friendly stars burn warm and low, and the soft wind ripples the bunch grass, and the fire glows faint through the banked ash, and all the songs are done—they may tell you how Adam Sleiter died.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


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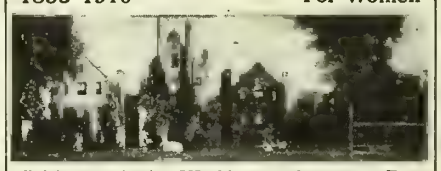

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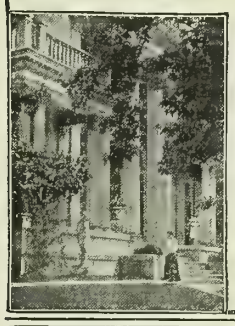

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# THE NEW WOMAN AND HER WAYS

*(Continued from Page 9)*

This girl was working for pin-money. She got her board at home and a few plain clothes, but not enough money for Queen Louise braids, real Irish lace collars and willow plumes. This kind of girl can afford to dress better than any of the other girls of the office, and she tells them that her new hat cost ten dollars, though her mother wanted her to get a rag of a thing at eight (the girls who listen don't dare go above six); and she's going to have a solid gold belt by Christmas. This arouses discontent and emulation. Moreover, the girl presumes on the fact that she can leave when she pleases. There is a chin-tilted "I-don't-have-to" air about her that occasionally gets on the nerves of a sensitive employer.

But the most temporary of all is the girl who is already engaged, whose wedding day is set, and who is only going through the formality of appearing at the office to get a fine enough trousseau, including sufficient linen to impress even "his" relatives.

"Oh, I know them; I know them," said a bitter head clerk whose employer, since he has nothing to do with the training of them, thinks that girls answer perfectly. "Yes, I know them. I get down some day to the office and I see before me ten girls or so going into the cloakroom. I give them the usual time to prepare their beautiful faces for the work of running the machines. Their desks are empty, keep on being empty, until I cough hard a few times and touch my bell for one of them. Then they all file in with that bustling conscientious air, as if they had beaten a street car to it to get down to work.

"Modestly last comes Mabelle, with a kind of expression on her face—well, her head is on one side, and she's got her mouth fixed in that soft way they put it when they're posing before a camera—and her eyes are half cast down with a faraway pleasant sweetness in them. There is only one thing that expression means. I look on the right finger, and, sure enough, there is the sparkler. I wave Mabelle away. It wouldn't do to send her to any of the firm for dictation that morning."

### Mabelle Realizes Her Destiny

"Does it stop there? It does not. I look at the rest of the girls. One or two have dejected faces; they're afraid they're not going to pull it off. One or two have a triumphant look, as if they were thinking, 'Just wait; you just wait, and I'll show you a ring that will make yours look like a splinter from a Broadway plate-glass window.' One or two look less sure, but more determined; if Jimmy doesn't know his own mind—well, she won't waste any more time with him; so there!

"But does it stop here? It does not. The next day I hear squeals from the cloakroom and cries of 'Isn't it dear?' 'Just too sweet!' 'How perfectly lovely!' That means that Mabelle hurried into a store yesterday before closing time and got the first installment of her trousseau. Every day she shows them something new till the whole force is demoralized, and I have to take Mabelle aside and try to get her to leave. Sometimes I put it to her straight. Sometimes I work on her feelings, and tell her she must take time off to rest and plan out her home; and always I have trouble, for what's the use of being engaged if she can't be the center of the limelight in the office! That's part of the fun. But somehow I manage to give Mabelle a present from the firm and get her out, and then another incipient Mabelle takes her place."

There are some businesses where girls are not wanted because, in the long run, they are uneconomic. Ten years ago the Chicago & Northwestern Railway proposed to discharge all women who had not been in its service two years or more. It was carefully stated that this departure was not because women were inefficient but because they could not be promoted in the railroad world. The authorities were willing, under certain circumstances, to have women in clerical positions, but the more women a railroad has the more limited is the supply from which it can draw valuable officials for the future. They could not imagine a woman as general superintendent or general manager of traffic. The Baltimore &

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Ohio Railroad has more recently declared its intention not to employ women, and certain commercial houses have for some time had the same views. One or two machine and radiator companies have dropped women for the same reason.

On the other hand, there are some kinds of business where women are badly needed; where, indeed, the world of men cannot get on without them; where men employees would not answer even if they would take the wage offered. The telephone business would go to pieces if it were not for the girls. Almost any average girl not only can get into a telephone training school, but is paid while she is learning. No man has the patience to sit at a telephone board hour after hour and keep his temper under the countless nagging calls, the complaints when connection is slow or the wrong connection is given. Business men growl at the operators, and some ladies in pleasant homes snap at them. It is a strange fact that the same woman who can be smilingly crushed at a reception, watching the ruin of her best clothes, or who can ride with a calm face in an automobile with the dust biting into her cheeks, is the very one who, dressed in a kimono, cannot preserve this serenity if the telephone girl blunders for three minutes. The patience of women, which the poets sung, has become a commercial asset. The telephone girl's salary depends largely on her patience, and when she is paid for it she can remain placid under the ill-temper of other people. A man cannot; perhaps he could if he were face to face with the person scolding or insulting him; but confronted only by a telephone board, he wants to yell back insults, and on the few occasions when he is tried in such a position he usually does. It seems the nature of man to wish to return a Roland for an Oliver. Even in department stores a man is rarely kept in a complaint bureau, for, unless he is exceptional, he is likely to turn away trade by his reception of the querulous persons who are finding fault with the shop.

### The Girl Who Asks No Quarter

Some girls there are of the Jewish and the Irish races who cannot help taking interest in the business, and keep pushing it along even if they are going to be married next week; this is a dower from their nationality. There are girls of other races who realize their lack of training and try to atone for it even when they hope to leave before long. Such a rare girl studies her position from the point of view of her employer. She does not think she knows everything about the work; on the other hand, she does not ask her employer unnecessary questions, nor does she come in with some petty detail for his decision when he has an important matter on his mind—here she exercises a sort of domestic tact. She watches others and learns silently. She does not change from office to office, but holds to one line of work and does it well. She learns to pocket her sensitiveness, to keep her sex in the background, to be respectful but not servile, and to take an interest in her work. She always seems well whether she is or not; for the most nervous kind of employer, the man who can't dictate without wiggling his feet, twisting his thumbs, twitching his eyebrows and eating peptonic pills, is just the one who resents a stenographer who dares depart from repose or have a headache. She refuses to discuss the management with the other clerks in the office, and she keeps whatever secrets she learns. She tries to be worth to her employer more than he pays her; she finds out what he does not like to do and does it for him. She knows that she is in a subordinate position, and that by her acceptance and handling of the commonplace she will make the only success possible in her sort of work.

Such a girl is simply invaluable—worth much more than a man in the same position would be. And she does not stay long in the same position; again enters the vice of the temporary. She's too good for the salary paid her for her kind of work. She goes up and up, and if she is original, has initiative, she becomes one of the few successful business women who need no quarter in the world of men. If she has not the highest power she stays on with some employer who gives her a salary beyond the wildest dreams of the featherheaded young girls with whom she started in the office.

They occupy a curious position in the workaday world—these temporary business women, who are in what might be


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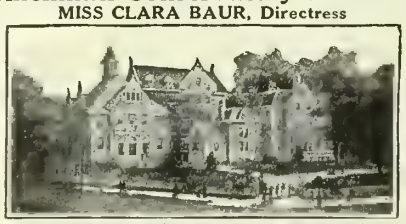

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called the middle-class occupations, as stenographers, clerks and perhaps as saleswomen. Below them are the women of the wage-earning class, a solid phalanx, who have long been obliged to seek gainful occupation. Above them (and they think nothing like so far above them as the others are below them) is the professional class—the nurses and teachers, doctors and lawyers, artists and musicians, actresses and writers—and these professional women, moreover, have been at their occupation for a good many more years than the business women.

Statistics tell us that the number of women earning their own living is increasing faster than the population, and that the number of business women is increasing disproportionately. And yet this important and increasing army of business women remains unaware of itself, practically unorganized and, above all, uneducated by that great force which is doing so much for the professional and the wage-earning women—the general woman movement. Especially for the last ten years this has been growing, perhaps taking its strongest impetus from the women's clubs, but constantly adding to its own momentum, laying hold of the charities and politics and the theaters, embracing prisons and churches, leveling ranks; so that the shirtwaist striker may stand side by side with the daughter of the captain of industry; growing till it has for its pinnacle the demand for equal suffrage.

But this movement somehow does not seem to be able to sweep into its current the solid phalanx of the business women of the country. The wage-earners are forming unions and are getting closer to their demands of equal pay for equal work, but none of the few stenographers' unions in our cities has anything but a feeble life.

### The Buzz of the Social Bee

The writers and artists and musicians form clubs, but most of the business women's associations, outside of luncheon clubs, die a more or less speedy death. This lack of response, this failure to identify themselves with the great woman movement of America, is largely due to their feeling that their work is only temporary; they are young and light-hearted; they don't want to be educated, don't want to bother with what is going on in the world, when all their energies are bent on making their own personal world of two. But there is another reason why this great body of business women remains impervious to outside influence: they are eager for social recognition.

The wage-earner may feel a sense of superiority to some of her friends based on the fact that she has her washing done at the laundry, or else that her family is buying a piano on the installment plan. But as a rule the wage-earner accepts the fact that she belongs to the masses and not to the classes.

The professional woman of whatever sort may have her snobbishness, but she has also a defined social position. The business woman's social position is undefined, dependent on all sorts of uncertain fluctuations, a specious thing at best; yet she takes it very seriously and is always putting it up a notch. The superiority of the working woman consists in having things; the superiority of the salaried woman consists in having standing. The business girl does not care to join a stenographers' union, because factory girls have unions. The daughter of a capitalist can afford socially to take the part of a shirtwaist striker; socially the stenographer cannot, even if it did not take too much time from thoughts of the not impossible him. This, however, is less true in the West than it is in the East. In the West people are still more or less just—people.

Considering all these complex forces within and without her, the little, light-headed office girl will not change very much until she has a better education to fit her for her work, and perhaps keener competition to keep her at her best. Meanwhile, she will go on dressing her hair elaborately, eating cream puffs and coffee for luncheon, at night going to vaudevilles and dances until she sparkles herself into the heart of her mate, and learns what the business of life can be at its harshest and sweetest. As for the business world, she does not think of it. On the whole, the business world gets just about what it deserves—as, perhaps, she does too.


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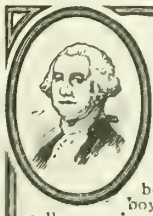
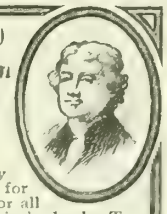
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". . . has changed so much, and so much for the better, this year."

"Have been perfectly satisfied and very much pleased with . . .'s improvement while with you."

"I am very much pleased with the results in . . .'s case."

"We are delighted with the results of . . .'s first year's training at Rock Ridge Hall."

". . .'s work this year has given me much pleasure, and I certainly feel under deep obligations to you and also to Mrs. . . ."

"In all the time . . . has been with you he never has found any fault with your teachers or a single boy. Everything was always right. Surely he has improved while under your care."

". . . has been very happy and contented in your school."

"I have felt great satisfaction in the knowledge that . . . was with you and knew that I had made no mistake in selection of school. I shall always be pleased to speak of it in the highest terms. I realize with grateful appreciation that you have done everything possible for . . . more than most would have done, and all our friends notice a great improvement in him. He has been perfectly contented and happy."

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"My only wish is that I had known of the school sooner."

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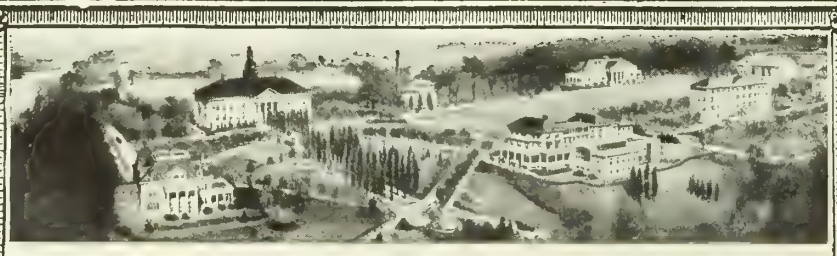

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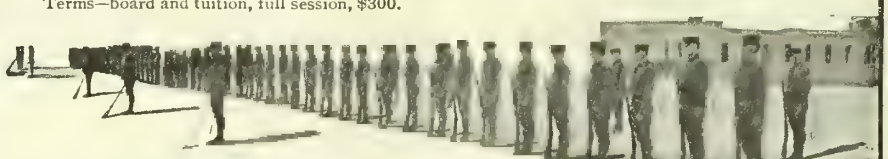

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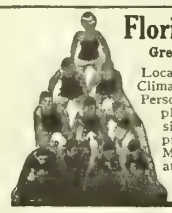

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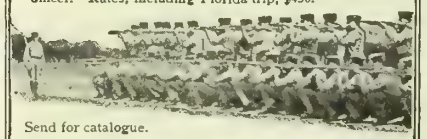

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# MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

*(Continued from Page 11)*

leads him to talk about it to know what suspicions may be afloat; sometimes that sort of madness which impels people to dash themselves from a high tower forces him to disclosure.

It is not alone in old wives' tales that those who have otherwise managed to conceal their crimes have, nevertheless, confessed them in dreams.

The following cases are cited by the text writers:

A person who worked in a brewery at Basle, in Switzerland, quarreled with a fellow-workman and struck him in such a manner as to produce instant death. He then took the dead body and threw it into a large fire under the boiling vat, where it was in a short time so completely consumed that no traces of its existence remained. On the following day, when the man was missed, the murderer observed that he had seen his fellow-servant intoxicated, and that he had probably been drowned in crossing a bridge that lay on his way home. For seven years after no one entertained any suspicion as to the real state of the case. At the end of this time the murderer, being again employed in the brewery, was constantly reflecting on the singularity of the circumstances that his crime had been so long concealed. One night one of his fellow-workmen, who slept with him, hearing him say in his sleep, "It is now fully seven years ago," asked him: "What was it you did seven years ago?" "I put him," he replied, still speaking in his sleep, "under the boiling vat." As the affair was not entirely forgotten, the man, suspecting that his bedfellow might allude to the person who was missed about that time, informed a magistrate of what he had heard. The murderer was apprehended, and though at first he denied all knowledge of the matter he afterward confessed and was executed.

An analogous case is reported by Abercrombie as having occurred in Scotland early in the present century. A pedler had disappeared under circumstances that made it appear probable that he had been murdered. All attempts to discover the assassin failed. At last a wayfaring man, who had been strolling about the neighborhood, dreamed that the body would be found in a particular spot and that certain persons with whom he had lately been sleeping in a barn were the guilty parties. It turned out that this was true. But it also turned out that the dreamer had in his own dreams heard the convulsive confessions of one of the assassins, the latter also dreaming.

. . . . . .

It is the constant endeavor of the law to remain sane. It got its fearful lesson in the trials for witchcraft. Whenever, as in a recent New England case, it is approached with the allegation of the influence of supernatural powers or the influence of one mind over another for good or evil, exercised without any overt act, it shows the complainant to the door.

It remembers well how the spread of this idea under another name formerly moved it to a work of horrors; so misled it that its greatest jurist, Sir Matthew Hale, declared that there could be no doubt about the existence of witchcraft—first, because it was asserted by the Scriptures; second, because all nations had made laws against it; and third, because the human testimony in support of it was simply overwhelming!

All errors, it is said, however horrible the immediate result may be, in the end benefit the race. And it may be that this terrible lesson, remembered by the law, will preserve it from being led again by another route into a like morass.

The modern belief in spiritism and all the various phases of what is called mental domination is but a reseizure of the public mind by the old idea of witchcraft under a new set of names.

It is perfectly evident that if the mind of an individual can be influenced or dominated for good by a supernatural agency or by other individuals at a distance, independent of overt acts, it can also be thus influenced and dominated for evil. And removing the stolen metaphysical cloak from about it, this thing is merely the specter of witchcraft.


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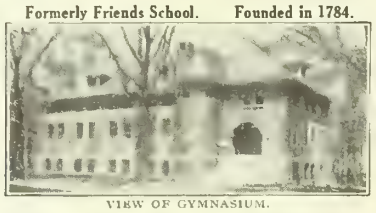

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It is, doubtless, certain that if one could comprehend all the intricate workings of the human mind when dominated by a great and dangerous secret the strange impulses which moved the criminal to reveal this secret would be found to be the inevitable result of a perfectly natural mental process. At the same time, in the present crude state of the human mind, with our vague knowledge, in the Cimmerian darkness that surrounds us, we dare not discard the theory held by such eminent jurists as Simon Greenleaf, Francis Wharton and Mr. Justice Brewer—namely, that all human affairs are subject to an overruling Providence set on ultimate justice.

Men do things they cannot explain from impulses which they do not understand.

. . . . . .

The paying teller of the Bank of the Republic, in 1872, detected a gigantic forgery by means of one of these incomprehensible impulses. He was running swiftly over some checks issued by a banking-house of unquestioned standing and integrity; there was no suspicion in his mind with respect to these checks; nothing to lead him to make any other than a casual examination of them, when suddenly he stopped and began to examine a signature on one of these checks.

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One may speculate as long as he likes over the origin of the impulse that moved this cashier; he may explain it as he likes; the mystery remains.

If one were assembling merely a number of examples, *ex-parte* statements on strange mental impulses, such as so-called societies for psychical research are accustomed to collect, he might very well, after the manner of Renan, write in the margin of his record: "I believe not all I copy." But when, as here, he is dealing with facts that have gone through the fiction-removing machinery of the law, no doubt remains to him.

It is not a sufficient explanation to say that only persons of weaker intellect are subject to these inexplicable impulses.

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This case is so extraordinary that it has been given here in the exact language of the legal commentators upon it.

It must be remembered that the details of these cases are untouched by any man's imagination. They are clean, accurate facts. Fiction has sometimes taken them over to its uses, but it has not excelled them.

What moved these men, when no evidence of their guilt was in existence, deliberately thus to manufacture these complete, tangible, irrefutable evidences?

The answer to this question may lie far back in ultimate causes. Perhaps we never can answer it until we find the answer to that other and greater question which so profoundly disturbed Sir James Fitzjames Stephen: Is man a spirit descended from shining heavens, or a "sarcoidous, peripatetic fungus" appearing on worlds when they begin to rot?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Post's series of papers on the Mysteries of the Law. The sixth will be published in an early number.

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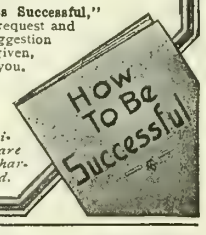


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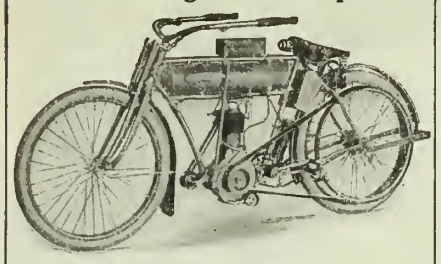

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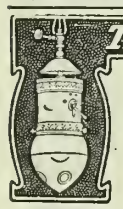

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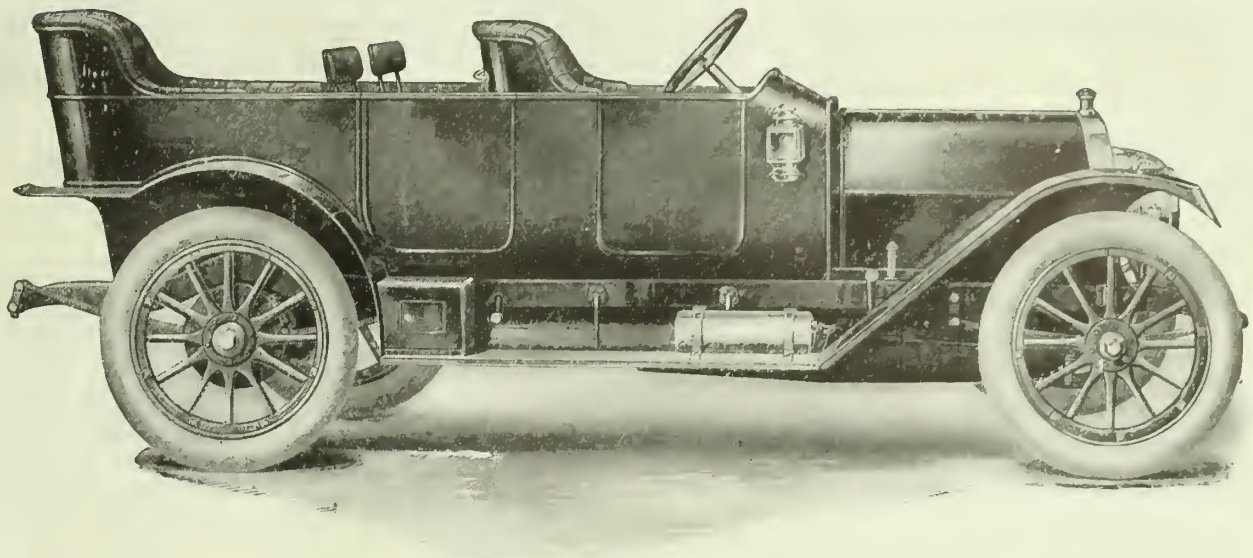

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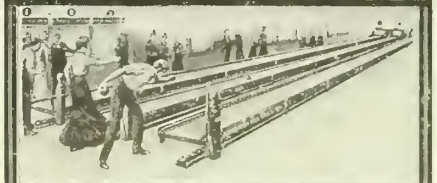

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# THE TIGER OF THE SEA

*(Concluded from Page 13)*

many races, but never one like that. Turning cautiously, and keeping himself still flattened like a limpet to the back of the niche, he stared down, trembling lest the avenger should essay another such mad leap, and with better effect.

But the orca did not seem disposed to try it again. The shock of her impact had been terrific, and must have more or less driven the breath from her body. She was now swimming slowly up and down before the rock, a grim and dreadful jailer. Gardner looked down into her cold little eyes, and shivered at the intelligent and implacable hate that flamed in them.

When he found himself sufficiently recovered to consider his situation he was forced to acknowledge it a rather desperate one. Reaching outward and upward as far as he could, his hands found no protuberance of the rock by the aid of which he might hope to climb out of his niche and so make his way to the top of the cliff. He had no way of judging how long his vengeful jailer might remain on duty; but from the magnitude of the wrong he had done her, the businesslike method of her patrol and the effective fury that she had shown in her attack, he had little reason to hope that she would soon tire of her office. In those teeming seas, as he knew, she could find plenty to eat without forsaking her post; but, if those seas were teeming with sea-life, he reflected ruefully that they were at the same time rather barren of ships. The coasting schooners were apt to give that part of the coast a wide berth, owing to its sunken reefs and awkward currents. His island, to be sure, was little more than half a mile from shore—an easy enough swim for him under ordinary circumstances. But even with his jailer out of the way he had no relish for running the gauntlet of the giant sharks that haunted the island channels.

Exposed as he was to the full glare of the sun—the rock around him was uncomfortably hot beneath his hands—he wondered how long it would be before heat and thirst would so overcome him that his legs would crumple under his weight and he would topple forward into the jaws of his waiting foe. On this point, however, he was presently somewhat reassured, as he noted that the sun would very soon pass over the shoulder of the cliff and leave him in the shade. As far as the heat was concerned, he would be fairly secure until the next morning. But then, if the weather should continue fine, how would he endure the long, intolerable blaze of the forenoon, before the sun should again go over the cliff? He began to pray for storm and shrouded skies. But here he stopped himself, realizing his dilemma. If storm should come, it was likely, at that season, to come out of the southeast, and in such event the first rising seas would lick him from his perch. He decided hastily that it was best to make his prayer a general one, and hazard no dangerous suggestions to Providence.

Fumbling instinctively in his pocket he drew forth his soaked and sopping tobacco-pouch and a box of wet matches. The latter included some wax ones, and he had a dim hope that these, if carefully dried and properly coaxed, might perhaps be induced to light. He spread them out, with the tobacco, on the hot rock between his feet. He had lost his pipe in the catastrophe; but he had letters in his pocket, and with these, when dried, he planned to roll cigarettes. The enterprise gave him something to do, helping him to pass the weary afternoon. But in the end he found that none of the matches would afford him so much as a sputter. Angrily he threw their futile remnants into the sea.

Night fell suddenly, as always in those latitudes, and the moonlight enchanted the long swells to the smoothness of glass. All night the orca swam backward and forward before the rock, till the changeless monotony of her movements began to hypnotize her prisoner, and he turned his eyes to the cliff face to escape its influence. He was in deadly fear of dropping to sleep in his weariness and falling out of the niche. His legs were giving way beneath him, and there was not room in the niche for him to sit down, or even to crouch with any comfort. At last, in desperation, he decided to take the risk of letting his legs hang over the edge, where his enemy could reach them if she should dare another of her wild leaps into the air. The moment he seated himself in this position she swam nearer and eyed him with unutterable malignancy. But she did not attempt to repeat her flying rush. It was plain to Gardner that she had no relish for another violent concussion with the rock.

At last the interminable night wore itself away. The moon had long disappeared over the cliff, when the velvet purple of the sky began to thin and chill, the stars to pale and fade. Then the measureless splendor of an unclouded tropic dawn broke over the sea, and the shining plane of the waters seemed to tilt downward to meet the sun. Gardner gathered all his weary strength to face the fiery ordeal that he felt to be before him.

The better to fortify himself against it he took off his light coat, and by the aid of some pieces of cord which he found in his pockets he lowered the garment and drenched it well in the sea. The orca darted in to see what he was doing, but he drew up the dripping coat before she could seize it. He felt that this idea was nothing less than an inspiration; for by keeping his head and body well drenched he would be able to endure almost any heat and might at the same time, by absorption, hope to ward off for a time the extreme torments of his thirst.

As the relenting Fates decreed, however, his trial was presently to be ended. Along about nine o'clock in the morning, from somewhere behind the island, came throbbing on the still air a harsh, staccato chug-chug-chug-chug, which was to Gardner's ears the divinest of melodies. In an instant he had stripped his light shirt over his head and was holding it in eager hands. A moment more and a powerful forty-foot motor launch came into view. She was about a hundred and fifty yards away, and making a lot of racket. But Gardner, yelling wildly and flapping his shirt in the air, succeeded in catching her attention. She turned in toward the rock, but in the next instant the noise of the motor stopped, and she swerved off again. The pilot had caught sight of Gardner's jailer.

There were three men in the launch. One of them hailed the prisoner.

"What's up?" he demanded concisely.

"I shot that brute's calf yesterday," answered Gardner, "and she smashed up my boat and chased me up here on to this rock."

There was silence for a moment on the launch. Then the captain answered:

"Any fellow that's looking for trouble can generally find it by starting in to fool with a 'killer,'" said he.

"I've thought since that I made a mistake," said Gardner dryly. "But that was yesterday morning, and I'm pretty near all in. Come and take me off."

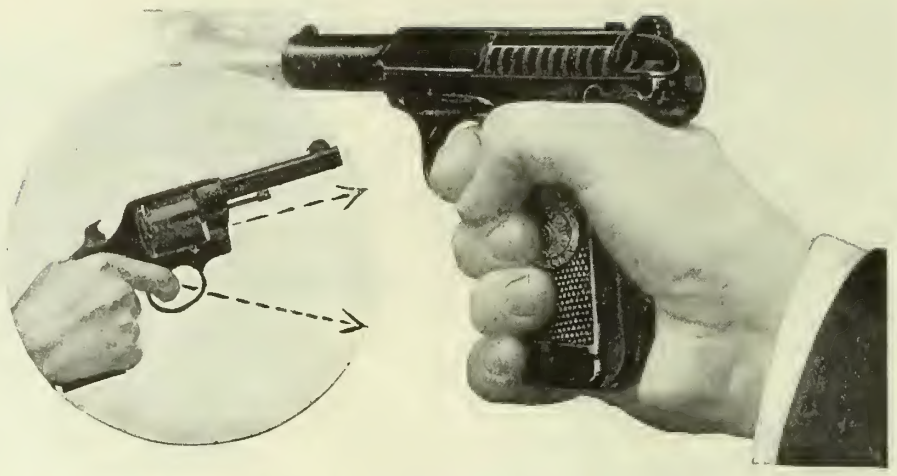
"You'll have to hang on a bit longer," shouted the captain, "while we run back to port and get a whale gun. We've got a heavy rifle here, but it's not safe to tackle her with that, for if we didn't fix her first shot she'd make matchwood of this launch in about ten seconds. We'll be back inside of an hour; so don't fret."

It seemed to the imprisoned man a terribly long hour, and he had occasion to bless the cool, dripping jacket before he again heard the chug-chug-chug-chug of the motor clamoring behind his prison. This time, as soon as it came in sight, it bore straight down upon the orca. In its bow, as it slid, gracefully dipping, over the smooth swell, Gardner remarked a strange gun, a sort of short, big-bore rifle on a swivel. The orca now took note of the fact that the launch was heading straight for her. She paused in her tireless patrolling and eyed it defiantly, hesitating as to whether she should attack it or not.

The launch reversed propellers till her progress came to a stop, while her captain sighted the weapon in her bow. There was a mighty report. The monster flung herself halfway out of the water and fell back with a gigantic splash. For a moment she rushed madly around in a half-circle, then crashed headlong into the cliff, gave one violent shudder and slowly sank to a fringing reef about two fathoms down.

"Have you plenty of water right up to your ledge?" demanded the captain as the launch drew slowly in.

"Plenty!" said Gardner, swinging down stiffly from his niche and standing ready to crawl aboard.

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